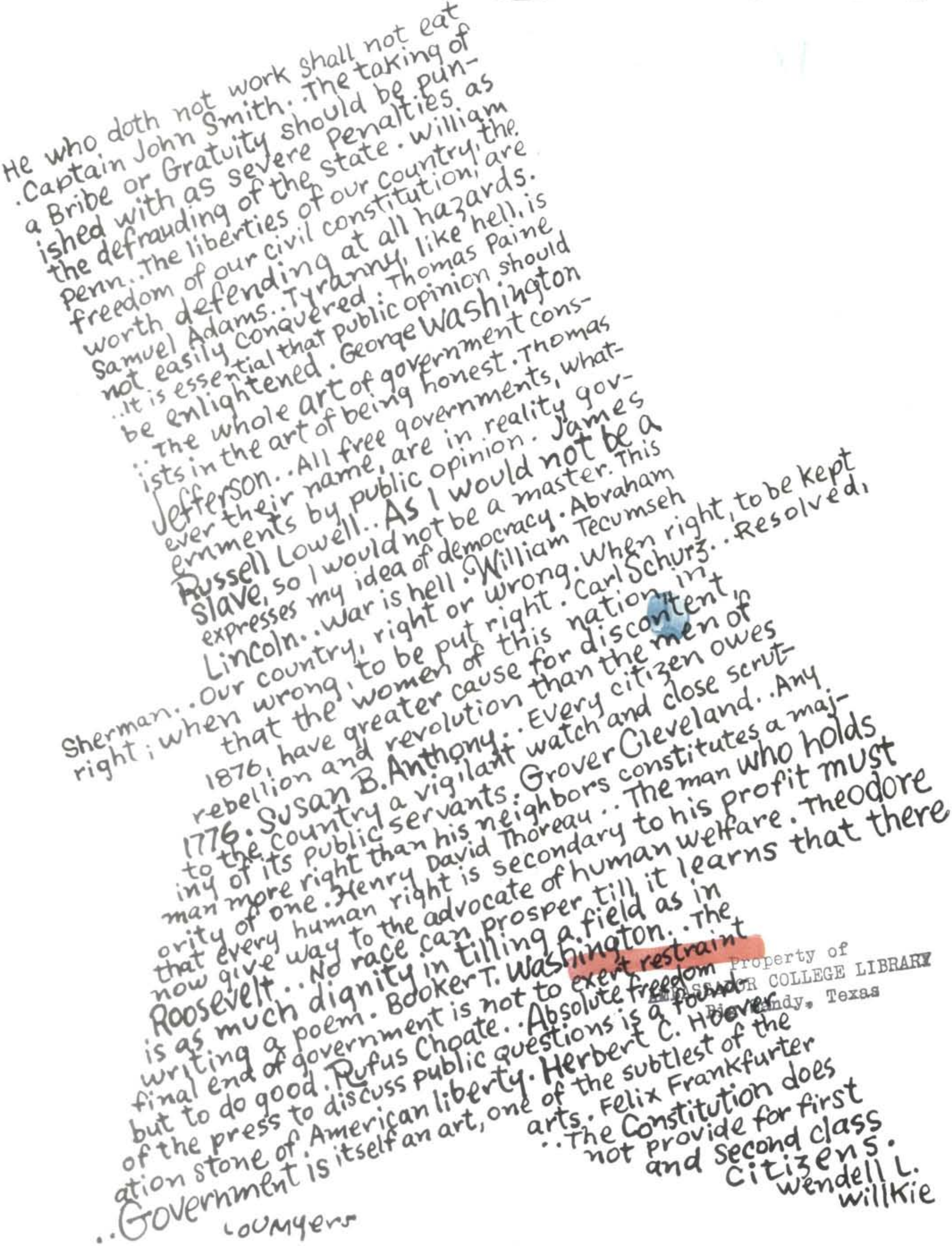
July 5, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

Price 75 cents



He who doth not work shall not eat .Captain John Smith. The taking of a Bribe or Gratuity should be punished with as severe Penalties as the defrauding of the state. William Penn..The liberties of our country, the freedom of our civil constitution, are worth defending at all hazards. Samuel Adams..Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered. Thomas Paine ..It is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. George Washington ..The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest. Thomas Jefferson..All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion. James Russell Lowell..As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Abraham Lincoln..War is hell. William Tecumseh Sherman..Our country, right or wrong. When right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be put right. Carl Schurz..Resolved, that the women of this nation in 1876, have greater cause for discontent, rebellion and revolution than the men of 1776. Susan B. Anthony..Every citizen owes to the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of its public servants. Grover Cleveland..Any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one. Henry David Thoreau..The man who holds that every human right is secondary to his profit must now give way to the advocate of human welfare. Theodore Roosevelt..No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. Booker T. Washington..The final end of government is not to exert restraint but to do good. Rufus Choate..Absolute freedom of the press to discuss public questions is a foundation stone of American liberty. Herbert C. Hoover ..Government is itself an art, one of the subtlest of the arts. Felix Frankfurter ..The Constitution does not provide for first and second class citizens. Wendell L. Willkie

LouMyers

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

The Jaguar V-12 sedan. Built without compromise to perform without equal.

Jaguar XJ12

Performance in a motorcar is the sum of many diverse parts operating in harmony, with no one part outweighing the others. This seldom happens, even in luxury cars.

It happens, spectacularly, in the Jaguar XJ12.

The first thing that will strike you about this very quiet engine is the satisfying surge of power the short-stroke, wide-piston, fuel-injected, aluminum-alloy V-12 produces at any speed. And the Bosch/Lucas electronic fuel injection plus electronic ignition contribute significantly to the efficiency and reliability of the car.

Uncompromising in its performance, the Jaguar sedan handles like a sports car. It has independent suspension and power disc brakes on all four wheels and power assisted rack and pinion steering. Automatic transmission is standard.

Inside, the car is profoundly luxurious. Here is a world of real burled walnut, soft leathers, thermostatically-controlled air-conditioning and AM/FM radio, 8-track tape deck and stereophonic speakers, all standard.

And to add to the pleasure of owning this uncompromising car, Jaguar has created a new warranty. For 12 months, regardless of mileage, Jaguar will replace or repair any part of the car that is defective or that simply wears out, provided only that the car is properly maintained. The only exceptions are the tires, which are warranted by the tire manufacturer, and spark plugs and filters, which are routine replacement items. Even then, if they are defective, Jaguar will pay to replace them.

In all the world, there is only one XJ12. Drive this uncompromising motorcar soon. For the name of the Jaguar dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

BRITISH LEYLAND

Jaguar

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

The rehearsals are mostly over. Casts of thousands are ready with their Bicentennial best—for the parades, the pageants, the pyrotechnics of a very big birthday.

To do justice to the decked-out village greens and metropolitan skies, the CBS Television Network will present its longest single "program" since the first landing on the moon. Through the morning of the Fourth on to midnight. With more than 30 CBS News correspondents, Walter Cronkite will serve as anchorman all through another unforgettable day.

The country will join in old and new ways to let freedom ring: with a wagon train retracing its way to Valley Forge...the landing of Viking on Mars...a religious service near Independence Square...Operation Sail, with 20 square-riggers leading 200 sailing ships past the Statue of Liberty—while another flotilla passes through Golden Gate. . .tributes in England, France, and Denmark...the St. Louis Air Show...a sound and light festival at Mt. Vernon...the insights of historians, educators, and performing artists...fireworks super-spectacles in New York, Washington, Boston, and St. Louis.

CBS Radio will salute the Bicentennial throughout the holiday weekend. Listeners at home and on the road will review a three-day parade of Americans—and their beliefs about being Americans: The wide-ranging views of a tugboat captain, a woman coal miner, a paramedic, a Cherokee anthropologist and dozens more. With Dan Rather as host.

Celebration from sea to shining sea. The crowning events of 18 months of Bicentennial broadcasts, both festive and historical.

IN CELEBRATION OF US!

**CBS TELEVISION
AND RADIO NETWORKS**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July holiday. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE BELLE OF AMHERST—Not a play but a one-woman divertissement, in which Julie Harris charmingly impersonates Emily Dickinson. Dickinson's verses survive more plausibly than her character. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's Tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel, where the staff is admonished not to recognize celebrities, nearly always to the celebrities' distress. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée, Monday, July 5, at 3.)

EDEN—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast, headed by Graham Brown, is very good indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE: WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

KNOCK KNOCK—A comedy with many laughs and some wisdom. Lynn Redgrave, Charles Durning, John Heffernan, and Leonard Frey are in a new production, directed by José Quintero. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LIVIN' FAT—A satire, by Judi Ann Mason, played as a broad farce, about a young black janitor in a bank who "finds" a packet worth fifteen thousand dollars (after the bank has been robbed) and agrees to let his upright parents decide whether he may keep it. Much of the play is funny, as directed by Douglas Turner Ward and as performed by Frances Foster, Minnie Gentry, Frankie Faison, Joyce Sylvester, and (in the leading role) Dean Irby. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 18.)

ME AND BESSIE—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear her, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

MRS. MURRAY'S FARM—A comedy by Roy London. Opens Wednesday, June 30. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MY FAIR LADY—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PAL JOEY—A sad little revival of the Rodgers-Hart-O'Hara musical-comedy classic. Of the cast, only Joan Copeland survives with honor. The director is Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE ROYAL FAMILY—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, and Sam Levene, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE RUNNER STUMBLES—A nun and a priest fall in love, and since the time is long ago and the

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 19
"INSTRUCTIONS" . . . . *Marshall Brickman* 24
"THE LAWN PARTY" . . . . *Ann Beattie* 26
"POSTHUMOUS DREAM SONG" (POEM) . . . . *John Berryman* 30
A REPORTER AT LARGE (THE BRITISH PRESS, 1776) . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 33
"LOSS" (POEM) . . . . *Charles E. Bolton* 38
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 62
JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 64
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 69
OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS (GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE FLAG) . . . . *Hendrik Hertzberg* 72
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 78
"WHY THERE ARE CHILDREN" (POEM) . . . . *Leslie Ullman* 80
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 81
BRIEFLY NOTED 84

COVER: *Lou Myers*

DRAWINGS: *Robert Weber, Richard McCallister, Lee Lorenz, James Stevenson, George Booth, Edward Koren, Al Ross, Warren Miller, Everett Opie, William Steig, Dean Vietor, George Price, Frank Modell, Edward Frascino, Ed Arno, Sam Gross, James Mulligan, Joseph Mirachi, Jack Ziegler, Charles Barsotti, Nurit Karlin, Henry Martin, Mischa Richter, David Christianson*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

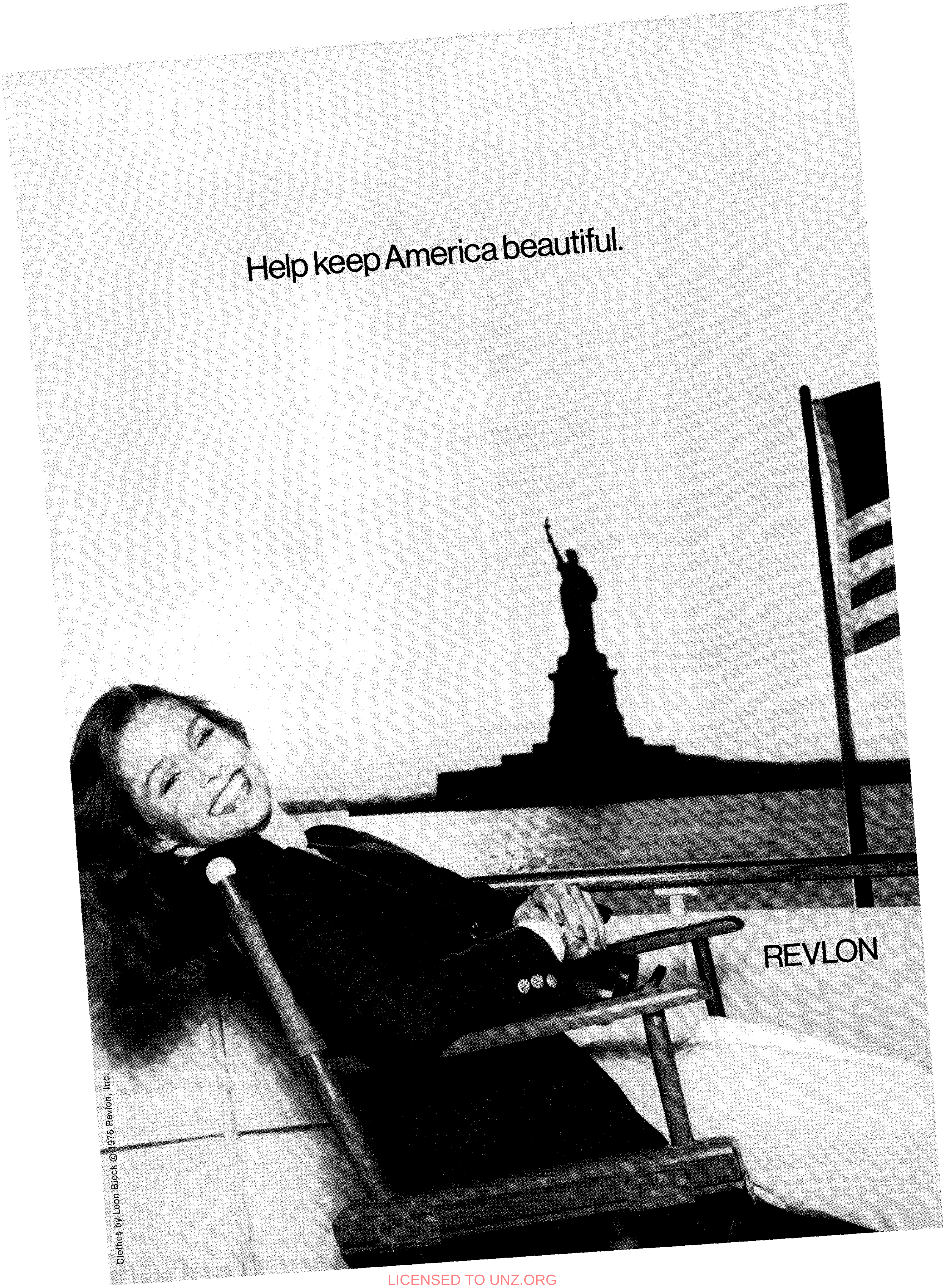
CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LII, No. 20, *July 5, 1976. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.* Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1976 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $18.00; two years, $30.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $20.00. Other foreign, $24.00.


Help keep America beautiful.
REVLON

Clothes by Leon Block ©1976 Revlon, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

place is rural Michigan, there is much sadness for all. A commendable play by Milan Stitt, with Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays, Thursdays and Tuesday, July 6, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Something's Afoot—A witless and almost musicless musical that affects to parody Agatha Christie. The star is Tessie O'Shea, who is no Margaret Rutherford. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Raul Julia is a superb Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

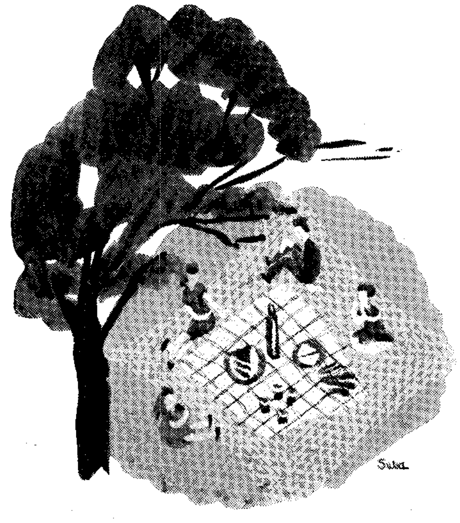
Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Friday, July 9, at 8; and Saturdays and Friday, July 2, at 7:30 and 10. Special matinée Saturday, July 3, at 2:30.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except July 6, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, July 5, at 3.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Edward Albee's witty and compassionate study of the human predicament. With Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara, ably directed by Mr. Albee. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Saturdays and Friday, July 9, at 8 and 10:30; and Friday, July 2, and Sunday, July 4, at 9 and midnight.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Long Runs—**boy meets boy:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Friday, July 9, at 8; and Saturdays and Friday, July 2, at 7:30 and 10:30. Special matinée Sunday, July 4, at 6.) . . . **chicago:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **equus:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Keith McDermott, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 6,737 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **pippin:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **same time, next year:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **shenandoah:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646, Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 5.) . . . **the wiz:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 30, and Thursday evening, July 1: "Swan Lake." . . ¶ Friday evening, July 2: "La Bayadère," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 3: "Brahms Quintet," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 3: "La Bayadère," "Romeo and Juliet," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . ¶ Monday evening, July 5: "Brahms Quintet," "Other Dances," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 6: "Les Sylphides," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Epilogue," and "Shadowplay." . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, July 7: "Les Sylphides," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Epilogue," and "Shadowplay." . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 7: "Shadowplay," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Pas de Deux," and "The Leaves Are Fading." . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 8: "Texas Fourth" (company première), "Fall River Legend," and "Rodeo." . . ¶ Friday evening, July 9: "Les Sylphides," "Medea," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Rodeo." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 10: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Deux," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Rodeo." . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 10: "Shadowplay," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Medea," and "Rodeo." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 7.)

Australian Ballet—A two-week engagement of "The Merry Widow," with Margot Fonteyn, except on Friday, July 2, when Marilyn Rowe will dance the title role. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

Russian Festival of Music and Dance—A three-week engagement by a company of a hundred and seventy-five, including the Piatnitsky Folk Choir and Dancers, Pavel Virsky's Ukrainian Dance Company, the Georgian State Dance Company, fifteen Eskimo dancers from Siberia, and the Komuzisty chamber ensemble from the Kirghiz Philharmonic. Produced and staged by Igor Moiseyev. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 17.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **dardanelle** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. An absolutely first-rate, exciting quintet co-piloted by tenor saxophonist **junior cook,** a Horace Silver alumnus, and drummer **louis hayes,** a veteran of Silver, Cannonball Adderley, and Oscar Peterson groups, is here through Saturday, July 3. The group also includes **ronnie matthews,** a successful more-is-more soloist, on piano; **stafford james,** a colorful young bassist; and trumpeter **woody shaw,** another wonderful soloist. They play new compositions by Shaw, Walter Booker, Larry Young, and others, and a healthy measure of Monk, too. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Wednesday, June 30, is reggae night—Toots and the Maytals, which manages to squeeze "Louie Louie" and "Take Me

Sheraton Hotels let you move to the rhythm of Latin America

Mexico City
Guatemala City
San Salvador
Aruba
Caracas/La Guaira
Lima
La Paz
Rio de Janeiro
Santiago
Buenos Aires

We put all the color
and excitement of Latin America
into 11 great hotels.

Maria Isabel-Sheraton
MEXICO CITY
Perfectly located on the
Reforma, near the shopping and
night life of Zona Rosa.

Sheraton-San Cristobal
SANTIAGO
Spanish-style hotel in
Santiago's most fashionable
area—with pool, tennis, nightclub,
and fantastic views of
the Andes and the city.

Carrera-Sheraton
SANTIAGO
A classic European-style hotel
on Plaza de la Constitucion in the
center of the city. Roof top dining and
year-round pool.

Rio-Sheraton
The only hotel right
on the beach. Breathtaking
views of the city, the
mountains, and the beaches.
There's a pool, health club, and a
Brazilian nightclub with
a samba beat.

For a Fearless Reservation at any Sheraton
anywhere, call free anytime:
800-325-3535
Or have your travel agent call.

Sheraton Hotels in Latin America

ARUBA • BUENOS AIRES • CARACAS/LA GUAIRA • GUATEMALA CITY • LA PAZ • LIMA • MEXICO CITY • RIO DE JANEIRO • SAN SALVADOR • SANTIAGO
AND AROUND THE WORLD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Home, Country Roads" into its repertoire, trades sets with the Mighty Diamonds. Thursday through Saturday, July 1-3, comics Cheech and Chong will alternate with the L.A. Jets, a *rock sextet. Tuesday through* Thursday, July 6-8, guitarist Pat Martino will be present. On Friday, July 9, singer and guitarist **KENNY RANKIN** will begin blending folk music and Brazilian jazz. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and *at nine and midnight Fridays and* Saturdays. Dinner. Closed Sunday and Monday, July 4-5.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **CHUCK ISRAELS** compete with the conversationalists Mondays through Saturdays. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is home and wearing a tux rather than a N. Y. Bets sweatshirt. He is assisted by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar—the name stands for Country, Bluegrass, Blues and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers—presents mostly local, primitive rock bands that play very loud, short, punchy, occasionally out-of-tune, decade-old rock and roll. Talking Heads, *one* of the more interesting (but not necessarily recommended) regular bands, is a conceptual-rock trio from the Rhode Island School of Design. Their music is constructed with off-beat, repetitive, harpsichord-like melody lines; *simple, limited rhythms; and near-falsetto,* chantlike, Oops!-I-just-stubbed-my-toe vocals. Wednesday through Sunday, June 30-July 4. Music most nights from after nine-thirty; Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Nearly two years ago, **HELEN HUMES,** who was a Basie vocalist from 1938 to 1942, came out of semiretirement and was booked into the then new, spiffy, uptown version of the now defunct Half Note. For a few nights of her engagement, she swayed, smiled, bubbled, and gestured classically to about eleven people—eleven enchanted people, to be sure. By now, Miss Humes and her strong comeback are well known, and it's gratifying to see her swaying, smiling, bubbling, and gesturing classically to so many. No one, in fact, has done better at diverting the diners here, where the music, waitressing, eating, and coming and going are all carried out on the same floor level. Miss Humes is aided by pianist Jerry Wiggins and bassist Major Holley Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** cuts loose. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, July 6, **MAXINE SULLIVAN** will sing along with the regulars. Red Richards plays piano most nights from eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, July 4, will be turned over to trumpeter **HARRY EDISON** and a quartet, from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays *from ten to three,* vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** is usually here, working with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE.** On Sunday, July 4, Chiasson and Little will collaborate with pianist Mike Wolff from five to nine. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten *to three,* **BROOKS KERR,** a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac, **SONNY GREER,** the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years, and **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful *swing numbers.* And, Mondays through Saturdays from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated that he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, is here with his trio on Wednesday, June 30. On Thursday, July 1, alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** will come in with *his* trio. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music on Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is back and has rejoined the resident blowers—Jonny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

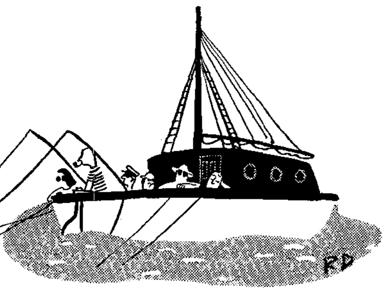
Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Pianist Lance Hayward performs nightly, except Wednesdays, when Jim Roberts takes over the keyboard. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BENNY CARTER,** who was *the* alto saxophone soloist until the advent of Charlie Parker in *the mid-forties, has spent most of the last* twenty-five years in the Hollywood recording studios, but he is here now, working with pianist **RAY BRYANT,** drummer **GRADY TATE,** and bassist **MILT HINTON** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. Starting Tues*day, July 6, pianist Skitch Henderson will* work with a combo and a string quartet. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. On Thursday, July 8, in the glassed-in Bird Cage, comedian Mort Sahl, who still carries a newspaper with him onstage and who has become the resident intellectual of Las Vegas—he spends some six months a year there—will begin briefing audiences at ten and midnight. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Saxophonist Robin Kenyatta leads a quintet Friday through Sunday, July 2-4; drummer **ROY HAYNES** and his quintet, the Hip Ensemble, will be here Thursday *through Saturday, July 8-10. Music from ten* until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. The Movies, a rather slick but enthusiastic rock quartet—its music lies somewhere between that of the Lovin' Spoonful and the New Christy Minstrels—works opposite John Payne and his jazz-rock quintet through Sunday, July 4. Tuesday through Thursday, July 6-8, Ben Sidran will begin his Mose Allison-inspired numbers. Shows Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra through Sunday, July 4. Wednesday and Thursday from seven to one, Friday and Saturday from eight to two, and Sunday from six to midnight. Dinner and dancing.



Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Cathy Chamberlain, who has an ample, crusty voice, does old songs, such as "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?," and originals written in a similar, forty-year-old mode. Her backup band includes Freddie Moore, on drums, and Howard Johnson, on tuba. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups play every night. Among them is a vigorous twelve-piece band under the leadership of pianist and arranger **DAVE MATTHEWS** which meets on Mondays. On Wednesday, June 30, vibraharpist David Friedman performs with his quartet. On Thursdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels and his lively quartet perform. Fridays and Saturdays are turned over to musicians in transit. Music from nine-thirty most nights. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—On Wednesday, June 30, pianist *Armen Donelian and bassist Mike Richman* perform; Thursday through Monday, July 1-5, pianist Mike Nock fronts a trio; and beginning Wednesday, July 7, the very special and amazingly facile duo of guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** will arrive. The hours *are from nine Sundays through Thursdays,* and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner, and, while the owners reapply for a liquor license, soft drinks.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—A place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Alto saxophonist **SONNY STITT** heads up a quartet through Thursday, July 1. On Friday, July 2, **CHARLES MINGUS** and his quintet take over. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The very fine **BILL EVANS** trio leaves after Sunday, July 4. Soaring trombonist **BILL WATROUS** will come in with his big band on Monday, July 5. On Tuesday, July 6, triple-threat reed player **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK,** who suffered a stroke less than a year ago, will be back in action. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. On Monday, July 5, **EDDIE DURHAM,** a trombonist and one of the very first electric jazz guitarists (he plugged in during the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. On Wednesdays, **JO JONES,** who takes his drum solos while sitting rigidly straight and smiling directly at the audience, is very much in command of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are most often claimed by two tenor saxophonists—Harold Ashby and Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex—drummer Ronnie Cole, and pianist Sadik Hakim. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—An often sparsely populated music room except on Tuesdays, when, after ten-thirty, seventeen musicians led by Dick Cone begin loping through some of Cone's charts. Pianist Rio Clemente's trio winds up its stay on Saturday, July 3. On Wednesday, July 7, trumpeter Charles McGee will keep some distinguished

The Benihana Chef.
He carved a place for himself in American History.

Half a score and two years ago, the Benihana chef brought forth to this continent the Hibachi steak.

To the land that gave the world Broadway and Hollywood, he brought a new stage. The Hibachi table.

For the first time, the Americans applauded while he made the steak, the shrimp and the mushrooms dance.

How they marvelled. And quickly took him to their hearts.

And in the American Way, one Benihana soon became twenty-five Benihanas. With many more Benihanas to come. All across the length and breadth of this great land.

The Benihana chef.

He staked his claim to a place in American History with a steak.

BENIHANA of TOKYO

Benihana Palace 15 W. 44 St., 682-7120 • Benihana East 120 E. 56th St., 593-1627 • Benihana West 47 W. 56th St., 581-0930

Chicago, Lincolnshire, Ill., San Francisco, Las Vegas, Encino, Marina del Rey, Beverly Hills, Scottsdale, Ariz., Seattle, Honolulu, Harrisburg, Pa., Bala Cynwyd, Pa., Ft. Lauderdale, Miami, Portland, Ore., Boston, Bethesda, Md., Houston, Dallas, Atlanta, Toronto, Tokyo.

We honor the American Express, Diners Club and Carte Blanche credit cards.

***Come see the* 2nd ANNUAL BENIHANA GRAND PRIX JULY 21, 1976 PT. PLEASANT, N.J.**

***Sanctioned by the* "American Power Boat Association."**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

company: tenor saxophonist Frank Foster, bassist Richard Davis, pianist Ron Burton, and drummer Charlie Persip. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Newport Jazz Festival—Final performances. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere (and the concerts are taking place in five halls, on a Staten Island ferryboat, and on Broadway from 50th to 54th Streets), call 787-2020—Wednesday, June 30, at 7:30: "Ellington Saga—Part III," with the Duke Ellington orchestra conducted by Mercer Ellington, plus "Black, Brown and Beige," performed by the New York Jazz Repertory Company. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 30, at 8: "Jazz Today and Tomorrow," with Weather Report and the Brecker Brothers band. (City Center.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 30, at 11:30: Thelonious Monk's quartet, the Dizzy Gillespie quartet, and 100 Voices directed by John Motley. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1, at 8: Stan Kenton and Maynard Ferguson and their orchestras. (City Center.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1, at midnight: "Midnight Jazz Party and Jam Session Salute to the Rev. John Gensel," a benefit concert, with George Benson, Art Blakey, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Erwin, Bill Evans, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Herbie Hancock, Roy Haynes, Milt Hinton, Freddie Hubbard, Dick Hyman, Illinois Jacquet, Elvin Jones, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Lee Konitz, Warne Marsh, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Bobby Rosengarden, Horace Silver, Zoot Sims, Sonny Stitt, Clark Terry, McCoy Tyner, Sarah Vaughan, Bob Wilber, Joe Williams, Tony Williams, and others. (Radio City Music Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 2: "Children's Jazz Concert"—George Kleinsinger's "Tubby the Tuba Meets a Dixieland Band" and a New Orleans Jazz Parade, with Clark Terry, Major Holley, Pee Wee Erwin, Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, Phil Bodner, Panama Francis, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Danny Gottlieb. (N.Y.U. Loeb Student Center.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 7:30: A salute to the late Cannonball Adderley, whose jazz musical, "Big Man—the Legend of John Henry," will be performed by Nat Adderley, Joe Williams, a chorus, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 11:30: Buddy Rich and his Killer Force, and the Lee Konitz/Warne Marsh band. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: A Hudson River boat ride on a Staten Island ferry, with Kid Thomas and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, plus the World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 7:30: Sarah Vaughan, her trio, and strings. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 11:30: Count Basie and his 1976 orchestra and Joe Williams, plus a reunion of his band of the fifties, with Frank Foster, Eddie Jones, Joe Newman, Sonny Payne, Frank Wess, Ernie Wilkins, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 7:30: "Ellington Saga—Part IV, The 40's," performed by the New York Jazz Repertory Company, with Al Hibbler. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 11:30: "Guitar Salute," with Tal Farlow's quartet, the Kenny Burrell quartet, and Jim Hall's trio. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, July 5, from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A jazz fair for four blocks on Broadway, from 50th to 54th Streets, with Gary Bartz's quintet, Hannibal's Sunrise, Beaver Harris's 360 Degrees Music, Roy Haynes' Hip Ensemble, Machito's band, Joe Newman's quintet, the New Orleans Preservation Hall Jazz Band, the Original Traditional Jazz Band, Zoot Sims' quintet, Sam Rivers' trio, Charles Rouse and Company, Sonny Stitt and Barry Harris's trio, Clark Terry, and (from South Africa) the Jazz Ministers. . . . ¶ Monday, July 5, at 9: "Festival Farewell Dance," with Count Basie and his orchestra, plus a salute to the Grande Parade du Jazz Festival of Nice, France, with Milt Buckner, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Vic Dickenson, George Duvivier, Harry Edison, Panama Francis, Illinois Jacquet, Maxim Saury, Zoot Sims, Buddy Tate, Clark Terry, Cootie Williams, and others. (Roseland Ballroom.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Diana Ross—With three mimes and a trio of girl singers. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7 and 9:45. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

Jazz Composer's Orchestra—The last in a series of a dozen workshop concerts devoted to the new music of six composers. Wednesday, June 30: Works by Garrett List. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 1-2: Leo Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, July 3-4: Michael Gibbs. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 749-6265.)

Nazareth and **Ian Gillan**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Thursday, July 1, at 8.

Sammy Davis, Jr.—A benefit concert, with Billy Eckstine, Vivian Reed, Cab and Lael Calloway, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, July 7, at 8.)

Shirley MacLaine—With her chorus-line "gypsies," in a two-week return engagement. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Friday, July 9, through Saturday, July 24. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Monday, July 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

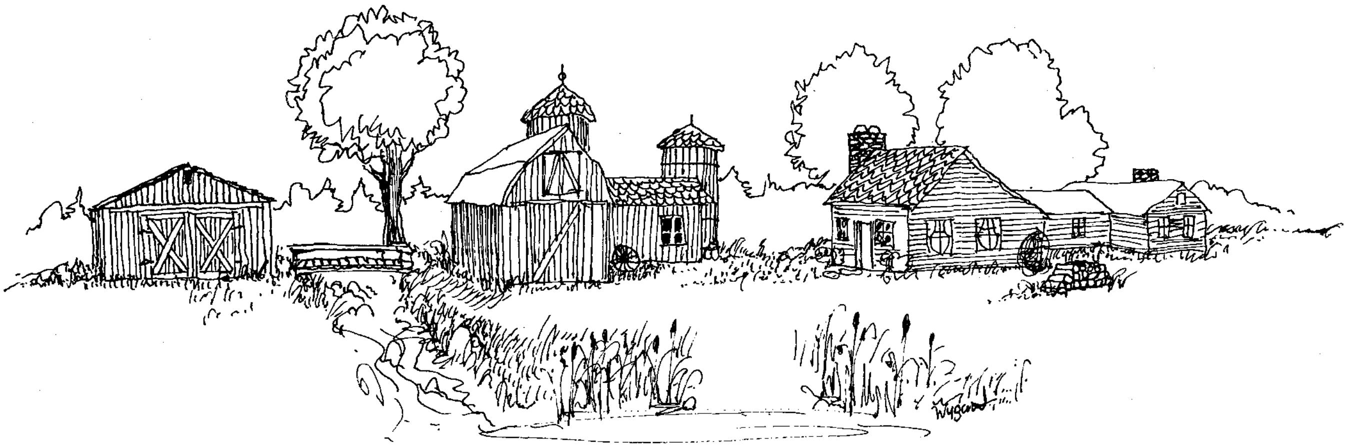
Georges Braque (1882-1963)—Fifty or so lithographs, aquatints, etchings, and woodcuts, selected from a collection of more than a hundred—the largest ever seen in this country. Included are an etching that is one of his earliest experiments in Cubism and a number of his familiar bird figures. Through Saturday, July 10. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Giorgio de Chirico—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by this earliest of the Surrealists, who is now in his eighty-eighth year and still turning out mystical landscapes inhabited by broken columns, galloping horses, and festive towers. Through July 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—A scattering of watercolors and oils by the German Expressionist. Through July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Andy Warhol and James Wyeth—Portraits of each other. Warhol has done a silk screen of his handsome friend in a pensive, poetic pose, and Wyeth, who has the more eye-catching model to work from, takes every advantage of Warhol's ravaged features. In addition to the portraits, there are thirty-four preparatory works, which in some respects are more interesting than the main events. Through Friday, July 9. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A cityscape sighted west on Thirteenth Street in late-afternoon colors by William Clutz; an abstract still-life by Lionel Gilbert; and a flourish of Oriental-looking calligraphy by Joseph Love, who has recently been teaching art (and English) in Japan, are highlights in this showing of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics. Through Friday, July 9. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Works on paper and paintings, most of them by early-twentieth-century artists (Kirchner, Max Ernst, and Moore among them). Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by four new artists. Through Friday, July 2. . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Among the contributors to a show of drawings are Robert Barry, Hanne Darboven, and Edward Ruscha. Through July 30. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Tony DeLap, David Roth, John Wesley, and others. Through Sept. 30. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small, happy-looking collages by Herbert Schneider, incorporating sheets from antique German songbooks; two ovate bronze pieces with lesser ovals cut out and painted white by the late Barbara Hepworth; and a large silk-screened drawing of a reclining figure by Henry Moore are among the high spots in this show of gallery regulars. Through July 30. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Small reliefs and other pieces in porcelain by Alexa Grace, along with works on paper in a variety of mediums by five other artists. Through July 30. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Two exhibits, one of French and American Impressionists, such as Bonnard and Twachtman, and the other of recent works by gallery artists Will Barnet, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Through July 16. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: The show here, entitled "Salute to 76," consists of works done this year by the gallery regulars, including abstracts by James Brooks; an acrylic-and-plastic collage of a couple on a golf cart (Cart No. 76) by Clayton Pond; a lively gouache of a bird in the bush by Francisco Toledo, a young Mexican artist; an orderly abstract by Lula Mae Blocton, who teaches at Sarah Lawrence; and an unstretched canvas with a number of horizontal reefs taken in it and faint bands of color at either side by Jerry Kunkel, who teaches at the University of Colorado, at Boulder.



Through Friday, July 2. . . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART,** 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by gallery artists Jules Olitski, Larry Poons, Robert Goodnough, and others. Through July 30. . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and watercolors by Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, and others. Through July 16. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A show of drawings by gallery artists, among them Douglas Cumming and Louisa Matthiasdottir. Through July 16. (Closed Mondays.)

THE CUZCO CIRCLE—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them. Through July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LEONARD BASKIN—Watercolors, bronze sculptures, and drawings from the past two years, based mostly on mythological and Biblical themes, and often incorporating his predatory-looking birds. Through Friday, July 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—Fourteen pieces of sculpture seven feet tall, which resemble primitive ladders standing upright in a circle on their own (they are really hung on all but invisible wire), giving the strained impression of so many circus poodles standing on their hind legs. Through Friday, July 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTHA DIAMOND / RODNEY RIPPS—Small abstractions, mostly egg-shaped, done in oil, and nicely situated on expanses of heavy oatmeal-colored Dutch linen paper several times as big as the composition. / Small-scale, three-dimensional squiggles meant to hang on the wall and made of crumpled foil, modelling plastic, and cloth, all heavily coated with oil paint as thick as insulation. Through July 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL GEORGES—Realist oils based on political events between 1968 and 1972. Through July 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Paintings of outsize and rather threatening-looking dahlias, tulips, lilies, anemones, and other garden flowers, plus a recently done portrait of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, another in this artist's series of our local river crossings. Through July 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 4:30.)

RUCKUS MANHATTAN—Red Grooms' three-dimensional caricature of New York City, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. A benefit show. Through July 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and other works (by, among others, William Fares, Michael Vessa, and Nina Yankowitz), all of which are small in size. Through Aug. 13. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Peter Saul, Michael Isen, and Joan Brown are three of the contributors to an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and other works all taking the Bicentennial as their theme. Through July 30. (Opens at noon.) . . . **GENESIS,** 41 E. 57th St.: Starting Saturday, July 3, six paintings by Kipp Soldwedel of some of the sailing ships that will be in the harbor for the Bicentennial festivities. / Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by contemporary British artists, including works by Hubert Pattison, whose colored drawing of a red-eyed crying young woman stands out, and John Howard, who paints the élite at their cocktails. Through Sept. 11. (Open Saturdays and Monday, July 5.) . . . **HAMMER,** 51 E. 57th St.: "Impressions of New York City" begins (chronologically, at least) with a view of the Plaza, circa 1905, by A. C. Goodwin; moves on through striking vistas of the metropolis by Marin, Guy Pène du Bois, Reginald Marsh, Sheeler, a handful of the Ashcan School, and so on; and winds up with a sidewalk crowd study by Yan Hsia that is a 1976 Photo-Realist echo of Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," which caused all that uproar at the Armory Show here back in 1913. Through Aug. 18. . . . **KORNBLEE,** 20 W. 57th St.: Outsize pastel closeups of apples by Paul Linfante; abstract, cushion-like forms in pastel by Gail Flanery; watercolors done around Roxbury, Connecticut, by Mary Kelsey; and colored-pencil drawings of friends by Polly Kraft are included in this group show of works on paper. Through July 16. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Among the works by gallery regulars now on exhibit are a tempera painting of a nun in a huge white headpiece standing in an arbor where yellow butterflies are flitting around, by Robert Vickrey; a pink cyclamen done in oil, by Julien Binford; and a tempera painting of a remembered place in the mountains, by Ethel Magafan—not to mention canvases by Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Paul Cadmus. Through July 30. . . . **RENÉ,** 6 W. 57th St.: Latin-American painters and sculptors. Through Aug. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: A big oil painting by Jillian Denby of a happy, healthy-looking nude girl pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with bric-a-brac is the introduction to this exhibit, which also includes one of Cletus Johnson's recent miniature building façades; a painting of a model posed in the elaborate finery of Elizabeth I, by Josef Levi; and a large triptych in which some forty layers of paint, applied and then scraped off, produce a hard, brittle, shimmering surface, by a young artist named Dennis Masback. Through July 15. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 4.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Models, drawings, and other materials related to the outdoor sculptures of Lloyd Hamrol, Anne Healy, and Athena Tacha. Through July 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

NANCY GENN—Thick, handmade embossed paper. The manufacturing process incorporates many materials—denim, string, and silk among them. Through July 30. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

RONALD SEARLE—Twenty-two lithographs made from drawings (many of cats) done between 1971 and 1976. Through July 11. (L'Affiche, 145 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Frank Stella, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . **HUNDRED ACRES,** 456 West Broadway: A drawing of a casually hung denim jacket in unbelievably fine colored-ink crosshatching, by Dalia Ramanauskas; a colored diagram that looks like a carefully detailed engineering plan but was just made up out of the artist's head, by Mark Wilson; and four slender six-foot ornamental rods, made of wood and metal and covered with suède, by Benigna Chilla, are prominent in a group show at this gallery. Through July 16. (Opens at noon.) . . . **WESTBROADWAY,** 431 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and other works by contemporary artists from Quebec. Through July 15. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

MINORU NIIZUMA—Fourteen pieces of abstract marble sculpture that offer subtle sermons on the relationships between the rude, unfinished stone and the polished surfaces that can be obtained from it, plus a tall bronze column of a style and aspect that remind one that the artist was born in Tokyo. Through July 24. (Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

ERIC SLOANE—Oil paintings and pen-and-ink drawings, most of them depicting rural America. Through Friday, July 2. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

MICHAEL TODD—Three welded-steel sculptures through which it is possible to walk. Through Sept. 4. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JAMES ABBE (1883-1973)—Fashion photographs made in the twenties. Through July 23. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDOUARD BOUBAT—More than a hundred prints by a contemporary French photographer who concentrates on portraits of women and children. Through July 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

WILLIAM EGGLESTON—Color photographs (figures, still-lifes, landscapes) taken in Tennessee and northern Mississippi. Through Aug. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

LATON HUFFMAN (1854-1931)—Photographs of the American frontier. Through July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD STEICHEN (1879-1973)—A large show of

He only has eyes for me—and I'm keeping it that way. In yards and yards of wispy cornflower blue chiffon—my sheerest delight. In polyester, 8 to 14 sizes, $104. Fifth Avenue Shop. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Flowers to match his eyes (blue), and my sighs (long), and they're from Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

gravures from *Camera Work*, and vintage prints from the twenties and thirties, including some of Steichen's most celebrated portraits. Through Saturday, July 3. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Group Shows—At the **HARLOW**, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show of portraits, including examples by Nadar, Carjat, and Adam-Salomon. Through July 30. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Four exhibits are on view through July 18. One show, "The Alaska Gold Rush," consists of prints made from the original glass plates of photographer E. A. Hegg. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Eighty photographs selected from the more than three thousand works acquired by the Department of Photography since January, 1974. Through July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Civil War photographs, some of them taken by Mathew Brady. Through July 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: An exhibit made up of submissions to Volume III of "The Black Photographers' Annual." It includes works by Mickey Mathis and James Van DerZee. Through July 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, except July 4, from 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eight Goya paintings, selected to represent the high points in the artist's career, on loan from the Prado and including both of the celebrated Majas, clad and un. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ "American Ephemera" is a show of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Aug. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ More than eighty paintings as well as a group of drawings are included in a retrospective exhibition of the Surrealist André Masson. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Photographs by William Eggleston. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibition of eighty recently acquired photographs. Through July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. An informal concert by the No Gap Generation Jazz Band will take place on Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, July 5, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Starts Saturday, July 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the Golden Hope, a 44.35 carat yellow diamond set in a pin, the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Monday, July 5, from 11 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-three Edo-period kimonos (1615-1868) from the Kanebo collection, including four made with a tie-dye technique that took two years to complete—one year to tie the kimono in readiness for the dye, and another year to untie it. Through July 11. (Mondays, except July 5, through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A nine-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, June 30, and Friday and Saturday, July 2-3: Alexander Schneider conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1: Tashi (Miss Kavafian, the Messrs. Serkin and Stoltzman, and Fred Sherry, cello), in an all-Mozart program, with Mr. Schneider, violin, and Daniel Phillips, viola. . . . ¶ Monday, July 5; Wednesday, July 7; and Friday and Saturday, July 9-10: Jaime Laredo conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with the Guarneri Quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 6, and Thursday, July 8: The Guarneri Quartet, with Claude Frank, piano, and Mr. Laredo, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Jerold D. Ottley directing, with Alexander Schreiner, organ. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, July 1, at 8.)

Copenhagen Boys' Choir—Mogens Wöldike directing. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, July 4, at 4:45.) . . . ¶ Niels Møller directing the same program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, July 5, at 3:30.) No tickets necessary for either concert.

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 2, at 7:30: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a special pre-season concert of American music, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 6, at 7:30: Judy Collins and Leo Kottke. . . . ¶ Opening performances of the regular season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 29—Friday, July 9, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players in an all-Mozart program. . . . The Boston Symphony in three all-Mozart programs: Friday, July 9, at 9, Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Christopher Eschenbach, piano. Saturday, July 10, at 8:30, Eduardo Mata conducting; no soloists. Sunday, July 11, at 2:30, Eduardo Mata conducting, with Judith Blegen, soprano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Barry Tuckwell, horn, and Andrea Velis, tenor. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 5:30: A piano recital by Ruth Laredo. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 9: Julius Rudel conducting a staged performance of Benjamin Britten's canticle "Curlew River," with Mr. Velis; William Metcalf, baritone; David Clatworthy, baritone; and John West, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra in a program of romantic music, with John Wion, flute, and Charles Haupt, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 5:30: The Guarneri Quartet. (Katonah, N. Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, June 30: Count Basie/Joe Williams Reunion. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1: To be announced. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2: Stan Kenton and Maynard Ferguson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3: Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, and Ted Curson's quintet (with Nick Brignola). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4: Oscar Peterson and Stanley Turrentine. . . . ¶ Monday, July 5: The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 6: The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in "The Pirates of Penzance." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 7: The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Friday, July 9: Ella Fitzgerald. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10: Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11: Gordon Lightfoot. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 3: Eight soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 6-10: Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins, the Danscompany, Annabelle Gamson, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Friday and Saturday, July 2-3: Pauline Koner Dance Consort. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8: Chuck Davis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 9-10: Metropolitan Opera Ballet Ensemble. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Evenings at 8.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, July 10, at noon.

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, June 30, at 8:05, and Thursday, July 1, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, July 2, at 8:05; Saturday, July 3, at 2:15; and Sunday, July 4, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Monday, July 5, at 2; Tuesday, July 6, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); and Wednesday, July 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Chicago, Thursday through Saturday, July 8-10, at 8.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, June 30, through Saturday, July 31. The Saranac, Wednesday, June 30; the Tidal Handicap, Saturday, July 3; the Grey Flight Handicap, Sunday, July 4; the Suburban Handicap, Monday, July 5; the Juvenile, Wednesday, July 7; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 10. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 3, and the Monmouth Bicentennial Oaks and the Uncle Sam Handicap, Monday, July 5. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15; through Saturday, Oct. 2.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—Cosmos vs. Rochester, Wednesday, June 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. St. Louis, Friday, July 2, at 7:30. (For tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis: Sets vs. Boston. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Friday, July 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 17. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK**, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 5-9, at 1:30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Monday, July 5, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

This Particular Glorious Fourth—Herewith a listing of some of the events in store. **SATURDAY, JULY 3:** Forty-nine naval vessels from twenty-seven nations will enter New York Harbor at 8 A.M., moving from the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge to their respective anchorages in the Hudson River and the Upper Bay. . . . ¶ Three thousand members of Nichiren Shoshu Academy, a Buddhist group, will participate in a parade up Sixth Avenue, featuring thirteen floats depicting the history of the United States. Starts at Sixth Ave. and 36th St., at 7:30 P.M., and moves up to Central Park, culminating in a fireworks display at Sheep Meadow at 10:30 P.M. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 4:** A flotilla of two hundred and twenty-five sailing ships from thirty nations, including sixteen square-riggers, will weigh anchor at 11 A.M. at the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and mosey up the Hudson River to Spuyten Duyvil, passing in review before the international naval ships (see above) anchored along the way. At 1 P.M., President Ford will review the navy chaps from the deck of the cruiser Wainwright, which will steam down the Hudson River from the George Washington Bridge to the carrier Forrestal, anchored off Staten Island. Ronald Reagan's plans have not been announced at this writing. . . . ¶ At 9:30 A.M., following a civic ceremony at Castle Clinton, in Battery Park, with the ceremonials performed by all the people you would expect, Leonard Bernstein will read the Prelude to the Declaration of Independence. Best of luck, Lenny! . . . ¶ Concerts of American music, including folk songs by Oscar Brand, sea chanteys by Lou Killen, jazz by the Charles Mingus trio and the United States Navy Jazz Band, spirituals by the J.C. White Singers, and country-and-Western songs by the Walt Conklin Group, at One New York Plaza, from 10 to 6. . . . ¶ A Children's Plaza, with stage shows, jugglers, story tellers, and clowns, will be set up at 127 John Street, and the activities will run from 10 to 6. . . . ¶ Twenty-one ethnic communities will hold all-day festivals, scattered between City Hall and the Battery; the hours will be from 10 to 6. . . . ¶ A series of readings of the Declaration of Independence, by Helen Hayes, Paul O'Dwyer, and others, will take place in City Hall Park between 10 and 5, each reading followed by a concert by the United States Coast Guard Band. . . . ¶ A parade of marching bands, floats, and a dozen contingents of costumed marchers, representing as many countries, will take off from City Hall at 5:30, headed for Battery Park. . . . ¶ Morton Gould will conduct the American Symphony Orchestra in a program of American music at Castle Clinton, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein will conduct the New York Philharmonic and act as piano soloist in a program of *more* American music, with William Warfield, narrator, in Central Park's Sheep Meadow, at 8:30. . . . ¶ The windup, at 9 P.M., will be a two-hundred-gun salute from the ships in the harbor, plus the launching of more than three thousand fireworks over and around the Statue of Liberty in a red-white-and-blue salute to the Bicentennial. (For details about anything, call 687-1300.)

BICENTENNIAL EXHIBITIONS—American prints dating from the seventeen-hundreds to the present. Some of the artists are Paul Revere, Winslow Homer, Mary Cassatt, and Saul Steinberg./Early American books and papers, among them two copies of the Declaration of Independence, one printed in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, and the other in Thomas Jefferson's handwriting. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . ¶ Documents ranging from a letter written by Amerigo Vespucci (1476) to the Proclamation of the Louisiana Purchase, signed by Thomas Jefferson and attested to by James Madison, Secretary of State. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) . . ¶ A show that centers on the Revolutionary War: maps, military buttons, ammunition, tools, present-day photographs of battle sites, and so forth. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Mondays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . ¶ "Farewell to Old England" offers a look (by means of photomurals, newspaper accounts, and artifacts) at the lives of three New York citizens before, during, and after the Revolution. (South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. Daily, noon to 6.) . . ¶ A collection of money and money substitutes used in Colonial America. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 3, from 9 to 4:30.) . . ¶ Folk art on paper or made with paper done primarily by New York artists over the last two hundred years. An item of interest is an ink-and-watercolor drawing of New York Harbor that was made for the 1876 Centennial by a Utica schoolboy. (Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Sunday and Monday, July 4-5, from 10:30 to 5:30.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of HENRY V, with Paul Rudd and Meryl Streep. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 25. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, June 30: Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2: J. Geils band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3: Todd Rundgren's Utopia. . . . ¶ Monday, July 5: Melba Moore. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 7: Ray Barretto/Tipica '73 and Bobby Rodriguez & Co. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9: The Patti Smith Group. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10: Laura Nyro. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of SHOWBOAT, with Robert Peterson, Barbara Meister, Max Showalter, and Beth Fowler, is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, July 1. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets call 516 221-1000.)

BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN—The Cranford Memorial Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 8 to 6; Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, July 5, from 10 to 6.)

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, July 11 (day), Oakland, July 21 (night) and July 22 (d). Boston, July 23 (n) and July 24-25 (d). Detroit, Aug. 2-3 (n). Baltimore, Aug. 6 (n) and Aug. 7-8 (d). . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, July 15-16 (night) and July 17 (at 4:05). Atlanta, July 18 (day) and July 19 (n). Pittsburgh, July 28 (n) and July 29 (d). Philadelphia, July 30 (n), July 31 (d), and Aug. 1 (day double-header). Montreal, Aug. 2-3 (n) and Aug. 4 (d).

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Giants. (Yankee Stadium. Aug. 9.)

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. July 15-18.)

OLYMPIC GAMES—At Montreal, Canada: July 17-Aug. 1.

RACING—At Saratoga: Aug. 2-28.

SOCCER—At Yankee Stadium—Cosmos vs. Tampa, July 14. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Washington, July 18. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Dallas, July 28. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Miami, Aug. 10.

TENNIS—U.S.T.A. Men's and Women's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. July 12-18.)

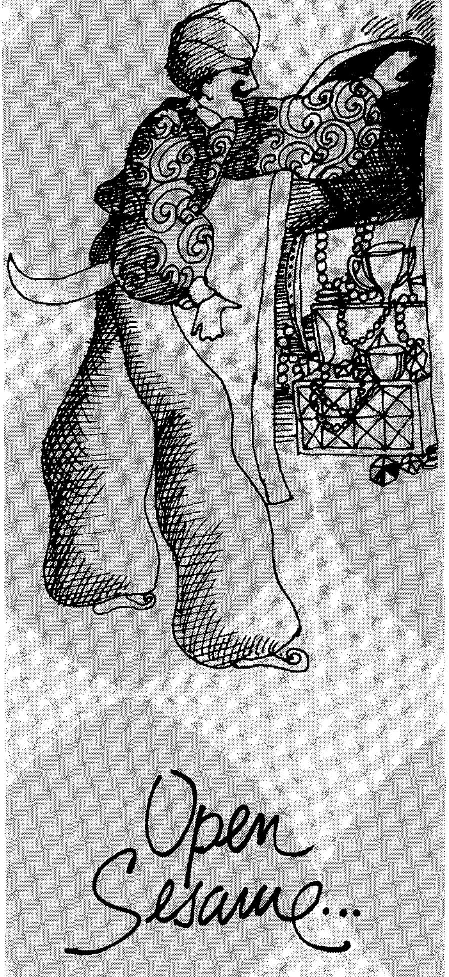
TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: July 19-Oct. 16.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 17-24.)

MUSIC—New York Philharmonic in Central Park, Aug. 3, 10, and 17. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, Aug. 4-21.

DANCE—National Ballet of Canada, with Rudolf Nureyev, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 20-Aug. 8.

OTHER DATES—The Democratic National Convention will start on July 12 at Madison Square Garden.


Open Sesame...

Remember the excitement you felt when those words revealed precious jewels to Ali Baba? Reawaken that excitement and sense of treasure again. . .at Little Switzerland.

For over a generation Little Switzerland has made a tradition in selecting prestigious, imported European jewelry. Choose from contemporary modern executions, charming antique designs, and the latest in current fine jewelry fashion.

Little Switzerland's trained personnel will answer your questions, and help you make the right gem decision to live with, happily ever after.

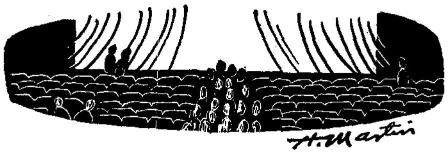
We Accept American Express Credit Cards.

Little Switzerland

ST. THOMAS ST. CROIX ST. MARTIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Murder by Death."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through July 6: "The Missouri Breaks" and "Straw Dogs."
From July 7: To be announced.

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 6: "All Screwed Up" and "Love and Anarchy."
From July 7: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 6: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."
From July 7: "Dog Day Afternoon."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through July 1: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Blackbeard's Ghost."
From July 2: "Dumbo" and "No Deposit No Return."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Omen."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Big Bus."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Midway."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Last Woman" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder by Death."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Old Gun."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Silent Movie."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through July 6: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From July 7: "Lipstick" and "Death Wish."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"All the President's Men."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Véronique; or, The Summer of My 13th Year."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Tenant."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 6: "Family Plot."
From July 7: "I Will, I Will . . . For Now."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"All the President's Men."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Logan's Run."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Omen."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Midway."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 1: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Blackbeard's Ghost."
From July 2: "Dumbo" and "No Deposit No Return."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"All the President's Men."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
Theatre 2: "A Piece of Pleasure."
Theatre 3: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."
Theatre 4: "A Boy and His Dog" and "Dr. Strangelove."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hawmps."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Harry and Walter Go to New York."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 1: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Blackbeard's Ghost."
From July 2: "Dumbo" and "No Deposit No Return."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 6: "Robin and Marian" and "Bite the Bullet."
From July 7: "The Missouri Breaks" and "Breakheart Pass."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Murder by Death."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Children of Paradise."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 6: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Born to Win."
From July 7: "Lipstick" and "Once Is Not Enough."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 1: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Blackbeard's Ghost." From July 2: "Dumbo" and "No Deposit No Return."
Theatre 2: "The Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday."
Theatre 3: Through July 6: "Mandingo" and "Leadbelly." From July 7: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"All the President's Men."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through July 6: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From July 7: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 6: "The Groove Tube" and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."
From July 7: "Robin and Marian" and "A Man and a Woman."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 30: "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski; and "The Servant" (1963), directed by Joseph Losey, with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox.
July 1: "Grand Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.
July 2: "The Blue Angel" (†); and "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.
July 3: "King Kong" (1932), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; and "The Most Dangerous Game." (†)
July 4: "The Producers" (1968), directed by Mel Brooks, with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "The Twelve Chairs" (1970), directed by Mel Brooks, with Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, and Ron Moody.
July 5: "Gone with the Wind" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
July 6: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore." (†)
July 7: "The Silence" (†) and "Monika." (†)
July 8: "Morgan!" (†) and "Minnie and Moskowitz." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 30: "Drums Along the Mohawk" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda; and "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell.
July 1: "Not a Pretty Picture" (1976), directed by Martha Coolidge, with Michele Manenti and Jim Carrington; and "Wanda" (1971), directed by, and with, Barbara Loden.
July 2: "The Gold Rush" (1925), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and "Le Million" (1931), in French, directed by René Clair, with Annabella.
July 3: "Trouble in Paradise" (†) and "Christmas in July." (†)
July 4: "Gone with the Wind" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
July 5: "Late Spring" (1949) and "Late Autumn" (1960), both in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.
July 6: "Isn't Life Wonderful" (†) and "Our Daily Bread." (†)
July 7: "Tobacco Road" (†) and "How Green Was My Valley." (†)
July 8: "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "Blonde Venus" (1932), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 30: "The Sword of Doom" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Tatsuya Hakadai; and "Kill!" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.
July 1: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "Putney Swope" (1969), directed by Robert Downey.
July 2: "Rollerball" (1975), directed by Norman Jewison, with James Caan and John Houseman; and "Zardoz" (1974), directed by John Boorman, with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.
July 3: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Carnal Knowledge." (†)
July 4: "The Gang's All Here" (†); and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.
July 5: "Greetings" (1968), directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro; and "Hi, Mom!" (†)
July 6: "Going Places" (†) and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me." (†)
July 7: "Yojimbo" (†) and "Throne of Blood." (†)
July 8: "Bananas" (1971), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; and "King of Hearts."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 3: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura.
July 4-6: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn.
July 7-8: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 3: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "Captain Blood" (1935), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone.
July 4-6: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (†) and "Air Force." (†)
From July 7: "To Have and Have Not" (†) and "The Big Sleep." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 3: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Vigil in the Night" (1940), directed by George Stevens, with Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne, and Anne Shirley.
July 4-6: "Buck Private" (†) and "This Is the Army." (†)
From July 7: "Jungle Book" (†) and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 1 at 2:30: "That Certain Thing" (1928), directed by Frank Capra, with Viola Dana and Ralph Graves.... ¶ July 1 at 6: "Feel My Pulse" (1928), directed by Gregory LaCava, with Bebe Daniels and Richard Arlen.... ¶ July 1 at 8:30 and July 2 at 2:30: "Spite Marriage" (1929), directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton.... ¶ July 2 at 6: "Cradle Snatchers" (1927), directed by Howard Hawks, with Louise Fazenda, J. Farrell MacDonald, and Franklin Pangborn; some footage missing.... ¶ July 3 at noon: "The Cameraman" (1928), directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton and Marceline Day.... ¶ July 3 at 2:30: "That Certain Thing."... ¶ July 3 at 5: "The Love Trap" (1929), directed by William Wyler, with Laura La Plante.... ¶ July 4 at noon: "The Cameraman."... ¶ July 4 at 2:30: "City Lights" (1931), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.... ¶ July 4 at 5: "A Fool There Was" (1915), directed by Roy L. McCardell, with Theda Bara; "Assunta Spina" (1914), directed by Gustavo Serena, with Francesca Bertini, some Italian inter-titles; and "Carmen" (1915), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Geraldine Farrar, excerpts only.... ¶ July 5 at noon: "The Love Trap."... ¶ July 5 at 2:30: Short comedies of the thirties with Charley Chase, Fatty Arbuckle, and the Boy Friends.... ¶ July 5 at 6: "They Had to See Paris" (1929), directed by Frank Borzage, with Will Rogers, Irene Rich, and Fifi D'Orsay.... ¶ July 6 at noon: "The Big Pond" (1930), directed by Hobart Henley, with Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert.... ¶ July 6 at 2:30: "Check and Double Check" (1930), directed by Melville Brown, with Amos 'n Andy, Sue Carol, and Duke Ellington.... ¶ July 6 at 6: Short comedies of the thirties with Charley Chase, Fatty Arbuckle, and the Boy Friends.... ¶ July 8 at 2:30: "The Royal Family of Broadway" (1930), directed by Cyril Gardner and George Cukor, with Fredric March and Ina Claire.... ¶ July 8 at 6: "The Big Pond."... ¶ July 8 at 8:30: "Part-Time Wife" (1930), directed by Leo McCarey, with Edmund Lowe and Leila Hyams; and "Let's Go Native" (1930), directed by Leo McCarey, with Jack Oakie, Jeanette MacDonald, and Kay Francis. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through July 4: Video programs by Christina Patoski and Terry Fox. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Air Force (1943)—One of the "contribution-to-the-war-effort" specials—the biography of a Flying Fortress, a Boeing B-17 nicknamed Mary Ann, that heads out into the Pacific on the eve of Pearl Harbor and goes on to Wake Island and then takes part in the Coral Sea battle and, at the last, is about to participate in the raid on Tokyo. The film is one crisis after the other, and the director, Howard Hawks, stages the air battles handsomely, but for the rest it helps if you're interested in the factors involved in getting a bomber somewhere and back. The script is credited to Dudley Nichols and William Faulkner, who provided a classic melting-pot crew; on board are John Garfield as Winocki, George Tobias as Weinberg, Gig Young as Williams, John Ridgely as Quincannon, Arthur Kennedy as McMartin, Harry Carey as White, etc. (Regency; July 4-6.)

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (1944)—Maria Montez and Jon Hall in a follow-up to "Arabian Nights," a picture of such dreamy fatuousness that Universal made a bundle out of it. This time, flabby-cheeked, slit-eyed Turhan Bey is the camp treat. With Andy Devine and Fortunio Bonanova. Directed by Arthur Lubin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 7.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Thalia; through July 6.... ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; July 6.)

All Screwed Up—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Cinema Village; through July 6.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (4/12/76) (Columbia I, U. A. East, Waverly, and Symphony.)

The Big Bus—A comedy, with Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (Sutton.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Regency; starting July 7.)

Bite the Bullet (1975)—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Playboy; through July 6.)

Blackbeard's Ghost (1968)—From the Disney studios, with Peter Ustinov and Dean Jones, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 1.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 2.)

Born to Win (1971)—An unjustly neglected film. Maybe the mixture of moods (comedy and horror) frightened off the producers: they didn't open it, they just let it out. George Segal gives his most prodigious and imaginative performance as a hipster junkie who is so giddy that he really digs the hustling lower depths he inhabits. The film isn't totally satisfying, but even at its most ragged, it holds one's interest. With Karen Black, Jay Fletcher, and Paula Prentiss. Ivan Passer directed, from David Scott Milton's screenplay. (Cinema Studio; through July 6.)

A Boy and His Dog—A futuristic film with Don Johnson, directed by L. Q. Jones. R-rated. (Quad Cinema.)

Breakheart Pass—A mystery set in the Old West, based on the Alistair MacLean novel. With Charles Bronson, Ben Johnson, Richard Crenna, and Jill Ireland; directed by Tom Gries. (Playboy; starting July 7.)

Buck Private (1941)—One of the most popular of the Abbott-and-Costello comedies, directed by Arthur Lubin. With the Andrews Sisters, Lee Bowman, and Nat Pendleton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 4-6.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup, and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. Buffalo Bill is growing old, but refuses to take it in. There is a key scene between Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull in which the actually dead Sitting Bull appears and disappears in apparition. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (6/28/76) (Murray Hill, Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich.... ¶ Thalia; starting July 7.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Elgin; July 3.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Paris.)

Christmas in July (1940)—Preston Sturges wrote and directed this little slapstick romance when he was just warming up as a director. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew are the young couple whose luck turns when he thinks he's won twenty-five thousand dollars in a slogan contest. It's agreeable enough—it's rather sweet, actually—but it lacks the full-fledged Sturges lunacy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 3.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. Directed by Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (First Avenue Cinema; starting July 7.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Quad Cinema.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Gramercy; starting July 7.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 2.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

Family Plot—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris plays a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The posh villains are played by Karen Black and William Devane. (4/19/76) (72nd Street East; through July 6.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda on an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Elgin; July 4.)

Going Places (1974)—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (Elgin; July 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8		

The Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday—With Lee Marvin, Oliver Reed, Robert Culp, and Elizabeth Ashley; directed by Don Taylor. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Olympia; through July 6.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Music Hall.)

Hawmps—A comedy of the Old West, when the Cavalry tried using camels. With James Hampton, Christopher Connelly, and Slim Pickens. Directed by Joe Camp, who made "Benji." (Guild.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy, cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish revolutionary theatrical company called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. (Elgin; July 5.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—John Ford's much-honored movie about the decline of a Welsh mining family is moving and impressive in a big-Hollywood-picture way. Roddy McDowall and Walter Pidgeon are the leads, and the cast includes Maureen O'Hara, Sara Allgood, Barry Fitzgerald, and many other Irish actors (though the singers are really Welsh). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7.)

Isn't Life Wonderful (1924)—D. W. Griffith, who, in addition to everything else, had an extraordinary feeling for the documentary aspects of film, went to Germany after the First World War to shoot this story about what war does to people. A pioneer work of neorealism, which influenced the Italian films made after the Second World War, it was perhaps Griffith's last great burst of creative energy. The stars are Carol Dempster (at her best, which is still not overpowering) and Neil Hamilton. The locations include Berlin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 6.)

I Will, I Will . . . For Now—The worst. Combines the most simperingly forced elements of fifties mistaken-identity farces with a gooey soft-core version of the sex-manual pornos. Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton; Norman Panama directed. (3/1/76) (72nd Street East; starting July 7.)

Jungle Book (1942)—Sabu appears to have a very good time as Mowgli, the child adopted by the wolves who lives among the wild beasts as one of them; he swings from tree to tree like a nursery Tarzan. In the dark-green jungles of this lush, handsome Alexander Korda production, directed by Zoltan Korda, Mowgli has more to do with human folk than in the Kipling book—Joseph Calleia is around, and also little Patricia O'Rourke, for a suggestion of precocious romance. Laurence Stallings, who wrote the screenplay, wanders a bit from Kipling's simple fancy, but the plot about a treasure, a python, and a ruined city are entertaining enough. Children will probably still love the movie—and adults have a good time. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 7.)

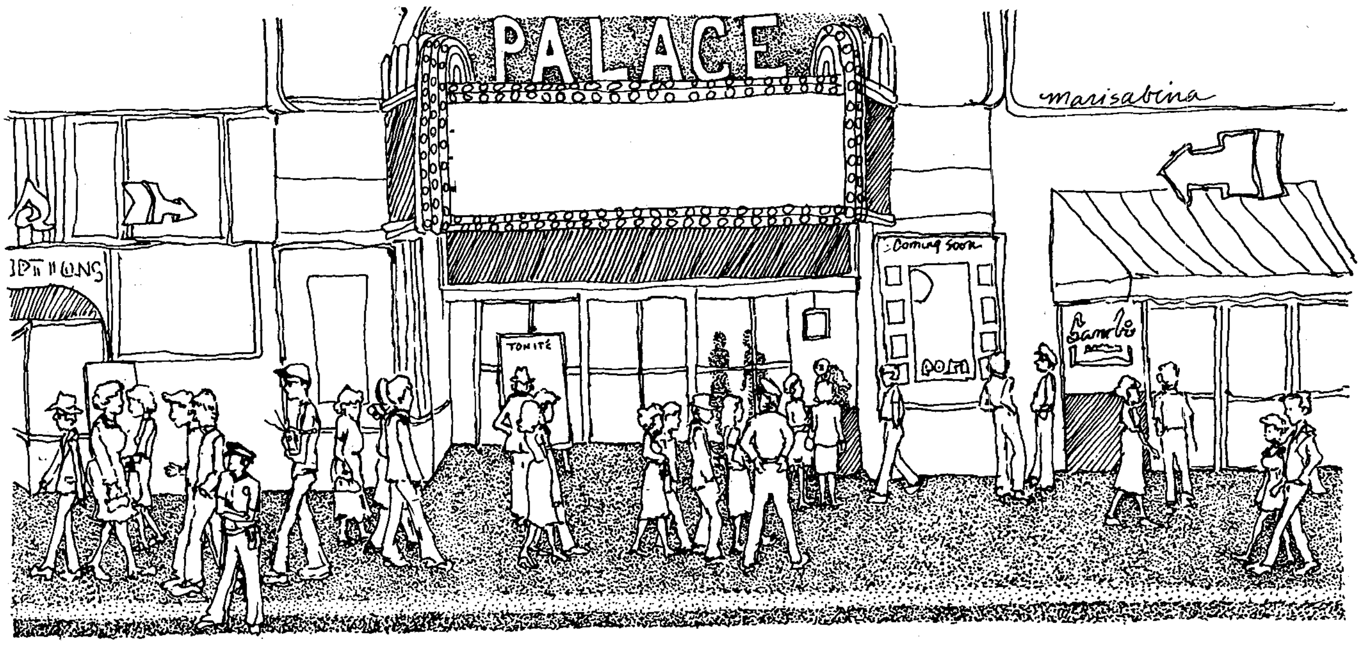
The Last Woman—Directed by Marco Ferreri, of "The Grande Bouffe." Another of the many films of our time that are about male chauvinism, and yet made by men, with the chief male characters as the most fully explored ones. The film has a horrific ending: be warned. Before that, like "The Grande Bouffe," it is a hyperbolic fiction about appetite on the rampage—in this case, male sexual appetite, not appetite for ornamentally prepared food. This is a portrait of masculine swinishness as a cartoonist might draw it, with Gérard Depardieu as a hero whose stomach seems swollen with pride and wine, and Ornella Muti as the sweet-natured latest of his string of mistresses, who looks after his baby son borne of another woman and ministers to his jealous demands for toddler care for himself. In French. X-rated. (6/21/76) (Fine Arts.)

Leadbelly—Directed by Gordon Parks in banal color. The story of the famous guitarist who became a folk hero in spite of imprisonment. Good-natured but not very distinguished. Still, a sincerely told piece. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 6.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; starting July 7.)

Logan's Run—An adventure film set in the twenty-third century. With Michael York, Jenny Agutter, Richard Jordan, and Roscoe Lee Browne; directed by Michael Anderson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Orpheum.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's



large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Cinema Village; through July 6.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Olympia; starting July 7.)

Mandingo—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, Brenda Sykes, Richard Ward, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 6.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Plaza, and Paramount.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—An Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the celebrated skier Miura, who toiled most of the way up Everest with a caravan of Sherpas and scientists, and then skied down part of it, at a hundred miles an hour. Six Sherpas died. There is a difference between an endeavor and a feat. (6/7/76) (D. W. Griffith.)

Midway—Henry Fonda, Charlton Heston, and Robert Mitchum in a noisy, flag-waving film, directed by Jack Smight, about a key Pacific maneuver of the Second World War. Doddering chauvinism, which unlikably mixes its belligerent and silly fiction with real newsreel footage of the battle. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 8.)

The Missouri Breaks—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. (5/31/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 6. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting July 7.)

Monika (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 7.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Olympia; through July 6.)

Morgan! (1966)—An unusual movie about an anarchistic left-wing misfit rebel (David Warner). The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 8.)

The Most Dangerous Game (1932)—An amusing classic suspense melodrama; the plot was used several times, but this version, directed by Irving Pichel and Ernest Schoedsack, is the most entertaining. Leslie Banks (with his schizoid face—one half suave Englishman, the other half twisted and with suggestions of exotic evil) is the mad hunter who stalks human prey, and Joel McCrea is his target. Fay Wray does her usual charming terrified heroine. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 3.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of

From Bulgari's Bicentennial Collection,
a very rare silver medal dated 1800 commemorating
the death of George Washington, with the words,
"He is in glory, the world in tears." 5,000.

A rare Washington one cent copper piece dated 1791. 4,350.

Massachusetts Pine Tree Shilling of silver
struck in the first mint of the colonies and dated 1652.
Very rare. Set with 32 diamonds weighing 8.13 carats. 16,000.
All are set on chain necklaces of 18 karat yellow gold.

Bulgari Jewellers, Hotel Pierre, 795 Fifth Avenue—New York
Via Condotti 10—Roma 86, Rue Du Rhone—Geneve

sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Art, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

No Deposit No Return—From the Disney studios, with David Niven and Darren McGavin, directed by Norman Tokar. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 2.)

The Old Gun—With Philippe Noiret and Romy Schneider, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Coronet.)

The Omen—With Gregory Peck, Lee Remick, and David Warner; directed by Richard Donner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

Once Is Not Enough (1975)—This adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's infatuated exposé of the scandalous goings on among celebrities wants so badly to be shocking and is actually so naive that you begin to feel some affection for its silly sleaziness. Brenda Vaccaro is entertainingly spunky as a Helen Gurley Brownish editor, and David Janssen gives a surprisingly energetic performance as a Norman Mailer-like brawling writer. The others include George Hamilton and Kirk Douglas, and Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri, who have an excruciating lesbian scene. Guy Green directed, unevenly, from a too-sober script by Julius J. Epstein. (Cinema Studio; starting July 7.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (12th St. Cinema. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through July 6.)

Our Daily Bread (1934)—About how a young couple (Karen Morley and Tom Keene) make a go of life on a bankrupt farm by turning it into a co-op. King Vidor—restless, never satisfied by his commercial successes—borrowed up to his ears to make this movie, and it's innovatively well directed. He experiments with Russian ideas of montage, and manages to make a grand finale out of the cooperative farmers digging a ditch to irrigate a cornfield—cheating only a little by heightening the scene with an orchestral score. The rhythmic visual conceptions are beautifully realized, but the acting and writing are awful; sophisticated in film terms, it's a primitive picture in dramatic terms. The earnest title indicates where Vidor went wrong: the film suffers from awkwardly simple thinking and from the excessive virtue ascribed to the common-man characters. With John Qualen and Barbara Pepper. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 6.)

A Piece of Pleasure—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous life together, apparently. Country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (6/21/76) (Quad Cinema.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue (1975)—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (Thalia; through July 6.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Playboy; through July 6. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting July 7.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Columbia II, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Gramercy; through July 6.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 7.)

Silent Movie—With Mel Brooks, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Sid Caesar; directed by Mr. Brooks. (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 1.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 6.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (Elgin; July 6.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Gramercy; through July 6.)

The Tenant—With Roman Polanski, Isabelle Adjani, Melvyn Douglas, Jo Van Fleet, and

The Summer of '76..
see the Olympics
and H.R.

From our Collection—
Exclusive Aquascutum® Raincoat.

HOLT RENFREW

Montreal: Sherbrooke at Mountain
Quebec • Ottawa • Toronto
Winnipeg • Calgary • Edmonton
Vancouver

Shelley Winters; directed by Mr. Polanski. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT, PART 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Ziegfeld.)

THIS IS THE ARMY (1943)—The celebrated patriotic stage revue, with music by Irving Berlin, originally performed by enlisted men, was given a story line for the movie, and the cast was padded out with civilian screen actors and other notables. The plot spans two wars and features the curious, near-beer prophetic father-son pairing of George Murphy, as Jerry Jones, a First World War soldier who writes an Army show called "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," and Ronald Reagan, as Johnny Jones, who writes the Second World War show "This Is the Army." Having presented these fictitious authors, when it comes time for Irving Berlin to appear (as Irving Berlin) and sing "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," the film has the devil's own time explaining who *he* is. It's a huge two-hour musical that reeks of uplift, but there are a few funny lines, an impressive soldier chorus, and many tolerable, if wholesome, numbers. This is not the Army of "From Here to Eternity." Michael Curtiz directed; with Joe Louis, Kate Smith, George Tobias, Joan Leslie, Charles Butterworth, Gertrude Niesen, Frances Langford, Ruth Donnelly, Dolores Costello, Una Merkel, and, from the original cast, the tap-dancer Private James Cross and the singer Sergeant Robert Shanley. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 4-6.)

THRONE OF BLOOD (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Elgin; July 7.)

TOBACCO ROAD (1941)—Erskine Caldwell's novel turned into a folksy comic strip. The director, John Ford, and the scenarist, Nunnally Johnson, were up against censorship problems; still, that doesn't account for the broad pointlessness of the rustic humor or the glossy studio lighting of the poor whites cavorting in front of their Georgia shacks. The whole thing seems deranged. Charley Grapewin plays Jeeter Lester as a familiar cornliquored old scamp, Gene Tierney is a glamourized Ellie May, Marjorie Rambeau is Sister Bessie, and Elizabeth Patterson is Ada. With William Tracy, Dana Andrews, Ward Bond, and Slim Summerville. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7.)

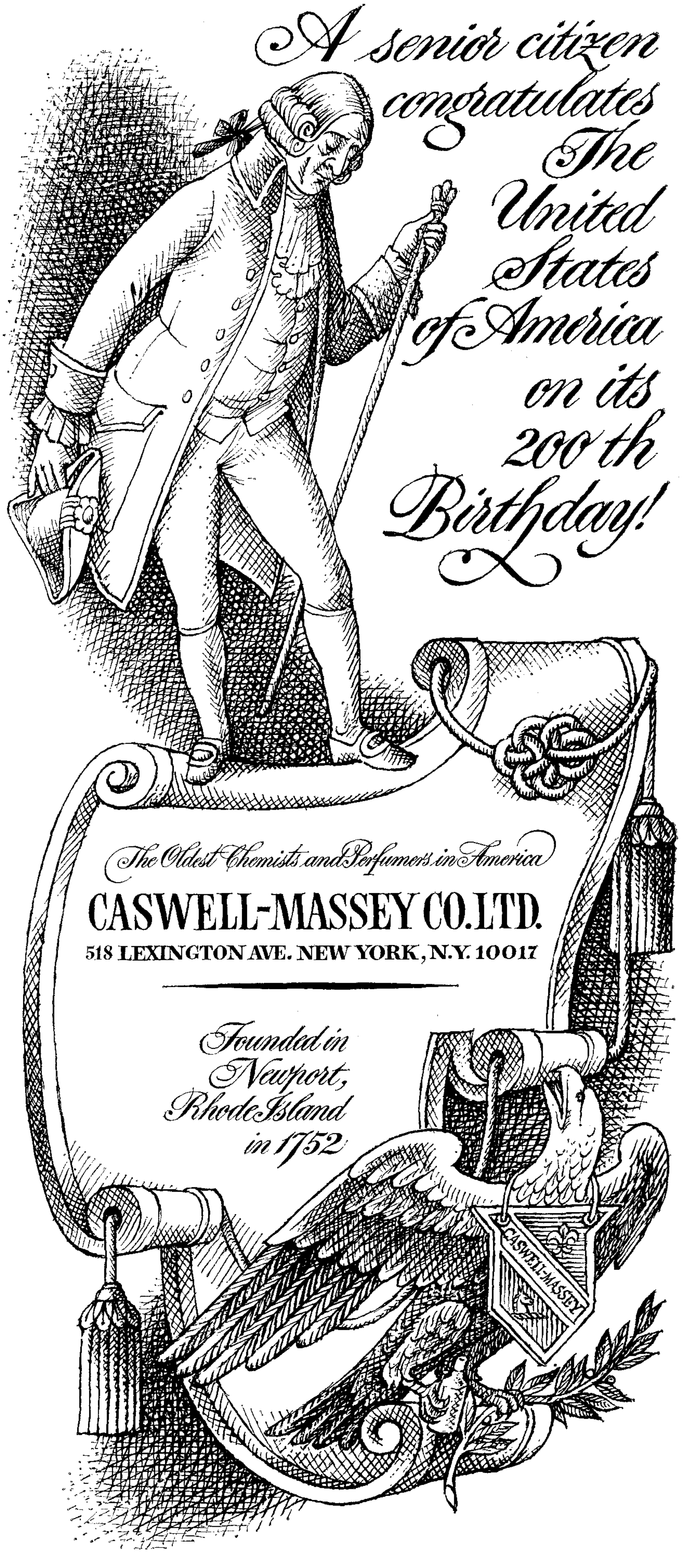
TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, duskyvoiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Regency; starting July 7.)

TROUBLE IN PARADISE (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 3.)

VÉRONIQUE; OR, THE SUMMER OF MY 13TH YEAR—With Anne Teyssèdre, directed by Claudine Guilmain. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Regency; July 4-6.)

YOJIMBO (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (Elgin; July 7.)


A senior citizen congratulates The United States of America on its 200th Birthday!
The Oldest Chemists and Perfumers in America
CASWELL-MASSEY CO. LTD.
518 LEXINGTON AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
Founded in Newport, Rhode Island in 1752
CASWELL-MASSEY

To me contrast is always exciting. Like sable and blue jeans. Caviar and a picnic. And this. A tunic that's all pure romance. With a skirt as strictly tailored as a banker's greys.

Billowy-sleeved tunic has a richly shirred yoke in front and back. White or red crêpe de chine of Qiana® nylon. 6 to 16 sizes, $35. Chalk-striped skirt is newly straightened, side-slit. Grey and white, or black and white acrylic and wool. 6 to 16 sizes, $45. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

I'm mixing something special for dinner.
Something soft. And something not.
And it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR Misfortunes in Canada, are enough to melt an Heart of Stone. The Small Pox is ten times more terrible than Britons, Canadians and Indians together. . . . There has been Want, approaching to Famine, as well as Pestilence. . . . But these Reverses of Fortune dont discourage me. It was natural to expect them, and We ought to be prepared in our Minds for greater Changes, and more melancholly Scenes still.

So wrote John Adams to Abigail, in one of his mercurial moments, June 26, 1776. We don't know how far into the future he was gazing, but if he were around today, celebrating our two-hundredth, he would not lack for melancholy scenes. As far as the eye can see in any direction, corruption and wrongdoing, our rivers and lakes poisoned, our flying machines arriving before the hour of their departure, our ozone layer threatened, our sea gasping for breath, our fish inedible, our national bird laying defective eggs, our economy inflated, our food adulterated, our children weaned on ugly plastic toys, our diversions stained with pornography and obscenity, violence everywhere, venery in Congress, cheating at West Point, the elms sick and dying, our youth barely able to read and write, the Postal Service buckling under the crushing burden of the mails and terrified by gloom of night, our sources of energy depleted, our railroads in decline, our small farms disappearing, our small businesses driven against the wall by bureaucratic edicts, and our nuclear power plants hard at work on plans to evacuate the countryside the minute something goes wrong. It is indeed a melancholy scene.

There is one thing, though, that can be said for this beleaguered and beloved country—it is alive and busy. It was busy in Philadelphia in 1776, trying to get squared away on a sensible course; it is busy in New York and Chillicothe today, trying to straighten out its incredible mess.

The word "patriot" is commonly used for Adams and for those other early geniuses. Today, the word is out of favor. Patriotism is unfashionable, having picked up the taint of chauvinism, jingoism, and demagoguery. A man is not expected to love his country, lest he make an ass of himself. Yet our country, seen through the mists of smog, is curiously lovable, in somewhat the way an individual who has got himself into an unconscionable scrape often seems lovable—or at least deserving of support. What other country is so appalled by its own shortcomings, so eager to atone for its own bad conduct? What other country ever issued an invitation like the one on the statue in New York's harbor? Wrongdoing, debauchery, decadence, decline—these are no more apparent in America today than are the myriad attempts to correct them and the myriad devices for doing it. The elms may be dying, but someone has developed a chemical compound that can be injected into the base of an elm tree to inhibit the progress of the disease. The Hudson River may be loaded with polychlorinated biphenyls, but there is an organization whose whole purpose is to defend and restore the Hudson River. It isn't as powerful as General Electric, but it is there, and it even gets out a little newspaper. Our food is loaded with carcinogens, while lights burn all night in laboratories where people are probing the mysteries of cancer. Everywhere you look, at the desolation and the melancholy scene, you find somebody busy with an antidote to melancholy, a cure for disease, a correction for misconduct. Sometimes there seems almost too much duplication of good works and therapeutic enterprise; but at least it suggests great busyness—a tremendous desire to carry on, against odds that, in July of 1976, as in June of 1776, often seem insuperable.

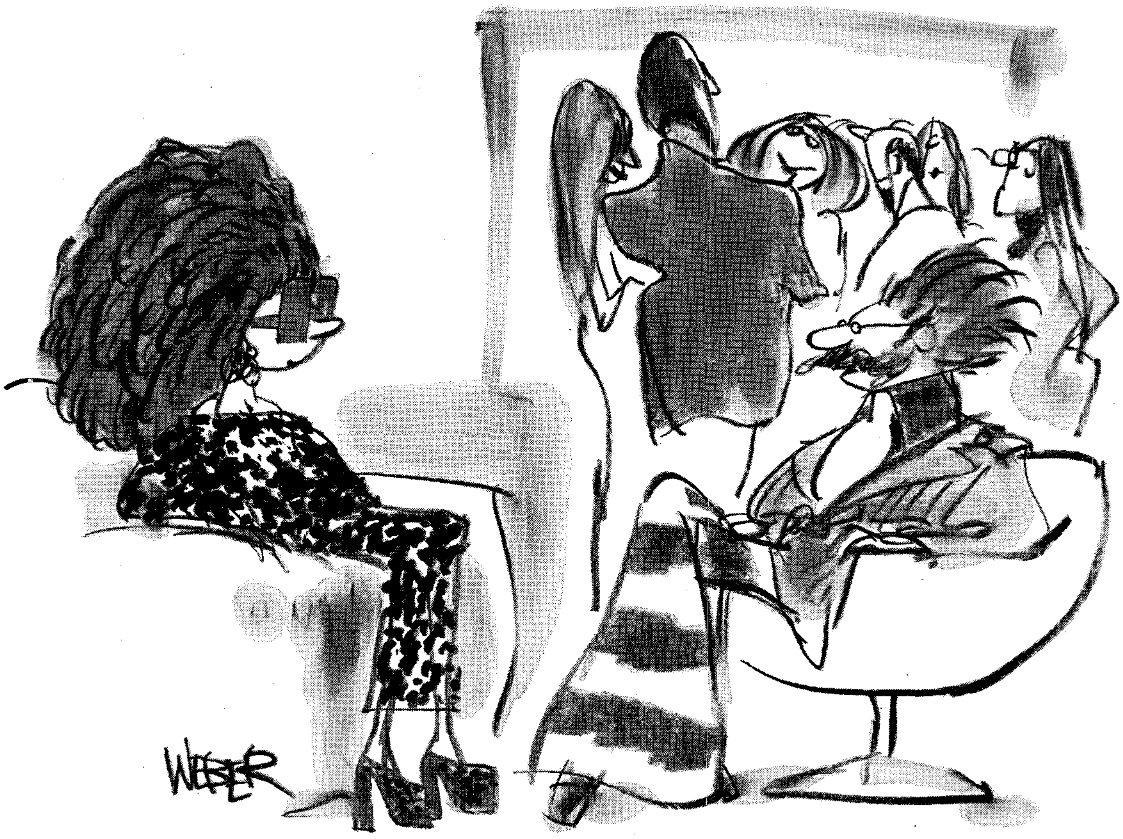
But these Reverses of Fortune dont discourage me. . . . It is an animating Cause, and brave Spirits are not subdued with Difficulties.

Let us, on this important day when the tall ships move up the poisoned river, take heart from good John Adams. We might even for a day assume the role of patriot, with neither apology nor shame. It would be pleasant if we could confront the future with confidence, it would be relaxing if we could pursue happiness without worrying about a bad fish. But we are stuck with our chemistry, our spraymongers, our raunchy and corrupt public servants, just as Adams was stuck with the Britons, the Canadians, the Indians, and the shadow of Small Pox. Let not the reverses discourage us—liberty is an animating Cause (and there's not much smallpox around, either). If the land does not unfold fair and serene before our eyes, neither is this a bad place to be. It is unquestionably a busy one. Bang the bell! Touch off the fuse! Send up the rocket! On to the next hundred years of melancholy scenes, splendid deeds, and urgent business!

• •

The Bicentennial Beat

THIRTEEN MINUTES FROM MANHATTAN: Baseball either did or did not begin in Hoboken's Elysian Fields on June 19, 1846, when an underdog New York nine trounced civil engineer and amateur athlete Alexander Joy Cartwright, Jr.'s, heavily favored Knickerbockers 23–1, in four innings. (The Knickerbockers had disdained to practice.) In Hoboken, they say that General Abner Doubleday—who, according to many, invented or at least thought about the national pastime in Cooperstown, New York, in 1839—was not the father of base-



"If there is life on Mars, they say it probably won't look anything at all like us."

ball at all but did fire the first shot of the Civil War. General Doubleday himself said that he aimed the first defensive shot from Fort Sumter. "The Baseball Encyclopedia," which has enough pages (2,142) to be authoritative, gives Cartwright, Hoboken, and June 19, 1846, the nod, but adds that credit for the wonderful game's origin "has been given to the Egyptians and every succeeding culture." Certain it is that Cartwright had a lot to do with the game as we know it: he definitely invented the shortstop; he put an end to the practice of throwing the ball at baserunners to get them out; he equalized the distance between bases and stabilized it at ninety feet; he substituted flat bases for what Frank Borsky, press representative for the Hoboken Community Development Agency, calls "random posts or rocks" that were then customarily in use; he limited to nine the players fielded by each side; and he firmly established the three outs to an inning. ("Three hands out; all out," Cartwright said.)

On June 19, 1976, the first game was reënacted as part of the Bicentennial activities of Hoboken, the Mile-Square City. Joe Totaro, vice-principal of Hoboken's Joseph F. Brandt School and also Hoboken High's baseball coach, managed the reconstituted Knickerbockers; Ray Fiore, who teaches English at Hoboken's Demarest Junior High, piloted the new New Yorks; and the two teams clashed for four Cartwright-rules innings under brilliant sun and towering thunderheads on the glistening diamond of the Stevens Institute of Technology, at Castle Point, where a relaxed and attentive crowd of three hundred or so—including baseball great Monte Irvin, of the Commissioner of Baseball's office; Miss Hudson County; Mrs. Senior Citizen of Hudson County; Mayor Steve Cappiello; lawyer Iz Mischel's Quartet; Police Chief George Crimmins; city head librarian Lucille Cunningham; and affable Jersey m.c. Jerry Molloy, municipal recreation director—ate free hot dogs and drank free Cokes and cheered and applauded and offered advice to the two Hobokenite teams. The game was essentially a softball game, with a one-bounce rule. (The first baseball is believed to have been smaller than the modern baseball and was so hard that Cartwright, in order to avoid hurting the players' hands, fathered a short-lived rule of out-if-caught-on-the-first-bounce.) This time, the Knicks won, to even the series, and the score was either 3–2 or 4–2, depending on whether you talked with Joe Totaro or Ray Fiore after the game. The catcher for both teams was Little Leaguer William Rosa, who wore his Mike's A.C. Little League uniform. The sixteen other players were in what might have resembled first-game dress (the actual 1846 players did not wear uniforms): long-sleeved white shirts, bloused black pants, long white stockings, black cravats, whatever shoes they wanted, old-style flattop caps with New York Mets colors and insignia bought the night before at Shea Stadium from a vender who refused to give the Hobokenites a quantity discount, and red suspenders, or braces, if you will—the entire stock of Goodman's men's store, on Washington Street (opposite City Hall). Umpire Vic Carpenter, a forty-year veteran of local matches, wore a chest protector, a black cutaway, and a topper.

Highlights of Hoboken history: This city of about forty-five thousand, which sits on the riverbank opposite Greenwich Village and is thirteen minutes away from either midtown or downtown by the PATH tubes, was in the early nineteenth century the land of Colonel John Stevens, who had been surveyor general for eastern New Jersey in 1782 and 1783, who built the first American steam locomotive and put it into operation one hundred and fifty years ago last May, and whose youngest son, Edwin Augustus, bequeathed land and money for the founding of Stevens Institute of Technology, in 1870. Colonel Stevens laid out a mile-square city grid plan on his land, and a resort town sprang up; the first clubhouse of the New York Yacht Club was opened there in 1845. Hoboken was the Port of Embarkation and Debarkation for Over There in the First World War, giving rise to General John J. (Black Jack) Pershing's rallying cry in France in 1917—"Heaven, Hell, or Hoboken by Christmas." President Woodrow Wilson left for Versailles from a Hoboken pier. A local church, St. Paul's Episcopal, has samples of soil from almost every battlefield of the First World War. Frank Sinatra was born in Hoboken. (His father was a fire captain; his mother was a Democratic ward leader, hailed at political banquets as "the first lady of

Hudson County," and she dressed her young son in Little Lord Fauntleroy suits.) Most of the outdoor footage of "On the Waterfront" was shot in Hoboken. The city at the turn of the century was predominantly German with some Irish and Italians, and is now predominantly Italian and Puerto Rican, but a recent wave of brownstoners from Manhattan and elsewhere have begun renovating some of Hoboken's vast fund of Edward Hopper-looking town houses, starting a trend toward SoHoboken. Piper, Jaffray & Hopwood, a member firm of the New York and American Stock Exchanges, moved its New York branch office to Hoboken two months ago; it was the first Wall Street member firm ever to do such a thing.

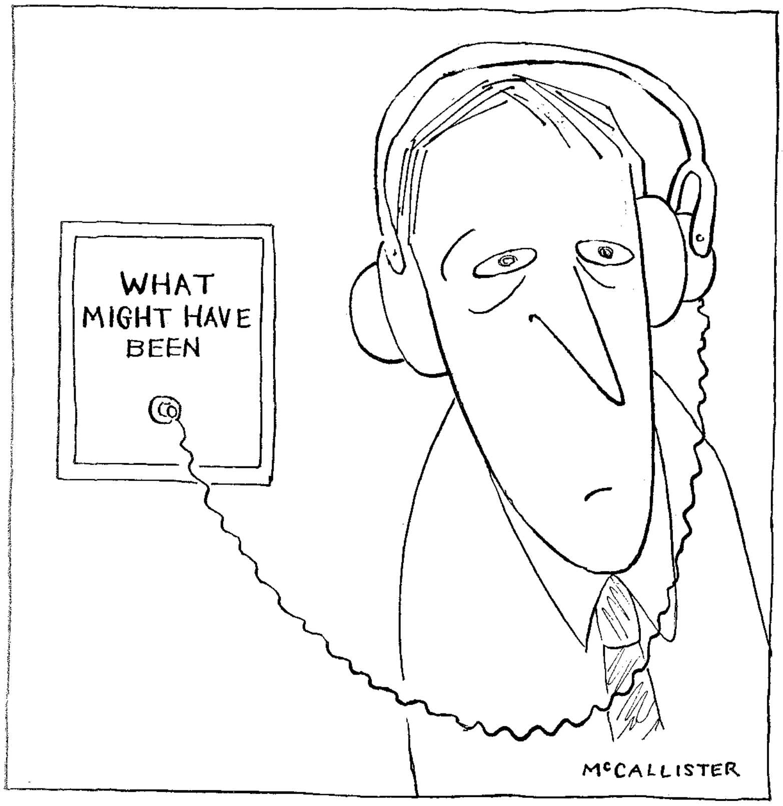
The final two outs of the game were both one-bounce outs, which led to brief confusion, because Vic Carpenter had momentarily forgotten that the one-bounce rule was in force. A reception followed at the Union Club, formerly the German-American Social Club, at Sixth and Hudson Streets, where a pair of silver fountains offered a choice of Scotch or whiskey sours. There Monte Irvin said that major-league baseball has two hopes for the next century: expansion into worldwide major leagues, which presumably might someday include Japan, Mexico, Venezuela, Puerto Rico, and Cuba; and what he termed "stabilization of players' salaries." Ed Garland, a St. Peter's College student and the Knick first baseman, showed us his great-uncle's sixty-five-year-old skinny baseball bat, with which Ed had got the game-winning hit. Ray Fiore remembered his road trip with the Dodgers in '46; he'd won a local newspaper contest that earned him a trip with the New York ball club of his choice, and he can still see himself on the patio of the Hotel Biltmore in St. Louis listening to Eddie Stanky tell another Brooklynite, "If you'd just pegged the ball to me, we'd have had a double play." We saw a proclamation signed by Governor Brendan Byrne declaring June 19, 1976, Baseball Day; and then recreation director Jerry Molloy cut a Bicentennial ice-cream cake and told the two coaches that they both led the league in stolen towels. Chief Crimmins sat at the bar sipping a Coke next to a framed sign that said "WYDACITJIITYWIS."

"What's it say, Chief?" we asked.

" 'Will You Donate a Coin in the Jar If I Tell You What It Says,' " he said.

•

LARGE BARGE: Tricorns off [cables the Man in Motion with the Nose for News, out on the Bicentennial Beat] to Duane LaFleche and Philip Johnson, upstate veteran newsman and upstate energetic ex-sportswriter, respectively, for giving the Empire State—a.k.a. (in Revolutionary days) "the cockpit of North America," "the theatre of war," and "the key to the continent"—the New York State Bicentennial Barge, niftiest and most intelligent state-funded Bicen bargain afloat in U.S.A. today (admission free), sneak-previewed a few weeks ago by your correspondent at Staten Island's seventy-seven-year-old Brewer Dry Dock, where Johnson (whose diet for a month, while he supervised final construction details, had been limited to Big Macs and sandwiches from the Blue Goose Tavern, practically the sole provender obtainable "to go" in once prosperous Mariners Harbor neighborhood of northwestern S.I.) took time off from throwing thank-you party for Brewer's construction gang to explain intricacies of skittles and kolf, cutthroat Colonial pastimes that visitors will play harmlessly on barge's two-hundred-fifty-foot-long, thirty-nine-foot-wide orange-and-blue-canvas-roofed upper deck. LaFleche, a thirty-year man at Albany's *Knickerbocker News*, who for the past dozen years has ably edited that gazette's editorial page ("I don't know if that makes me the genius in residence or the village idiot"), is more than something of a power in upstate circles: the man who talked Nelson Rockefeller into planting gardens around the State Capitol, lighting the front of the building, and erecting a fountain in back; the man who helped persuade the legislature to up the State Council on the Arts budget from two million dollars to twenty million dollars annually; the man who dreamed up and then spent five years bringing about the Saratoga Performing Arts Center. Two years ago, pointing out that eighty per cent of New York's eighteen million residents still live within fifty miles of some part of the state's magnificent waterways (the Hudson, the Mohawk, Lake Champlain, the New York State Barge Canal, etc.), LaFleche, a lumberman's son from "a spot on the map" in the Adirondacks once called Fulton Chain and now named Thendara ("It's a suburb of Old Forge"), who moved to Albany because "there's always someone who wants to run for President in Albany," and has thoroughly enjoyed himself ever since, editorially suggested a "freedom flotilla" as the New York State Bicentennial project. Wheels began to turn, and, despite several budget crises, the state finally put aside just over one and a half million dollars for the project. Phil Johnson, who at the time was a Union College, Schenectady, P.R. man and teacher, was hired; an old Reading R.R. car float was bought; a second deck was added to the craft, which was thus automatically made a barge; and by late spring the barge had become an attractive and ingenious display of how real people, New Yorkers of two hundred years ago or so, actually spent their time. The most



effective gimmick—except for a working model of a Ben Franklin printing press, which will be turning out souvenir replicas of three-dollar "Continentals," bills issued by the Revolutionary government of the State of New-York (being backed by no reserves, such as gold or silver, they quickly gave rise to the proverb "Not worth a Continental")—is short film loops of ordinary people from the old days wondering about whether to enlist in the rebel forces, whether the soldiers will survive the war, whether the new country can get its economy off the ground, etc., made real by the settings of David Johnson, a Buffalo man, who contrived the barge exhibits. You look into a dimly lighted real log cabin, and framed by an open door in its opposite wall is a film of two women talking across a churn, against a backdrop of the New York up-country in late fall, about the hardships of domestic life during the wartime absence of their menfolk. Or you look out through the open door of a carefully reconstructed countinghouse to see two merchants on a wharf trying to figure out whether the recently received reports of Captain Cook's voyage will give the shipping industry of the infant Republic a much needed shot in the arm. Uncanny illusion! Best thing in this line since Carley Dawson's "Mr. Wicker's Window," the children's classic of the fifties, about the kid in modern Washington, D.C., who looks out an old window and sees not a freeway but the big ships of the China-trade days, which he then has exciting adventures on. (Wonder if D. Johnson ever came across the vol.) P. Johnson, who, when he was hired to work on the barge, was first given a desk in a large room at the State Bicentennial Commission, in Albany, halfway between all the other occupants' desks and a water cooler—he says it was something like being in the middle of the Thruway—isn't sure whether he can believe his eyes when he looks at the barge actually completed. Your correspondent tells him he's got nothing to worry about.

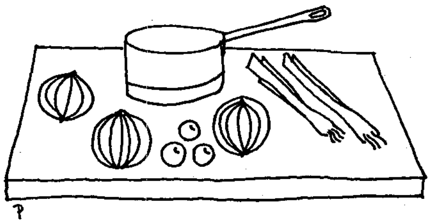
Skittles and kolf? Skittles is ninepins, the game of Hendrick Hudson and his Merry Men. It was used by monks as a means of moral instruction in the third and fourth centuries: pins represented sin or temptation, and peasants were told to throw a ball at them, the throw resulting in either praise or admonition from the monks. In the nineteenth century, such ruinous sums were bet on skittles that the game was banned in New York State. So a few years later some joker added a tenth pin, and *voilà!* Kolf was the seventeenth-century Dutch prototype of—yup, golf. One of the things you did was *putten.*

The barge will be tying up at thirty communities around the state in the next three and a half months, and local communities will put on their own waterside festivities. Hot-tip places to catch the barge: Scotia (a suburb of Schenectady, just across the Mohawk), July 21-23, where a group of volunteers has bought a quarter mile of waterfront land and made a park out of it, to give the barge a place to tie up; Rome, July 30-Aug. 1, where there will be both a bocci tournament and the world's largest spaghetti dinner; and, for locals, World's Fair Marina, Flushing, Oct. 12-14, and South Street Seaport, Oct. 16.

•

HERITAGE: Feeling a bit rash [a friend writes], I hopped a train for New Haven one drizzly morning a few weeks ago. My motivation was whimsical. Solemn, vague Bicentennial thoughts such as "Who the hell are we, anyway?" and "How did we get from there (1776) to here (1976)?" had given breakfast an unusually grand and momentous character. I was smart enough to hide this possibly laughable mood from others; I was cunning enough to ponder my Questions in silence. But it was a rich silence. It contained, among other intellectual flavors, the memory of an article by Hilton Kramer in the *Times Magazine* about an exhibition at Yale of American paintings, furniture, textiles, silver, and so on from the period between 1750 and 1800, and, in particular, an observation of Mr. Kramer's that there was a stark discrepancy between the political ideals of the period and the ideals of the visual culture, which were shamelessly aristocratic. I was seized with the certainty that in order to carry out the obligation that had so mystically fallen upon my shoulders—i.e., to decode the American identity—I would have to go to Yale.

As we all know, one of the problems with the spur of the moment is that its propelling sharpness is very quickly worn away under the impact of successive moments. By the time I mounted the steps of the Yale University Art Gallery, my certainty of mission had been almost totally eroded; and as I entered the gallery, even the piquancy of adventure—whatever small measure had survived the trip—was abruptly flattened by the sight of a large crowd milling through the exhibition. As it turned out, however, it was the crowd, and not the exhibition (which, nonetheless, was concise, elegant, delightful), that regenerated my Bicentennial curiosity, becoming a kind of memorial display in itself. There was something peculiar about the crowd—I felt it from the start. But, because I was trying to ignore my fellow-onlookers and focus on the exhibit, I didn't put my finger on this peculiarity until the following incident occurred. I was looking at a painting by James Peale entitled "The Ramsay-Polk Family," which portrayed three luxuriously gowned ladies posed on a lawn in front of a willow tree, with an estuarial scene in the background. Suddenly, my view was blocked by a tall woman in late middle age, who had swooped up to the painting with the motion of an ice skater, and a man with a face the color of fuchsia, who followed her with a genial, befuddled passivity, as though he were being towed on roller skates. The woman squinted at the title, glanced at the painting, said, in a *basso glissando,* "Perhaps here we are looking at some of our forebears?," and abruptly swooped on, pulling her escort behind her. I found this performance amusing, and, in the hope of overhearing other remarks she might make about the objects on display, I attempted to follow the couple—discreetly, of course. This, however, proved to be impossible. The rapidity of her ice-skating pace, combined with an erratic, zigzagging course (the man ever in her tow), made it extremely difficult to keep up with them, to say nothing of stalking them without being obvious. It was at this point—having given up my quarry, and looking around in an effort to regain my own sense of direction—that I realized what was peculiar about the crowd. The couple I had been following were by no means atypical. First of all, a large majority of the people there had all the marks—their accents, their looks, their bearing, their clothes—of coming from long lines of well-to-do East Coast families. In other words, these were the sort of people whose forebears were at least the neighbors of the people—if not the very individuals—staring out at us from the portraits on the walls. In the same vein, and perhaps even more to the point, these were the sort of people in whose houses one would expect to find



furniture and silver of the style and period—if not the quality—of the pieces on display: objects very likely handed down to them from those forebears. The second point of similarity between the general crowd and the couple who had first caught my attention was a kind of restlessness. On the whole, the viewers' attitude toward the exhibition seemed to be unstable. They seemed to want to express their intimate familiarity with the exhibits and at the same time seemed to be annoyed at being put in the position of having to look at them in a museum.

Beneath this surface fretfulness—the combined impatience and possessiveness of someone listening to a story he has heard before—I detected signs of a more profound ambivalence. For example, I overheard a conversation between a sprightly dowager and a college student. The lady was, I quickly gathered, from Boston, and—figuratively speaking, at least—from Beacon Hill. The student was from somewhere in the Middle West. The dowager appeared pleased by the almost reverent attitude that the young man showed toward the exhibit, but you could tell that she wanted to straighten him out. She wanted to communicate to him that his attitude, while basically on the right track—i.e., all this was very *good*—was still not exactly right, but she couldn't find a way to do it. Then the young man told her that he had an English roommate who had wanted to come to the exhibit but for some reason had not been able to.

At last, the dowager had found the key. With gusto, she said, "Oh, but he'd be very snooty about all this. Don't you see, to him all this is provincial."

"Oh, no," said the young man. "He isn't that sort of person. He wouldn't take that attitude at all."

"Oh, yes, he would," said the dowager. "And he would be right."

"No, no," said the youth. "I'm sure he would appreciate it."

"But don't you see, it *is* provincial," said the dowager, exasperated now. "All this is provincial." She made a sweeping gesture.

The bland, slightly sycophantic expression on the young man's face remained unchanged. Beacon Hill was having a very tough time. She was trying to make the young man understand that superior people reinforce their superiority by recognizing the inferiority of the very badges of their superiority. The recipe was a delicate and complicated one, and it was not travelling well. The odds were plainly poor that it would make it across the space between the dowager and the youth, between Beacon Hill and Omaha, between the self-appointed guardian of the heritage and the inheritor. The youth, who was just beginning to show some confusion, pointed out that the exhibition was going to England, and that his friend would be able to see it there in the summer.

"Why don't *you* go to England?" said the dowager, taking another approach.

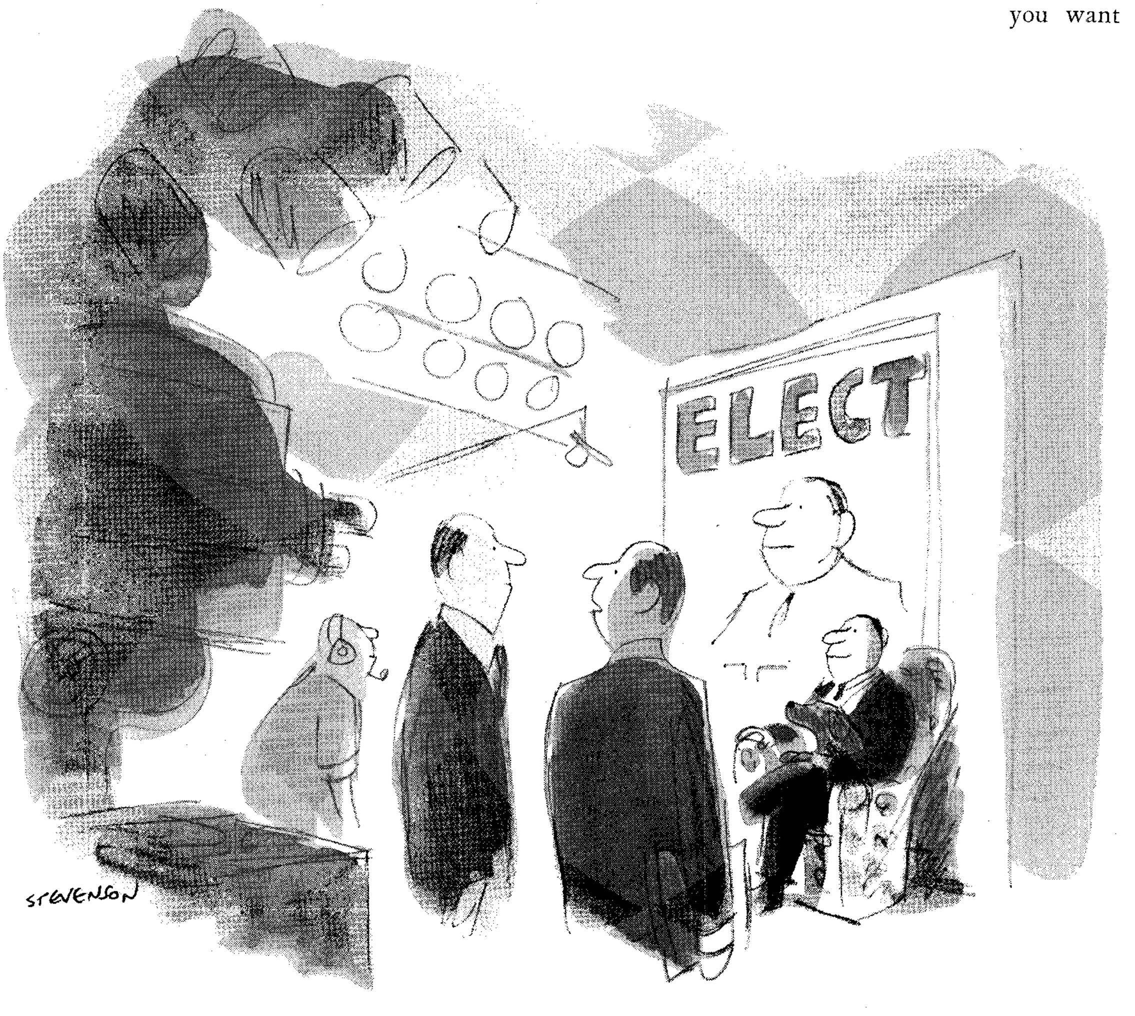
"Because I can't afford it," said the youth.

"Oh," said the dowager. She had reached a dead end.

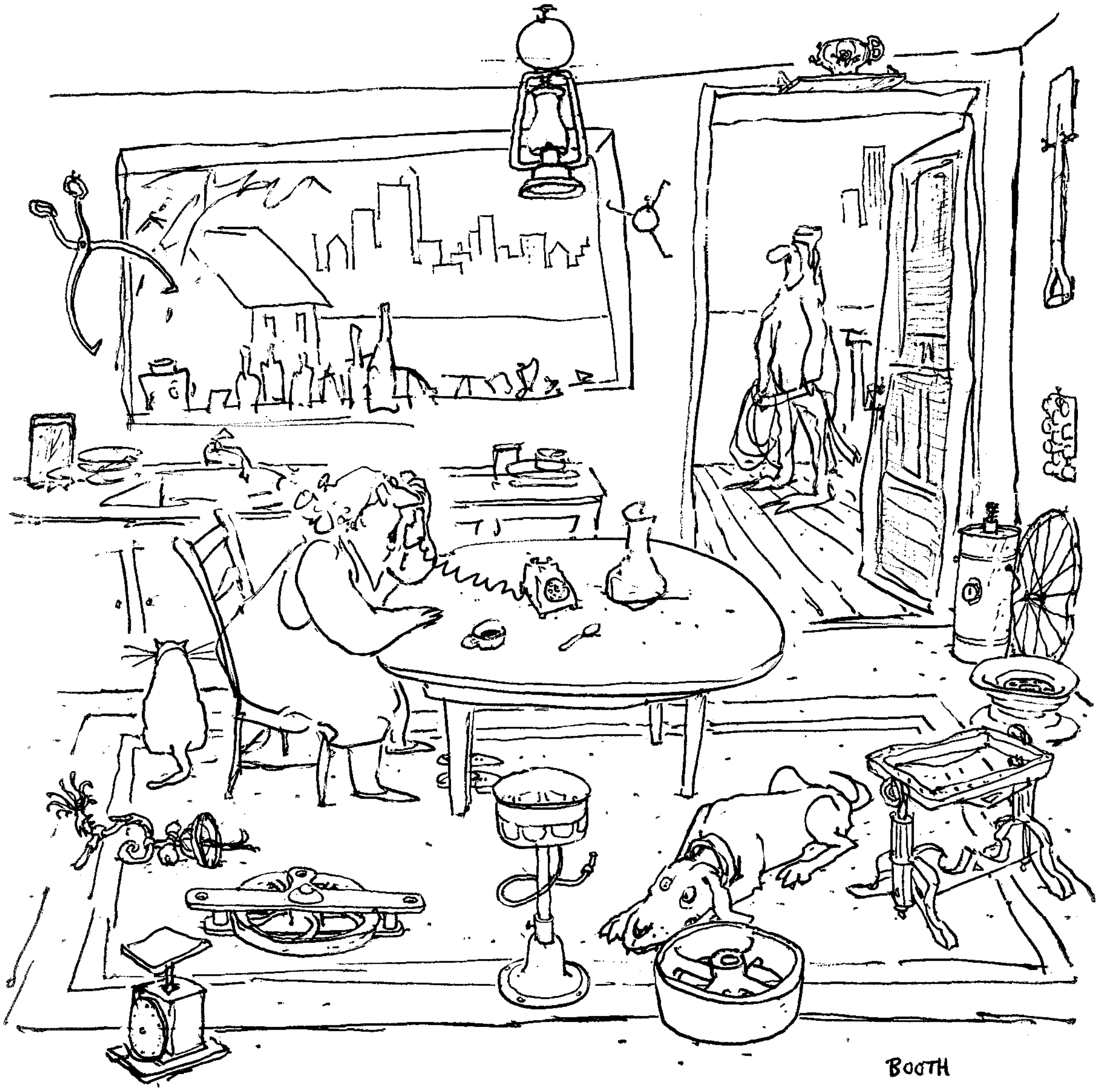
On the trip back to New York, I looked out the train window at the rain falling into the Long Island Sound and onto the clusters of little boats moored in its coves; onto the leafiness, the affluence of the Connecticut suburbs; onto suburban traffic jams; onto the desolation of industrial Bridgeport; onto more leaves and boats and tennis courts and brand-new cars locked in traffic jams; and, finally, onto the rows of grime-stained brick buildings, some abandoned, some evidently overflowing with inhabitants, that one sees from the elevated tracks as one passes through Harlem before entering the tunnel to midtown Manhattan. The American identity remained safely undecoded.

INSTRUCTIONS

CONGRATULATIONS! You are now the owner of a new Simplex automated timesaving miracle Fletch-o-mat, designed by space-age scientists specifically to remove the drudgery from tiresome daily fletching. To operate, unlock the safety grommet (G) and loosen knurled screw (B) by turning in a clockwise direction, bringing the elbow directly in line with the lower back. Now touch the bottom of the heel with the chin, exactly as in *Mayurasana,* "the Peacock" (*figure* 5), concentrating on the White Spot, or Source of All Being. Repeat the mantra for the count of ten, meanwhile mixing ¼ tsp. nutmeg with the melted butter and the shallots. Now slowly add the iron filings, brine shrimp, and a pinch of matzo meal (for needed nitrogen) and, using a rubber spatula, smooth the mixture *upward* on your face, especially remembering the oily areas around the nose and forehead. Once those dead skin cells have been sloughed off and your pores can *breathe* again, the soft cartilage may be carefully planed away until the desired shape is obtained. The flap of skin is then folded back over the bridge and sutured in place with three or four common roofing nails or a stapling gun. A dressing of hydroxyzine suspension (1 mg. per 5 ml.) may be applied topically to prevent redness, scaling, rot, mites, motes, bloat, crabgrass, or Murray face (a postoperative symptom in which the patient's visage is seen to resemble that of a man named Murray). For three to ten days thereafter, cover everything with a sheet of clear plastic wrap to help the seedlings retain moisture and grow to full maturity. Later, after the plants are dried and crushed, you can separate the seeds and twigs by forcing the material through a strainer, which will avoid a paranoid, or "bad," trip. A much more pleasurable trip is obtained by taking the auto ferry directly to Capo di Gallo, near Palermo, and boarding the charming funicular railway, which starts at the base of the scalp and works its way forward, massaging the entire area and stimulating circulation where it is most needed, at the gumline. A brisk up-and-down rather than a to-and-fro motion is what most dentists recommend. A series of rapid contractions also has a delightful effect; your wife can develop her ability in this area by practicing just a few moments a day, using a strumming motion, striking the low E string down (*oom-*), followed by a glissando up (*pah!*), tightening the embouchure for crescendo and relaxing the lips for diminuendo. In no time you'll be playing such old favorites as "Bile Dat Cabbage Down" and John Blow's "Elegy on Queen Mary." If, after six lessons, you remain a social pariah, remember that a simple implosion device may be fashioned using a discarded length of two-inch pipe and materials available from any scientific supply house. The energy released by such a reaction is equal to the explosive force of 30,000 tons of TNT, or seven forty-year-old men riding a bicycle up a flight of stairs, or a child skipping rope for a hundred years (which burns up 750 calories but does nothing for that flab around your middle). The easiest exercise is one you can do while sleeping at your desk: (1) Tense the diaphragm muscles. (2) Grasp the Flex-o-toner in the middle. (3) Snap the lever around *quickly.* Now measure your arm. You'll be astounded at the results you will get in only three seconds. If you want even better results, H. P. Whitebait, leaders in the investment field for years, recommend tax-free municipals or C.D.s, which yield a smaller return but follow a pattern you can sew yourself with just scissors, a pot of glue, and an astrolabe. Simply compute the volume of the room, which is the width times the length times the height divided by a simple Chinese screen or potted plant, which maintains the traffic flow without distorting the ambience. An understated Parsons table or lovely hand-rubbed Shaker gibbet completes the décor, *and will cost less than ten per cent of what you would pay a professional decorator!* Everyone agrees: Mister Cork-Board (reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) takes you step by step and eliminates the anxiety-producing guesswork associated with linoleum installation or any other creative undertaking. What's more, the accompanying diagrams (reprinted from *Creative Undertaking*) reveal the ancient



"Issue-oriented didn't work for beans."



"One day at a time, Ethel, I take it one day at a time. So far this year, it has been the usual assortment of useless junk. Last week, he located a dump scow, and he spent all this week dragging a 1929 Ford engine block out of the river. Sunday, he made himself sick—thought he had a pirate's gewgaw, but when the mud came off, it turned out to be an ice-cream-freezer crank. I take it one day at a time, Ethel, one day at a time."

• •

secrets of the Egyptian embalmers and show *you* how to turn a nice dollar by winding cadavers in strips of old percale. It's *so* easy. (1) Open the packet of powdered grout and empty into a coffee can or 60 mm. shell casing. (2) Add just enough water to make a thick paste. (3) Apply to the armature, shaping carefully until the amorphous mass resembles a horse or other object of your fancy (suggestions: wolf, nude boy, bunch of pears). (4) When dry, place the completed work under a good strong light, pausing briefly to examine your chin in a magnifying mirror. See those thousands of giant gnarled tree trunks sticking up out of the blighted terrain? That's your beard! That's why we coat each and every razor blade with a thin film of Silislide, the incredible new friction retardant that adds literally years to the life of your dog, because it contains not only a natural, organic *moisturizer* but a set of hex wrenches, a soldering gun, six terminal lugs, and a melding tool. Even a woman or child can follow our simple schematic drawing and learn how to make BIG MONEY in your own home by going down to the basement after dinner and practicing the kind of personalized, demanding craft that made this country what it is. Using a jeweller's loupe and a No. 4 Superfine needle, start by engraving the face (Andrew Jackson if it's a twenty), remembering that most beginners slip up by omitting the little chimney on the left side of the White House. Work carefully. Write clearly. Do not look at your neighbor's paper. When you are finished, remain sitting quietly. Speak to no one. Anything you say may be taken down and held against you. You are entitled to one telephone call. If you have never been impanelled (and under no circumstances *remove* panel; there are no user-serviceable parts inside), please familiarize yourself with this simple time-honored trial procedure: (1) Place suspect in ducking stool (*figure A*), making certain straps (b) and (c) are secured. (2) Lower witch into pond (*figure B*) for period of not less than five minutes' duration. (3) Watch carefully: those bubbles on the surface of the water mean that all the goodness is being extracted, while the bitter oils and acids are left trapped *inside* the hair follicle, leaving the fingernails soft and shiny! Now buff to a high lustre. There's nothing more to do; nothing to learn, assemble, or understand. Simply roll the doubling cube, adding the number of points to your Master Score—*unless* you have previously acquired a Hazard card, in which case you must advance to the penalty booth. Once inside: (1) Draw the curtain closed. (2) Examine the sample ballot. (3) Pull down all levers marked "*Ausgezeichnet.*" Remain calm. Do not panic. Place your head between your knees. Pull the two yellow tabs down smartly to inflate the vest. Step out of the booth. Once in the water, obey the stewardess. If a shark appears, remain perfectly still. Have your main points in mind. Speak clearly and in a loud voice. Use simple words. The repellent will last approximately one hour. After that, anything left over may be frozen for reuse in small plastic containers.

—MARSHALL BRICKMAN

THE LAWN PARTY

I SAID to Lorna last night, "Do you want me to tell you a story?" "No," she said. Lorna is my daughter. She is ten and a great disbeliever. But she was willing to hang around my room and talk. "Regular dry cleaning won't take that out," Lorna said when she saw the smudges on my suède jacket. "Really," she said. "You have to take it somewhere special." In her skepticism, Lorna assumes that everyone else is also skeptical.

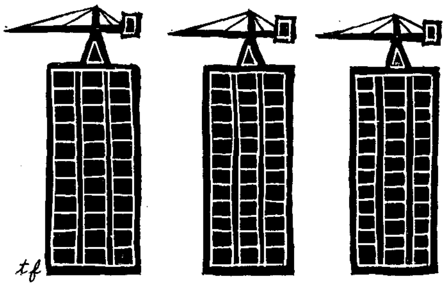
According to the Currier & Ives calendar hanging on the back of the bedroom door, and according to my watch, and according to my memory, which would be keen without either of them, Lorna and I have been at my parents' house for three days. Today is the annual croquet game that all our relatives here in Connecticut gather for (even some from my wife's side). It's the Fourth of July, and damned hot. I have the fan going. I'm sitting in a comfortable chair (moved upstairs, on my demand, by my father and the maid), next to the window in my old bedroom. There is already a cluster of my relatives on the lawn. Most of them are wearing little American flags pinned somewhere on their shirts or blouses or hanging from their ears. A patriotic group. Beer (forgive them: Heineken's) and wine (Almadén Chablis) drinkers. My father loves this day better than his own birthday. He leans on his mallet and gives instructions to my sister Eva on the placement of the posts. Down there, he can see the American flags clearly. But if he is already too loaded to stick the posts in the ground, he probably isn't noticing the jewelry.

Lorna has come into my room twice in the last hour—once to ask me when I am coming down to join what she calls "the party," another time to say that I am making everybody feel rotten by not joining them. A statement to be dismissed with a wave of the hand, but I have none. No right arm, either. I have a left hand and a left arm, but I have stopped valuing them. It's the right one I want. In the hospital, I rejected suggestions of a plastic arm or a claw. "Well, then, what do you envision?" the doctor said. "Air," I told him. This needed amplification. "Air where my arm used to be," I said. He gave a little "Ah, so" bow of the head and left the room.

I intend to sit here at the window all day, watching the croquet game. I will drink the Heineken's Lorna has brought me, taking small sips because I am unable to wipe my mouth after good foamy sips. My left hand is there to wipe with, but who wants to set his beer bottle down to wipe his mouth?

Lorna's mother has left me. I think of her now as Lorna's mother, because she has made it clear that she no longer wants to be my wife. She has moved to another apartment with Lorna. She, herself, seems to be no happier for having left me and visits me frequently. Mention is no longer made of the fact that I am her husband and she is my wife. Recently, Mary (her name) took the ferry to the Statue of Liberty. She broke in on me on my second day here in the room, explaining that she would not be here for the croquet game, but with the news that she had visited New York yesterday and had taken the ferry to the Statue of Liberty. "And how was the city?" I asked. "Wonderful," she assured me. She went to the Carnegie Delicatessen and had cheesecake. When she does not visit, she writes. She has a second sense about when I have left my apartment for my parents' house. In her letters, she usually tells me something about Lorna, although no mention is made of the fact that Lorna is my child. In fact, she once slyly suggested, in a bitter moment, that Lorna was not—but she backed down about that one.

Lorna is a great favorite with my parents, and my parents are rich. This, Mary always said jokingly, was why she married me. Actually, it was my charm. She thought I was terrific. If I had not fallen in love with her sister, everything would still be fine between us. I did it fairly; I fell in love with her sister before the wedding. I asked to have the wedding delayed. Mary got drunk and cried. Why was I doing this? How could I do it? She would leave me, but she wouldn't delay the wedding. I asked her to leave. She got drunk and cried and would not. We were married on schedule. She had nothing more to do with her sister. I, on the other hand—strange how many things one cannot say anymore—saw her whenever possible.



Patricia—that was her name—went with me on business trips, met me for lunches and dinners, and was driving my car when it went off the highway.

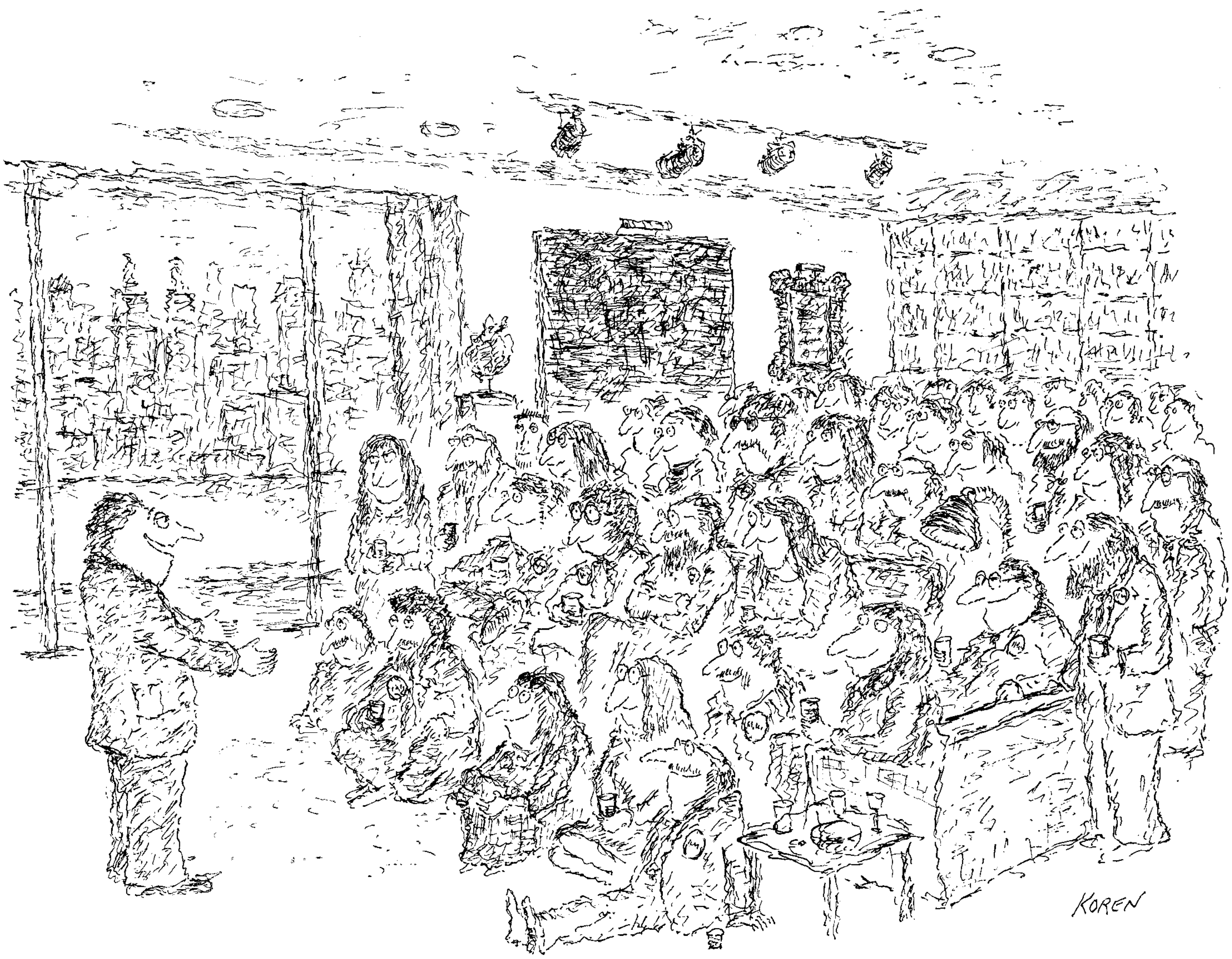
When I came to, Mary was standing beside my hospital bed, her face distorted, looking down at me. "My sister killed herself and tried to take you with her," she said.

I waited for her to throw herself on me in pity.

"You deserved this," she said, and walked out of the room.

I was being fed intravenously in my left arm. I looked to see if my right arm was hooked up to anything. It hurt to move my head. My right arm was free—how free I didn't know at the time. I swear I saw it, but it had been amputated when I was unconscious. The doctor spoke to me at length about this later, insisting that there was no possibility that my arm was there when my wife was in the room and gone subsequently—gone when she left. No, indeed. It was amputated at once, in surgery, and when I saw my wife I was recovering from surgery. I tried to get at it another way, leaving Mary out of it. Wasn't I conscious before Mary was there? Didn't I see the arm? No, I was unconscious and didn't see anything. No, indeed. The physical therapist, the psychiatrist, and the chaplain the doctor had brought with him nodded their heads in fast agreement. But soon I would have an artificial arm. I said that I did not want one. It was then that we had the discussion about air.

Last Wednesday was my birthday. I was unpleasant to all. Mrs. Bates, the cook, baked me chocolate-chip cookies with walnuts (my favorite), but I didn't eat any until she went home. My mother gave me a red velours shirt, which I hinted was unsatisfactory. "What's wrong with it?" she said. I said, "It's got one too many arms." My former student Banks visited me in the evening, not knowing that it was my birthday. He is a shy, thin, hirsute individual of twenty—a painter, a true *artiste*. I liked him so well that I had given him the phone number at my parents' house. He brought with him his most recent work, a canvas of a nude woman, for my inspection. While we were all gathered round the birthday cake, Banks answered my question about who she was by saying that she was a professional model. Later, strolling in the back yard, he told me that he had picked her up at a bus stop, after convincing her that she did not want to spend her life waiting for buses, and brought her to his apartment, where



"*You* are *my* grass roots."

• •

he fixed a steak dinner. The woman spent two days there, and when she left, Banks gave her forty dollars, although she did not want any money. She thought the painting he did of her was ugly, and wanted to be reassured that she wasn't really that heavy around the hips. Banks told her that it was not a representational painting; he said it was an Impressionist painting. She gave him her phone number. He called; there was no such number. He could not understand it. He went back to the bus stop, and eventually he found her again. She told him to get away or she'd call the police.

Ah, Banks. Ah, youth—to be twenty again, instead of thirty-two. In class, Banks used to listen to music on his cassette-player through earphones. He would eat candy bars while he nailed frames together. Banks was always chewing food or mouthing songs. Sometimes he would forget and actually sing in class—an eerie wail, harmonizing with something none of the rest of us heard. The students who did not resent Banks' talent resented his chewing or singing or his success with women. Banks had great success with Lorna. He told her she looked like Bianca Jagger and she was thrilled. "Why don't you get some platform shoes like hers?" he said, and her eyes shrivelled with pleasure. He told her a couple of interesting facts about Copernicus; she told him about the habits of gypsy moths. When he left, he kissed her hand. It did my heart good to see her so happy. I never delight her at all, as Mary keeps telling me.

THEY have written me from the college where I work, saying that they hope all is well and that I will be back teaching in the fall. It is not going to be easy to teach painting, with my right arm gone. Still, one remembers Matisse in his last years. Where there's a will, et cetera. My department head has sent flowers twice (mixed and tulips), and the dean himself has written a message on a get-well card. There is a bunny on the card, looking at a rainbow. Banks is the only one who really tempts me to go back to work. The others, Banks tells me, are "full of it."

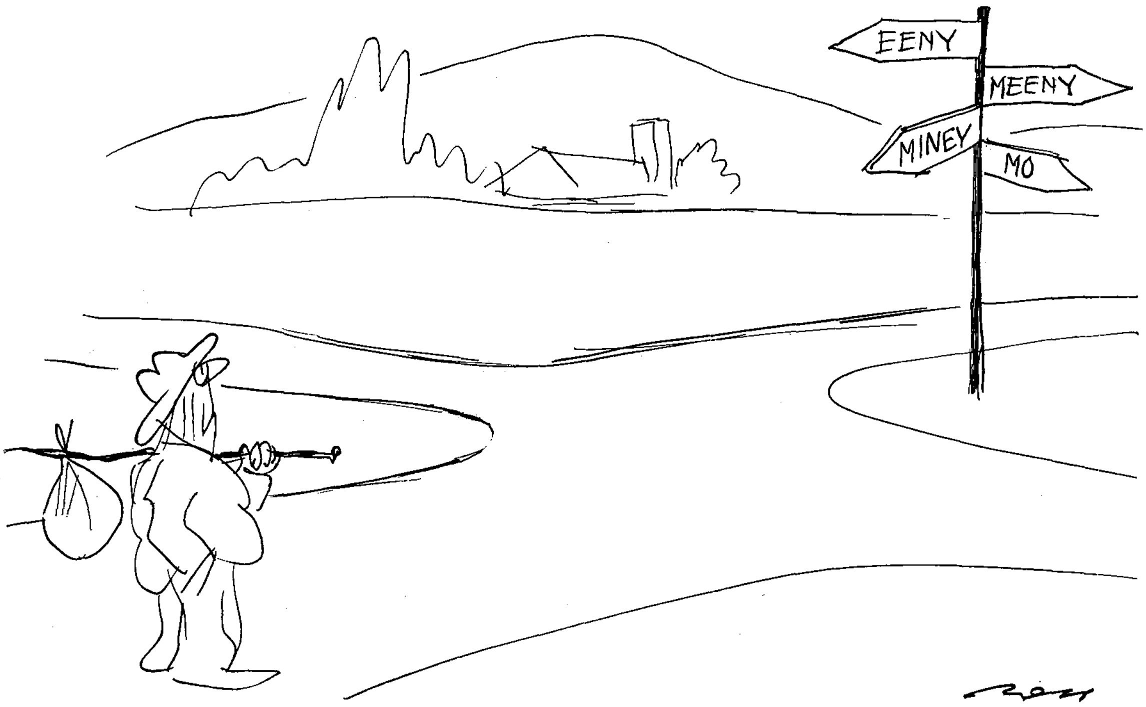
Now I have a visitor. Danielle, John's wife, has come up to see me. John is my brother. She brings an opened beer and sets it on the windowsill without comment. Danielle is wearing a white dress with small porpoises on it, smiling as they leap. Across that chest, no wonder.

"Are you feeling blue today or just being rotten?" she asks.

The beginnings of many of Danielle's sentences often put me in mind of trashy, romantic songs. Surely someone has written a song called "Are You Feeling Blue?"

"Both," I say. I usually give Danielle straight answers. She tries to be nice. She has been nice to my brother for five years. He keeps promising to take her back to France, but he never does.

She sits on the rug, next to my chair. "Their rotten lawn parties," she



says. Danielle is French, but her English is very good.

"Pull up a chair and watch the festivities," I say.

"I have to go back," she says, pouting. "They want you to come back with me."

Champagne glasses clinking, white tablecloth, single carnation, key of A: "They Want You Back with Me."

"Who sent you?" I ask.

"John. But I think Lorna would like it if you were there."

"Lorna doesn't like me anymore. Mary's turned her against me."

"Ten is a difficult age," Danielle says.

"I thought the teens were difficult."

"How would I know? I don't have children."

She has a drink of beer, and then puts the bottle in my hand instead of back on the windowsill.

"You have beautiful round feet," I say.

She tucks them under her. "I'm embarrassed," she says.

"Our talk is full of the commonplace today," I say, sighing.

"You're insulting me," she says. "That's why John wouldn't come up. He says he gets tired of your insults."

"I wasn't trying to be insulting. You've got beautiful feet. Raise one up here and I'll kiss it."

"Don't make fun of me," Danielle says.

"Really," I say.

Danielle moves her leg, unstraps a sandal, and raises her right foot. I take it in my hand and bend over to kiss it across the toes.

"Stop it," she says, laughing. "Someone will come in."

"They won't," I say. "John isn't the only one tired of my insults."

I HAVE been taking a little nap. Waking up, I look out the window and see Danielle below. She is sitting in one of the redwood chairs, accepting a drink from my father. One leg is crossed over the other, her beautiful foot dangling. They all know I am watching, but they refuse to look up. Eventually, my mother does. She makes a violent sweep with her arm—like a coach motioning the defensive team onto the field. I wave. She turns her back and rejoins the group—Lorna, John, Danielle, my Aunt Rosie, Rosie's daughter Elizabeth, my father, and some others. Wednesday was also Elizabeth's birthday—her eighteenth. My parents called and sang to her. When Janis Joplin died Elizabeth cried for six days. "She's an emotional child," Rosie said at the time. Then, forgetting that, she asked everyone in the family why Elizabeth had gone to pieces. "Why did you feel so bad about Janis, Elizabeth?" I said. "I don't know," she said. "Did her death make you feel like killing yourself?" I said. "Are you unhappy the way she was?" Rosie now speaks to me only perfunctorily. On her get-well card to me (no visit) she wrote, "So sorry." They are all sorry. They have been told by the doctor to ignore my gloominess, so they ignore me. I ignore them because even before the accident I was not very fond of them. My brother, in particular, bores me. When we were kids, sharing a bedroom, John would talk to me at night. When I fell asleep, he'd come over and shake my mattress. One night my father caught him doing it and hit him. "It's not my fault," John hollered. "He's a God-damned snob." We got separate bedrooms. I was eight and John was ten.

Danielle comes back, looking sweatier than before. Below, they are playing the first game. My father's brother Ed pretends to be a majorette and struts with his mallet, twirling it and pointing his knees.

"Nobody sent me this time," Danielle says. "Are you coming down to dinner? They're grilling steaks."

"He's so cheap he'll serve Almadén with them," I say. "You grew up in France. How can you drink that stuff?"

"I just drink one glass," she says.

"Refuse to do it," I say.

She shrugs. "You're in an awful mood," she says.

"Give back that piggy," I say.

She frowns. "I came to have a serious discussion. Why aren't you coming to dinner?"

"Not hungry."

"Come down for Lorna."

"Lorna doesn't care."

"Maybe you're mean to her."

"I'm the same way I always was with her."

"Be a little extra nice, then."

"Give back that piggy," I say, and she puts her foot up. I unbuckle her sandal with my left hand. There are strap marks on the skin. I lick down her baby toe and kiss it, at the very tip. In turn, I kiss all the others.

IT'S evening, and the phone is ringing. I think about answering it. Finally someone else in the house picks it up. I get up and then sit on the bed and look around. My old bedroom looks pretty much the way it looked when I left for college, except that my mother has added a few things that I never owned, which seem out of place. Two silver New Year's Eve hats rest on the bedposts, and a snapshot of my mother in front of a Mexican fruit stand (I have never been to Mexico) that my father took on their "second honeymoon" is on my bureau. I pull open a bureau drawer and take out a pack of letters. I pull out one of the letters at random and read it. It is from an old girl friend of mine. Her name was Alison, and she once loved me madly. In the letter, she says she is giving up smoking so that when we are old she won't be repulsive to me. The year I graduated from college, she married an Indian and moved to India. Maybe now she has a little red dot in the middle of her forehead.

I try to remember loving Alison. I remember loving Mary's sister, Patricia. She is dead. That doesn't sink in. And she can't have meant to die, in spite of what Mary said. A woman who meant to die wouldn't buy a big wooden bowl and a bag of fruit, and then get in the car and drive it off the highway. It is a fact, however, that as the car started to go sideways I looked at Patricia, and she was whipping the wheel to the right. Maybe I imagined that. I remember putting my arm out to brace myself as the car started to turn over. If Patricia were alive I'd have to be at the croquet game. But if she were alive she and I could disappear for a few minutes, have a kiss by the barn.

I said to Lorna last night that I would tell her a story. It was going to be a fairy tale, all about Patricia and me but disguised as the prince and the princess, but she said no, she didn't want to hear it, and walked out. Just as well. If it had ended sadly it would have been an awful trick to pull on Lorna, and if it had ended happily it would have depressed me even more. "There's nothing wrong with coming to terms with your depression," the doctor said to me. He kept urging me to see a shrink. The shrink came, and urged me to talk to him. When he left, the chaplain came in and urged me to see *him*. I checked out.

Lorna visits a third time. She asks whether I heard the phone ringing. I did. She says that—well, she finally answered it. "When you were first walking, one of your favorite things was to run for the phone," I said. I was trying to be nice to her. "Stop talking about when I was a baby," she says, and leaves. On the way out, she says, "It was your friend who came over the other night. He wants you to call him. His number is here." She comes back with a piece of paper, then leaves again.

"I GOT drunk," Banks says on the phone, "and I felt sorry for you."

"The hell with that, Banks," I say, and reflect that I sound like someone talking in "The Sun Also Rises."

"Forget it, old Banks," I say, enjoying the part.

"You're not loaded, too, are you?" Banks says.

"No, Banks," I say.

"Well, I wanted to talk. I wanted to ask if you wanted to go out to a bar with me. I don't have any more beer or money."

"Thanks, but there's a big rendezvous here today. Lorna's here. I'd better stick around."

"Oh," Banks says. "Listen. Could I come over and borrow five bucks?"

Banks does not think of me in my professorial capacity.

"Sure," I say.

"Thanks," he says.

"Sure, old Banks. Sure," I say, and hang up.

Lorna stands in the doorway. "Is he coming over?" she asks.

"Yes. He's coming to borrow money. He's not the man for you, Lorna."

"You don't have any money, either," she says. "Grandpa does."

"I have enough money," I say defensively.

"How much do you have?"

"I make a salary, you know, Lorna. Has your mother been telling you I'm broke?"

"She doesn't talk about you."

"Then why did you ask how much money I had?"

"I wanted to know."

"I'm not going to tell you," I say.

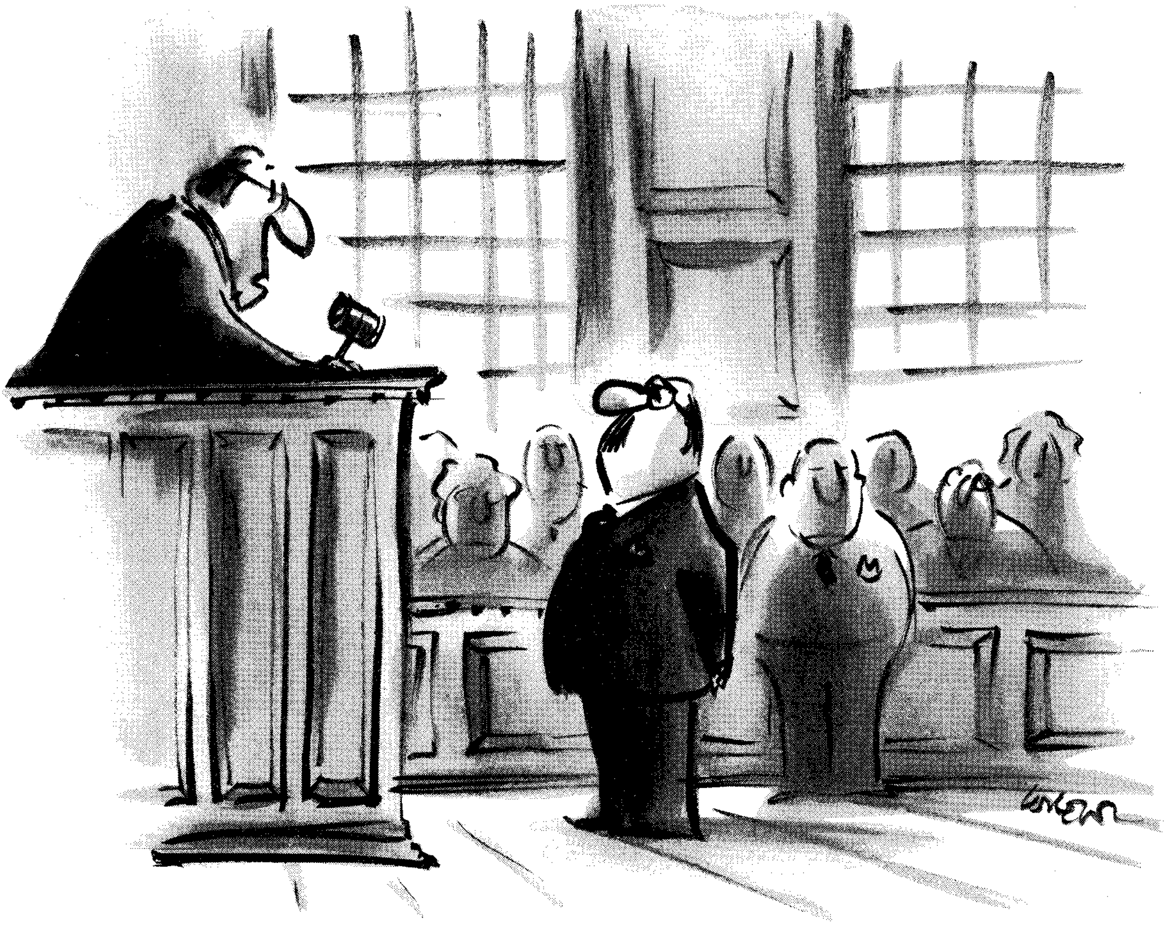
"They told me to come talk to you," Lorna says. "I was supposed to get you to come down."

"Do you want me to come down?" I ask.

"Not if you don't want to."

"You're supposed to be devoted to your daddy," I say.

Lorna sighs. "You won't answer any



"Warrington Trently, this court has found you guilty of price-fixing, bribing a government official, and conspiring to act in restraint of trade. I sentence you to six months in jail, suspended. You will now step forward for the ceremonial tapping of the wrist."

of my questions, and you say silly things."

"What?"

"What you just said—about my daddy."

"I am your daddy," I say.

"I know it," she says.

There seems nowhere for the conversation to go.

"You want to hear that story now?" I ask.

"No. Don't try to tell me any stories. I'm ten."

"I'm thirty-two," I say.

My father's brother William is about to score a victory over Elizabeth. He puts his foot on the ball, which is touching hers, and knocks her ball down the hill. He pretends he has knocked it an immense distance and cups his hand over his brow to squint after it. William's wife will not play croquet; she sits on the grass and frowns. She is a dead ringer for the woman behind the cash register in Edward Hopper's "Tables for Ladies."

"How's it going?" Danielle asks, standing in the doorway.

"Come on in," I say.

"I just came upstairs to go to the bathroom. The cook is in the one downstairs."

She comes in and looks out the window.

"Do you want me to get you anything?" she says. "Food?"

"You're just being nice to me because I kiss your piggies."

"You're horrible," she says.

"I tried to be nice to Lorna, and all she wanted to talk about was money."

"All they talk about down there is money," she says.

She leaves and then comes back with her hair combed and her mouth pink again.

"What do you think of William's wife?" I ask.

"I don't know, she doesn't say much." Danielle sits on the floor, with her chin on her knees. "Everybody always says that people who only say a few dumb things are sweet."

"What dumb things has she said?" I say.

"She said, 'Such a beautiful day,' and looked at the sky."

"You shouldn't be hanging out with these people, Danielle," I say.

"I've got to go back," she says.

Banks is here. He is sitting next to me as it gets dark. I am watching Danielle out on the lawn. She has a red shawl that she winds around her shoulders. She looks tired and elegant. My father has been drinking all afternoon. "Get the hell down here!" he hollered to me a little while ago. My mother rushed up to him to say that I had a student with me. He backed down. Lorna came up and brought us two dishes of peach ice cream (handmade by Rosie), giving the larger one to Banks. She and Banks discussed "The Hobbit" briefly. Banks kept apologizing to me for not leaving, but said he was too strung out to drive. He went into the bathroom and smoked a joint and came back and sat down and rolled his head from side to side. "You make sense," Banks says now, and I am flattered until I realize that I have not been talking for a long time.

"It's too bad it's so dark," I say. "That woman down there in the black dress looks just like somebody in an Edward Hopper painting. You'd recognize her."

"Nah," Banks says, head swaying. "Everything's basically different. I get so tired of examining things and finding out they're different. This crappy nature poem isn't at all like that crappy nature poem. That's what I mean," Banks says.

"Do you remember your accident?" he says.

"No," I say.

"Excuse me," Banks says.

"I remember thinking of 'Jules and Jim.'"

"Where she drove off the cliff?" Banks says, very excited.

"Umm."

"When did you think that?"

"As it was happening."

"Wow," Banks says. "I wonder if anybody else flashed on that before you?"

"I couldn't say."

Banks sips his iced gin. "What do you think of me as an artist?" he says.

"You're very good, Banks."

It begins to get cooler. A breeze blows the curtains toward us.

"I had a dream that I was a raccoon," Banks says. "I kept trying to look over my back to count the rings of my tail, but my back was too high, and I couldn't count past the first two."

Banks finishes his drink.

"Would you like me to get you another drink?" I ask.

"That's an awful imposition," Banks says, extending his glass.

I take the glass and go downstairs. A copy of "The Hobbit" is lying on the rose brocade sofa. Mrs. Bates is sitting at the kitchen table, reading *People*.

"Thank you very much for the cookies," I say.

POSTHUMOUS DREAM SONG

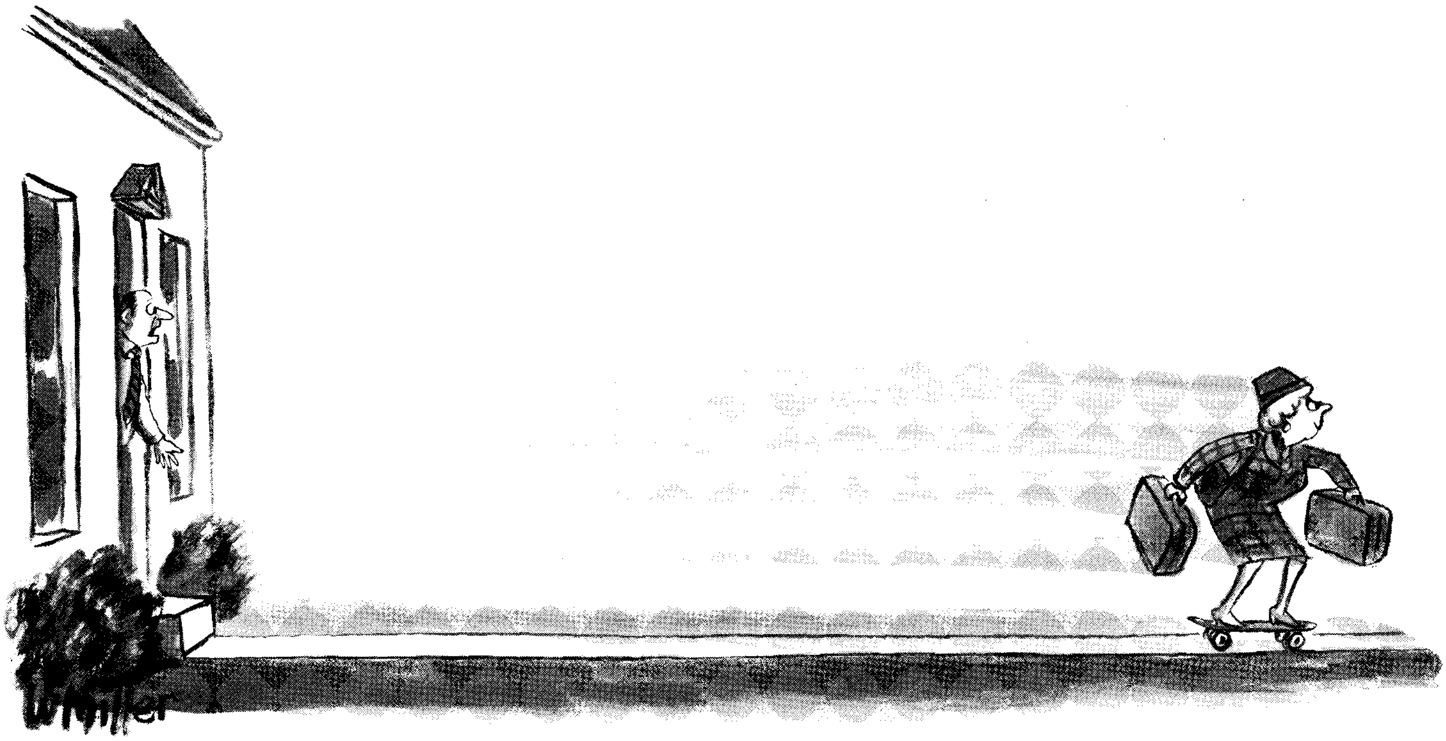
Good words & irreplaceable: serenade, *Schadenfreude*,
angst & *malheur*, we need them, we bow to them:
what raving genius
in our past coined such wisdom? I cannot know.
Nor can you, my deep dear. You cannot know.
They were ineffable.

Who coined despair? I hope you never hear,
my lovely dear, of any such goddamned thing.
Set it up on a post
& ax the post down while the angels sing
& bury the stenchful body loud & clear
with an appropriate toast.

Who made you up? That was a thin disguise:
the soul shows through. You are my honey dear.
Come, come & live with me.
I can deal with everything but your eyes
in tears—tears I invented & put there,
during our mystery.

—John Berryman

• •



"Gertrude! How can you leave me like this?"

• •

"It's nothing," she says. Her earrings are on the table. Her feet are on a chair.

"Tell them we ran out of gin if they want more," I say. "I need this bottle."

"O.K.," she says. "I think there's another bottle anyway."

I take the bottle upstairs in my armpit, carrying a glass with fresh ice in it in my hand.

"You know," Banks says, "they say that if you face things—if you just get them through your head—you can accept them. They say you can accept anything if you can once get it through your head."

"What's this about?" I say.

"Your arm," Banks says.

"I realize that I don't have an arm," I say.

"I don't mean to offend you," Banks says, drinking.

"I know you don't."

"If you ever want me to yell at you about it, just say the word. That might help—help it sink in."

"I already realize it, Banks," I say.

"You're a swell guy," Banks says. "What kind of music do you listen to?"

"Do you want to hear music?"

"No. I just want to know what you listen to."

"Schoenberg," I say. I have not listened to Schoenberg for years.

"Ahh," Banks says.

He offers me his glass. I take a drink and hand it back.

"You know how they always have cars—car ads—you ever notice . . . I'm all screwed up," Banks says.

"Go on," I say.

"They always put the car on the beach?"

"Yeah."

"I was thinking about doing a thing with a great big car in the background and a little beach up front." Banks chuckles.

Outside, the candles have been lit. A torch flames from a metal holder—one of the silliest things I have ever seen—and blue lanterns have been lit in the trees. Someone has turned on a radio, and Elizabeth and some man, not recognizable, dance to "Heartbreak Hotel."

"There's Schoenberg," Banks says.

"Banks," I say, "I want you to take this the right way. I like you, and I'm glad you came over. Why did you come over?"

"I wanted you to praise my paintings." Banks plays church and steeple with his hands. "But also, I just wanted to talk."

"Was there anything particularly—"

"I thought you might want to talk to me."

"Why don't you talk to me, instead?"

"I've got to be a great painter," Banks says. "I paint and then at night I smoke up or go out to some bar, and in the morning I paint. . . . All night I pray until I fall asleep that I will become great. You must think I'm crazy. What do you think of me?"

"You make me feel old," I say.

The gin bottle is in Banks' crotch, the glass resting on the top of the bottle.

"I sensed that," Banks says, "before I got too wasted to sense anything."

"You want to hear a story?" I say.

"Sure."

"The woman who was driving the car I was in—the Princess . . ." I laugh, but Banks only nods, trying hard to follow. "I think the woman must have been out to commit suicide. We had been out buying things. The back seat was loaded with nice antiques, things like that, and we had had a nice afternoon, eaten ice cream, talked about how she would be starting school again in the fall—"

"Artist?" Banks asks.

"A linguistics major."

"O.K. Go on."

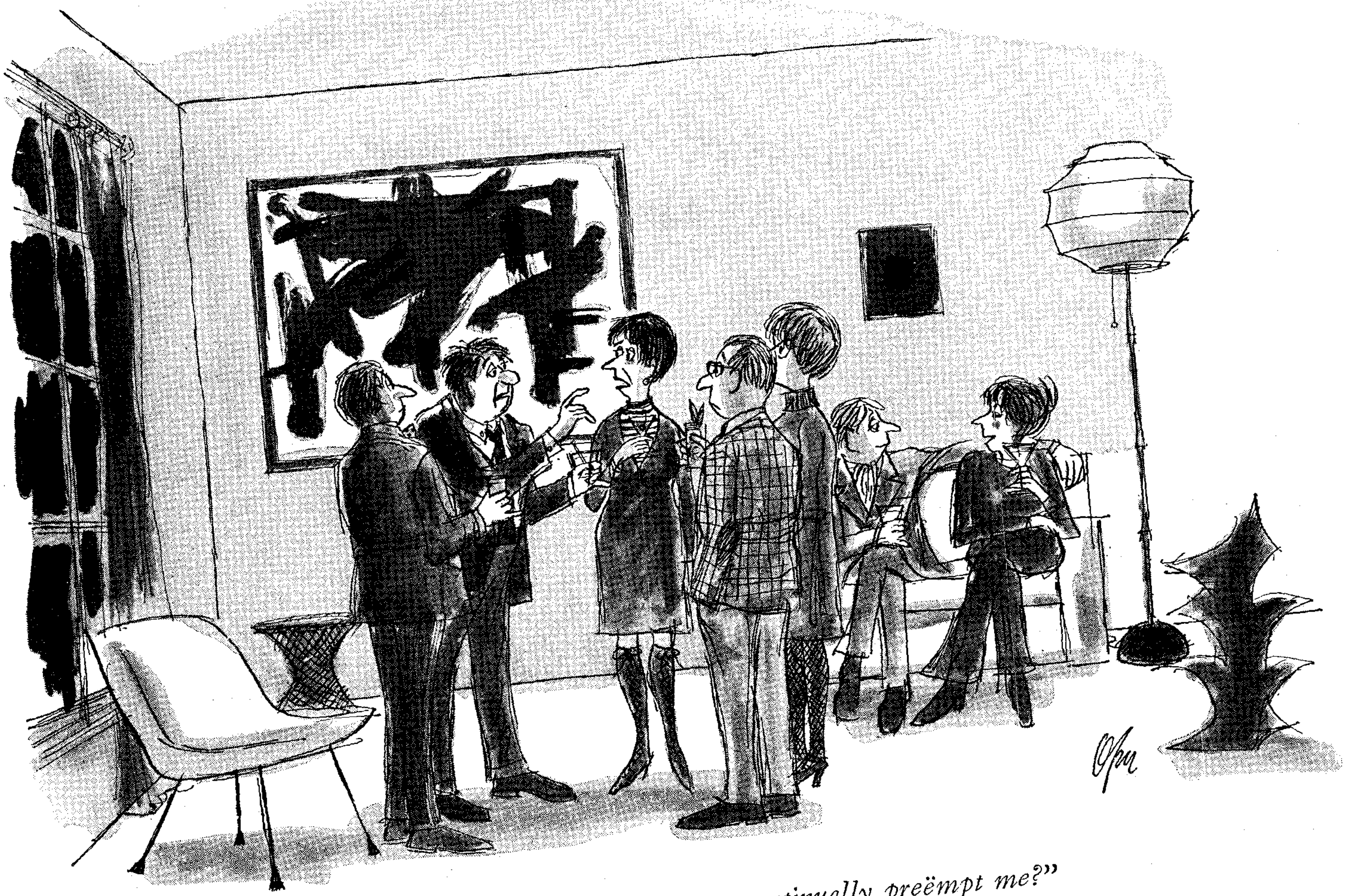
"What I'm saying is that all was well in the kingdom. Not exactly, because she wasn't my wife, but she should have been. But for the purpose of the story, what I'm saying is that we were in fine shape, it was a fine day—"

"Month?" Banks says.

"March," I say.

"That's right," Banks says.

"I was going to drop her off at the



"Really, Howard, must you continually preëmpt me?"

• •

shopping center, where she'd left her car, and she was going to continue on to her castle and I'd go to mine. . . ."

"Continue," Banks says.

"And then she tried to kill us. She did kill herself."

"I read it in the papers," Banks says.

"What do you think?" I ask.

"Banks' lesson," Banks says. "Never look back. Don't try to count your tail rings."

Danielle walks into the room. "I have come for the gin," she says. "The cook said you had it."

"Danielle, this is Banks."

"How do you do," Banks says.

Danielle reaches down and takes the bottle from Banks. "You're missing a swell old time," she says.

"Maybe a big wind will come along and blow them all away," Banks says.

Danielle is silent a moment, then laughs—a laugh that cuts through the darkness. She ducks her head down by my face and kisses my cheek, and turns in a wobbly way and walks out of the room.

"Jesus," Banks says. "Here we are sitting here and then this weird thing happens."

"Her?" I say.

"Yeah."

Lorna comes, very sleepy, carrying a napkin with cookies on it. She obviously wants to give them to Banks, but Banks has passed out, upright, in the chair next to mine. "Climb aboard," I say, offering my lap. Lorna hesitates, but then does, putting the cookies down on the floor without offering me any. She tells me that her mother has a boyfriend.

"What's his name?" I ask.

"Stanley," Lorna says.

"Maybe a big wind will come and blow Stanley away," I say.

"What's wrong with him?" she says, looking at Banks.

"Drunk," I say. "Who's drunk downstairs?"

"Rosie," she says. "And William, and, uh, Danielle."

"Don't drink," I say.

"I won't," she says. "Will he still be here in the morning?"

"I expect so," I say.

Banks has fallen asleep in an odd posture. His feet are clamped together, his arms are limp at his sides, and his chin is jutting forward. The melting ice cubes from the overturned glass have encroached on the cookies.

At the lawn party, they've found a station on the radio that plays only songs from other years. Danielle begins a slow, drunken dance. Her red shawl has fallen to the grass. I stare at her and imagine her dress disappearing, her shoes kicked off, beautiful Danielle dancing naked in the dusk. The music turns to static, but Danielle is still dancing.

—ANN BEATTIE

•

CAMPAIGN EXPENSES

IVAN HEADLEY—Candidate for Monroe County Auditor. Contributions—none. Expenses—none.

LOUISE L. GOODMAN—Candidate for Monroe County Treasurer. Contributions—none. Expenses—none.

MORRIS BINKLEY—County Council at-large candidate. Contributions—none. Expenses—advertising, $23.10; chocolate fudge, $3.75.—*Bloomington (Ind.) Daily Herald-Telephone.*

Sweet-tooth Binkley, at it again!

A REPORTER AT LARGE

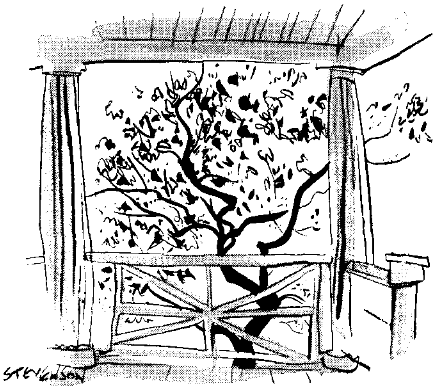
THE EVE OF INDEPENDENCY

IN the months of 1776 before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the British, who preferred the word "Independency," were naturally much concerned about what was taking place on the far-off scene of what they called "the civil war." They were not always fully or accurately informed. In fact, in the leading item in the January 18, 1776, issue of the *Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser*, one of a flock of London dailies I have recently been browsing through, a letter writer who signed himself "L" complained, "Little do the generality of the people in this country know what America is: the nature of the people, their capacity, their fortitude, their exercise in arms, their abilities, or their resources, nay, even that by descent they are Englishmen. Not much better acquainted with these affairs are the generality of the Country Gentlemen, not through want of capacity, but through a most shameful neglect of acquiring intelligence respecting so important a part of the British dominions. I condemn not all, but the generality are inexcusable."

What information there was about events across the Atlantic was likely to be three or four weeks out of date, or, depending on the vagaries of oceanic winds or sailing schedules, even older. (News from Paris usually took about a week to reach England, from Vienna about three weeks, from Madrid four, from St. Petersburg up to five, from Batavia nine months or so. And after the intelligence arrived at one British seaport or another, there was inevitably a further lag while it was carried on to the capital by stagecoach—eleven hours, as a rule, from Portsmouth, seventeen from Bristol, thirty-eight from Liverpool.) "The distance between England and America is too great to warrant the expence of sending a vessel home with every trifling piece of news," the *Morning Chronicle, and London Advertiser* reminded its readers on July 22nd, eighteen days after John Hancock had signed the Declaration of Independence. "More especially," the *Chronicle* went on, "as Intelligence of sufficient importance will naturally arise soon. Our readers therefore may comfort themselves with the hopes that when News does come, it will be worth their hearing."

London had no Sunday papers in 1776, but it did have a veritable swarm of dailies, most of them four pages long, with four columns to a page, and costing, at the start of the year, two or two and a half pence. In addition to the *Gazetteer* and the *Chronicle* there were the *Morning Post, and Daily Advertiser*, the *Daily Advertiser*, and the *Public Advertiser*. And there were papers that appeared three times a week, among them the *General Evening Post*, the *London Evening-Post*, and *Lloyd's Evening Post*. They obtained their foreign news in various ways. (The *Morning Post* speaks in 1776 of having set up a special channel for early intelligence "after considerable pains and expence," but I have not come across a revelation of what it was.) Some news reached the papers in the form of dispatches to the government from overseas administrators or military commanders; some in the form of reprints from foreign papers; some in the form of private letters that were gobbled up by the hungry British journals; and some from rumors, which were known as "hums." On July 25th, the *Morning Post* said, "There never arrives a ship from America, but, the friends of administration proclaim victory! and the partizans of faction on the other hand, as certainly sound the melancholy horn of sedition; giving doleful tidings of the miscarriage of the British forces; and all this, when not a single article of the dispatches have transpired, as a foundation for either to build an opinion on; but so general is this passion, that most ranks of people are in subjection to it, and think themselves at liberty to deceive each other in political matters, without incurring the imputation of lying."

Several weeks earlier, the *Chronicle* had introduced its followers to a coffeehouse character named Spec, whose countenance was reported to be a reliable political barometer: "When the Physiognomists observe Spec's face gloomy, black, and bloated, with evident streaks of anger and despair, they conclude that Spec has received unfavorable news from the M——y [Ministry]; or that the Americans have succeeded in some action or other; if on the contrary, Spec's face wears the appearance of cheerfulness, and his sourness of aspect seems to have had a momentary recess from his muscles and high cheek bones, then the company may depend upon it, that news is about to transpire, that the Americans are defeated, have run away from their camp, leaving their dinners *ready drest*, for the hungry regulars, *&c. &c.* and from this dubious oracle proceeds many of those speculative and visionary daily paragraphs, which their industrious writers so very frequent substitute for matters of fact." The *Chronicle* had another noteworthy source—an American lady in London, who in August said that she knew fighting had begun three thousand miles away; she could tell by the shooting of her corns, which she found, on the whole, more trustworthy than the stately columns of the *London Gazette*, the official publication issued twice weekly by the harried Ministry of King George III.



THANKS to the foresight of the Reverend Dr. Charles Burney, the eighteenth-century author and acquisitor, the British Library, which is tucked inside the massive British Museum, on Great Russell Street, has an estimable collection of 1776 London newspapers. These are not on microfilm. They are the venerable originals, bound in flaking leather but printed on rag paper that has splendidly withstood the ravages of time and research. They are not easy to read. There are no headlines to speak of. The type is small. Moreover, the hard news they contain is jumbled up with editorial comments, letters, jokes, publicity releases, advertisements, and obituaries. And then there are those infernal antique "s"es that look like "f"s. But it is a rare pleasure to be able to leaf through the two-hundred-year-old pages and reflect that one is receiving the same unfolding picture of events across the ocean that was viewed in 1776 by John Wesley, then seventy-three; Horace Walpole, fifty-nine; Sir Joshua Reynolds, fifty-three; Mrs. Sarah Siddons, twenty-one; William Cowper, forty-five; and, conceivably shoulder-to shoulder, Dr. Samuel

Johnson, sixty-seven, and James Boswell, thirty-six.

At the start of 1776, on the eve of Independency, the thirty-seven-year-old King, who had succeeded his grandfather on the throne sixteen years before, was understandably preoccupied with his vexatious American colonies, and as the fateful year progressed, there was hardly a Spec in his coterie who did not share his apprehensions. "A very extraordinary anxiety, about the next intelligence from the army in America, is discovered at St. James's," said the *Public Advertiser* on August 5th (a day when the news from North America was much more than a month delayed), "and though every person who approaches the King, clearly sees and foretells the total overthrow of the rebels, yet an uncommon uneasiness is very manifest in some countenances at Court."

Whatever side any Londoner might take in the approaching showdown, it was patently felt in the British capital at the onset of 1776 that this was to be a historic year. The *Gazetteer* reported on February 8th, "In a letter from General Washington, to his brother at Fredericksburg, dated Oct. 23, he mentions his hopes of returning home by the Christmas following, in peace." Five months later, the *Morning Post* conveyed the feelings of a British officer at Halifax that "there is very little doubt, as the Provincials in general are alike credulous, timid, and irresolute, but that we shall accomplish the business we are sent upon before Michaelmas day." King George and his Ministers professed to have an objective more or less similar to General Washington's, though it was peace at their price. They were working toward it by drawing up new tax schemes to defray the costs of war, fitting out ships to transport soldiers and their provisions to America, and giving unflagging attention to the procurement of the necessary troops. His Majesty's regiments of Guards were one available source of manpower; even more promising were the German mercenaries who could be hired from the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel and other princely owners.

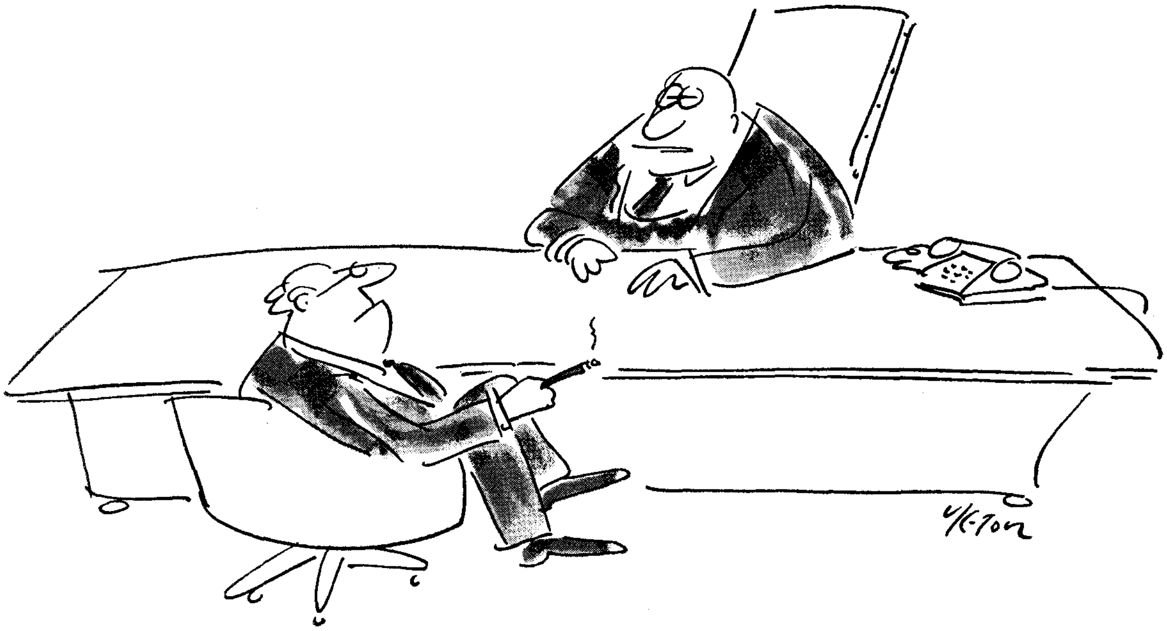
There was considerable criticism in the papers of the way His Majesty was conducting his affairs. Thus, a letter writer to the *Gazetteer*, using only the initials "T.H.H.," twitted the King by composing an encomium to his predecessor George II: "As to *America*, that illustrious Monarch well knew its worth and importance;—he encouraged its commerce, instead of destroying it—nursed his distant children like a kind and indulgent parent; and protected them with a powerful arm. . . . The good old King saw their noble intrepidity;—their undaunted courage—their unbounded generosity, with pleasing approbation, and a grateful heart;—*He* considered America as the brightest jewel in his crown. . . . *This* was the *King* they *loved—revered—lamented.*—Truly he was the *father of his people.*"

This is not to say that George III did not have his scribbling adherents. His poet laureate, William Whitehead, came through on June 4th, the royal birthday, with a suitable ode that went, in part:

Can Britain fail?—The thought were
  vain!
The powerful Empress of the main
But strives to smooth th'unruly flood,
And dreads a conquest stain'd with
  blood.

The Opera House was illuminated that day with His Majesty's coat of arms and with two figures representing Liberty and Plenty; and, the *Morning Post* reported, there was "plenty of strong beer distributed among the populace." But the *Chronicle* noted, soberingly, that during the King's birthday ball "a very shrill whistle was heard in the room, which very much alarmed the whole company; but though all diligent search was made, they could not discover by whom it was done." Worse yet, that paper reported, when His Majesty went to see the fifty-nine-year-old actor David Garrick, who had announced his retirement at the end of the theatrical season, in his final appearance as Richard III at the Drury Lane Theatre, "a gentleman . . . was then greatly concerned to hear so much disturbance before a certain person [the King, of course]; but upon recollection, thinks it may be service to convince him, that however the people of this country may bear injuries, when they are convinced of being imposed on, nothing can prevent their struggles for redress."

Not long before, the *Gazetteer* observed that some anonymous observer had jestingly wondered how much benefit had accrued to the nation since His Majesty donned the crown—"viz. *11 Royal children* born, *12 Growing Colonies* lost." Queen Charlotte, whose eleventh child, a girl, was born April 25th, was not without a sense of humor of her own. The *Chronicle* said that she "laughed exceedingly" when Samuel Foote, appearing as Lady Pentweazle in the comedy "Taste," poked fun at the towering hairdos affected by leading offstage ladies of the day (these were sometimes called "noddle islands"), and that the coiffure of one noblewoman at a palace ball



"Before God made profits, he made production, and before production he made capital. So be it."

"forced a smile from her Majesty." According to the *Chronicle's* description of this lady, "the lower part of her hair was like a man's wig; and the upper part terminated in a lofty peak, like a grenadier's cap, with a *bouquet* on the top of all." The dimensions and details of ladies' headdresses were accorded as much newspaper space as almost any other topic. The *Morning Post* suggested in February that the bearers of these vast loads would sooner or later have to change either their coiffures or their carriages, inasmuch as one lady out for a ride "was obliged to lean so forward on the opposite seat, that the people who passed by imagined she was seized with some violent disorder." In May, according to the *Chronicle*, a couple of "very large feathered and flowered heads fell foul of each other, by accident," and as a result "the wool, hair, pins, &c. got entangled to such a degree, that the ladies heads had certainly been torne off, but for the kind interposition of the gallants who got on the benches, where, as good luck would have it, they could just reach high enough to set them at liberty." Mr. Garrick was not to be outdone by Mr. Foote in lampooning the fashion. In Garrick's farewell appearance as Sir John Brute in "The Provok'd Wife," according to the *General Evening Post*, he concocted a ludicrous headpiece to which "the addition of the yellow streamers to the enormous rampant plumes, had a whimsical effect, provoking the loudest bursts of laughter from every part of the house."

NEWS of the theatre more than once overlapped the larger, offstage drama that was being enacted across the ocean. General John Burgoyne had just returned to the motherland at the start of 1776, and he shortly was revealed as the author of a play with which the harassed British officers in Boston were attempting to bolster the sagging morale of their troops. Commenting on the inspiration of Burgoyne's literary work, a farce entitled "The Blockade of Boston," the *Gazetteer* said, on March 5th, "The General, knowing human nature, thought it would be dangerous for them to continue without some other object to engage their attention, for which purpose he introduced his muse on the Boston theatre, and by that means diverted the people from disagreeable reflections, and restored the garrison to good humour." A December 1, 1775, letter from Boston in *Lloyd's* said, "The reports of a Play-house here, is true; the Officers have acted several Pieces, and were in want of assistance." The London papers often ran identical items, and in this instance duplication was a blessing. Readers of *Lloyd's* who wondered what that item meant (Was there a shortage of stagehands? Had the officers botched their cues?) were enlightened by the *Chronicle*, whose version of the letter ran, "The officers have acted several Pieces, and very laudably given the receipts of the houses to the soldiers who had families, and were in want of assistance."

If things were bad in Boston, they seemed to London eyes to be not much better in Quebec, where General Guy Carleton, the governor, was heavily engaged with the pesky rebels, among them one high-ranking officer whom the British in 1776 held in especially low repute—a man who, "having in an intrigue with a certain citizen's wife, expended more than his finances would admit, was tempted to try his fortune on the highway," said the *Morning Post*, all in all the paper most sympathetic to the King's cause, and the story continued, "This step obliged him to decamp [from England], and to take up his residence among the saints . . . [who] derive their origin chiefly from pickpockets and reprived felons. . . . Plunder being the subject of the Congress in the expedition to Canada, they chose, with great propriety, a thief and a robber for the leader." The officer thus excoriated was Benedict Arnold.

Among the eminent soldiers who were manifestly on the British side at the dawn of 1776 was Admiral Molyneux Shuldham, who had just relieved Admiral Samuel Graves as naval commander at Boston. Admirals' uniforms, according to a March 4th tailor's ad in the *Morning Post*, were fancier than generals': the former could be made for eighteen pounds eighteen shillings, the latter for ten pounds ten. (A civilian's dress suit of "ratteen, lined with rich sattin or feathered velvet, and rich gold or silver spangled buttons," was priced at a mere nine pounds.) Farther south in America, Lord Dunmore—while awaiting the arrival of Lord Cornwallis's army and Sir Peter Parker's fleet—was cruising off Virginia and North Carolina, sparring with uncoöperative towns like Norfolk and Portsmouth, and attempting to free slaves so they could fight against their former masters. "Hell itself could not have vomited any thing more black than his design of emancipating our slaves," said a letter from a Philadelphian that the *Chronicle* ran on January 20th. "The subject of their nocturnal revels, instead of musick and dancing, is now turned upon their liberty. I know not whence these troubles may lead us.” An indigenous letter writer who called himself “No Yankee” commented acidly in the *Morning Post,* “As the Americans boast they are the only witnesses left on the globe for the sacred cause of liberty—ought they not to be aided by all men in the great and god-like work, it is virtuous; it is praise-worthy; and is not Lord Dunmore then doing a righteous act in emancipating their slaves, which makes up about one-third of the great numbers of people they so much boast of.”

The ranking stars of the real-life show being performed on the Colonial stage were a brother act—the Howes. Richard Admiral Lord Howe was the elder, General Sir William Howe the younger. Both were designated Commissioners by His Majesty to treat with the Colonial Congress in Philadelphia and to make it realize the foolishness of its ways and capitulate before the King had to crack down hard on its constituency. The British press did not altogether share the royal view of the Howes and their mission. “An American correspondent thinks that nothing shews the want of judgment in our present Ministers more than their supposing the HOWES are particularly respected in North America,” cautioned the *London Evening-Post.* “The fact is the reverse; for although the Americans raised a monument to their deceased brother, from the moment General Howe accepted of an American appointment, he was detested there as much as a friend in private life becoming an enemy, is ever more hated than a person who had always been criminal. It is true the Americans do not consider Mr. Howe in the light they did another General they once had to deal with, as a contemptible ASS, as well as a little tricking KNAVE; but they, however, hold him as a man destitute of all principle, and will no doubt hold his noble brother in the same light; and nothing seems more probable, than that both their characters will shipwreck upon the coast of North America.”

There was also opposition by the indefatigable corps of writers of letters to the printer, who used pseudonyms like “Crito,” “Humanitas,” “Pacificus,” “Candour,” “Truth,” and “Veritas.” Some correspondents quoted other correspondents. An unnamed correspondent in Bishopsgate, for instance, was the conduit between the *Chronicle* and “A Virginian,” who had written at the start of the year, “Is it not surprising, considering how much is daily said and wrote about the subject, that the true origin of these troubles in America is known to so few?... Our leading men here were much more provident in the beginning than you in England are apt to imagine.... They imbibed such notions at first of the weakness and easiness of the K——, whose name of authority they affect to treat with the lowest contempt.... They ludicrously call his M——y Wiseacre, and it goes for a bye word among them.... Mr. Washington is just such another character as my Lord Essex, the Parliament’s General in King Charles the First’s time. ... Hancock is one of the greatest desperadoes living.—Adams generally sleeps with the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz under his pillow.... We poor, distressed Americans make a fine joke of your pity. Do not imagine we desire peace, even upon those terms we seem to solicit it. Were you to agree to those terms, behold some new demands, without satisfaction for which we cannot think of laying down our arms.”

As if the barbs and thrusts in the press were not bad enough, in both Houses of Parliament the King and his Ministers—notably Lord North, the Prime Minister, and Lord Germain, the Secretary of State for Colonies—were under constant and unremitting attack. There was Edmund Burke in Commons, for one, hammering away day after day, for all that a letter writer to the *Gazetteer* appraised him as a man whose “wit sometimes degenerates into buffoonery and ill-nature, and his oratory into bombast and mere fustian.” In the House of Peers, there was the Duke of Grafton, who had been against the Tea Act of 1773, way back when, and who now, the *Chronicle* reported on March 15th, invited the King to state that if the Colonies were prepared to petition him on their grievances he was prepared to suspend the fighting. “Were there no terms to be granted the Americans,” the Duke demanded, “but at the point of the sword?” Grafton’s resolution to suspend military operations was defeated, after eight hours of debate, by a vote of ninety-one to thirty-one, but even that comfortable margin of support apparently did not satisfy the King and Lord North. It was soon printed in the papers that His Majesty was going to designate a host of new peers, sympathetic to his viewpoint. This he proceeded to do, but not before the *London Evening-Post* had acerbically itemized their qualifications:

> Lord Polwarth—*Because his father’s a Scotchman, a tool of the Court.*—A constant voter for all the bloody measures against America...
> Marq. of Carmarthen—Spoke warmly against America when in the House of Commons
> George Onslow—The slave of any Minister.

By July 6th, the *Chronicle* was saying, “There have been so many Peers in both kingdoms [England and Ireland] made within this month past, that there has been frequent mistakes made about their address at the levee [the royal reception]—several people of old families using the words, ‘O Lord!’ instead of ‘My Lord.’ ”

As 1776 got under way in England, and as Dr. Johnson, or his hovering Boswell, or any curious eighteenth-century Englishman, betook himself to his favorite coffeehouse to peruse his favorite journals (Charles Lamb was too young; he had just turned one), he must have felt that in the months immediately ahead the papers would provide much that was consequential to ingest and reflect upon.

JANUARY 1ST: The *Chronicle* says today that Captain Harrison, returned from Boston after a fast, twenty-four-day crossing, states that fuel is extremely scarce there, with the inhabitants daily destroying wooden buildings for firewood. The Captain cannot confirm reports that the ordnance transport Nancy (Captain Hunter) has fallen into rebel hands. According to the *Morning Post,* she was seized by a small boat containing eight men, who, coming alongside in the guise of pilots, drew hangers and pistols and captured her, with fifteen thousand stand of small arms aboard. The *Chronicle* notes that His Majesty’s Navy is in sore need of copper nails and staples. Its Commissioners for Victually, says *Lloyd’s,* have agreed to kill a thousand oxen for sea stores.

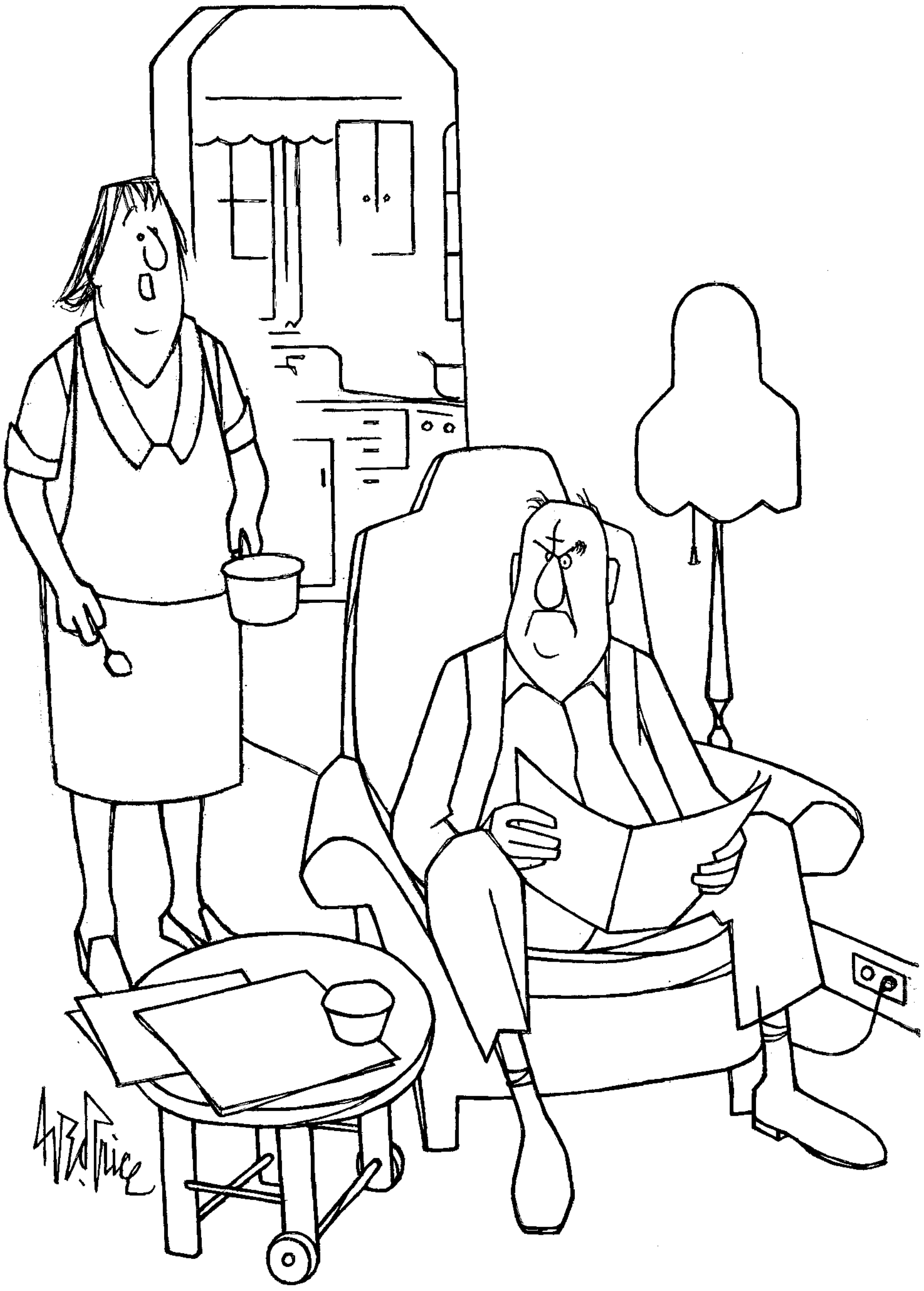
The *Morning Post* adds that Lord Dartmouth’s office has intelligence of “a very alarming nature” from Boston, which city “has been lately besieged by the Provincials with such uncommon vigour and fury, that the garrison found it expedient to capitulate, and to surrender themselves prisoners of war.” The rebellion is “now subsisting in divers parts of the Continent of North America.” One never knows how seriously to take the *Morning Post,* which here goes on to say, “We are assured that Lord George G— is to have the command of the cavalry in America, the ensuing spring, and that Lieut. Gen. Sir John Irvin, K.B. is in time of action to have hold of a running rein to the bridle of his Lordship's charger, lest he should accidentally *turn tail*, and run the wrong way." Herein is a report, too, that the captain of a ship bound from Cork to Boston turned slightly himself and went instead to Philadelphia, whereupon he delivered his cargo to the rebels' Congress, "who very politely opened every letter on board, and among others, had the delicacy to peruse publicly a letter from Mrs. Howe to the General, her husband."

Of greater significance, perhaps, is the *Chronicle's* disclosure that the King of Prussia, lately reported ill, has astonished his Ministers and courtiers by offering thousands of his best troops to England to help subdue the rebellion. What apparently cured him was "some very powerful medicine" in the form of "golden pills," administered at just the right instant by the British Ambassador. According to the *Gazetteer*, the same therapy is to be applied in certain quarters of America: "Some very valuable presents are preparing to be sent to Quebec, which are to be distributed amongst the Indian Chiefs, with a view of bringing those savages over to the side of government." *Lloyd's* says that a ship has arrived from Quebec with an American prisoner, who has been committed to the jail at Bristol.

How these letter writers do go on! Here is "Humanitas," all over the front page of the *Gazetteer*: "Our Ministers flatter themselves, that by perseverance, they must, in the end, be successful; but if we are to judge of the future by the past, they have no favourable omens to ground their hopes on.—It is a fact, which neither the sophistry nor eloquence of a Mansfield can overthrow, that the Colonials aim at no more independence than, as men born to the inheritance of freedom, they are legally intitled to." On its own, the *Gazetteer* assesses the condition of the Colonials as "feeble infancy."

The *Morning Post* reports on January 2nd that on New Year's Day the King, wearing a "claret-coloured suit of cloaths," greeted forty boys who had been trained for the sea service at Christ's Hospital. His Majesty intends to visit his German dominions next year, "in case the affairs of America will allow him absence." The *London Gazette* ("Published by Authority") prints the King's Proclamation urging seamen to enter ships of war, and it notes that he has been told by some three hundred and ten men of Carlisle that "we behold with Horror the base Innovations and black Ingratitude of rebellious Americans" and that they stand ready to "counteract the frantick and nefarious Machinations of Aristocratick and Republican Traitors."

That may not prove easy. The *Morning Post* of January 3rd quotes Governor Will Tryon of New York: "Such is the spirit of the Americans, that they have marched in volunteer bodies of one hundred men each, clad in raw hides, with no other certain food than a bag of Indian corn flung over their shoulders." And even the *Gazette* concedes, in a letter from Boston brought by a light victualler to Bristol, "The Bay at present is very unsafe for vessels unarmed, as it swarms with privateers, and a great number of whale boats, each carrying from ten to twenty men; these boats take the opportunity of putting out in moderate weather to intercept the vessels bound to Boston, and as we have no King's ships in any of the ports but Boston, they do just as they please, and can always make a port on one side or other of the Bay; they were so daring a few days ago, as to board a brig off the light-house, from Liverpool, which was at anchor; as they came on board on one side, the crew left it on the other; in the meantime an armed transport slipped her cables and run down to her assistance; when



"Refresh my memory. Is it creamed spinach that billows your sails, and creamed asparagus that leaves you dead in the water? Or vice versa?"

the Provincials saw the transport coming down, they left the brig, but endeavoured to set her on fire, by leaving some lighted coals on the cabin floor."

Not far outside Boston, the *London Evening-Post* says this same day, the Americans at Watertown issued a Thanksgiving Proclamation on November 20th, the holiday to be observed three days thereafter.

On the third, the *Morning Post* reports that a man named Smith, convicted at quarter sessions at Westminster of having robbed his master of some plate, has been sentenced to seven years in North America. There has been an exchange of prisoners in Boston, where General Howe is forming companies to defend the town, and where, according to the *Chronicle*, he has ordered that nobody may depart bearing more than five pounds in specie. The price of meat in Boston has gone up to three shillings a pound; a goose costs thirty shillings.

More news of Boston, this conceivably disquieting to the King's Ministers, appears in the *London Evening-Post* of January 5th. A gentleman just arrived from there informs the paper that "the Provincial army consists of resolute, stout, hearty, young men, well clothed and disciplined, plenty of cannon and small arms, but no mortars." The paper adds, "He thinks there is not the least probability of conquering them."

On January 6th, in the *Public Advertiser:* "A Venetian Ambassador told Cardinal Richelieu, that there needed no more to make France happy than wisely to lay out what was vainly dissipated. With equal Truth it may be said of England; if what is wickedly expended in Bribery and Corruption was applied to the Discharge of the Public Debt, there would have been no Necessity to involve us in a Quarrel with America, by seeking to raise a Revenue without their Concurrence." This same day, in the *Morning Post*, "Crito" presents some revealing figures on the losses suffered in trade with America since the enactment of the Prohibitory Bill—twenty-eight thousand five hundred pounds' worth of pickled beef and pork from New England; two hundred and fifty thousand in flour and biscuit from New York; yet another quarter of a million in rice from South Carolina. The total comes to an astronomical one million three hundred and eighty-six thousand five hundred pounds. "Commerce is so delicate in its constitution," "Crito" points out, "that the heavy hand of an ill-informed statesman is enough to banish it from one country to another, and when once that is done, it is more than the greatest genius can effect, to call it back again."

In the *Morning Post*, a letter from a ship of the fleet at Boston, dated November 30th: "There is a report that the Provincials have made application and propositions for a cessation of arms for five months, but this is considered rather as a stroke of policy, for they have already often outwitted us. We are ordered to the southward, of which I am glad, for the cold is very severe and intense at the moment. The Nautillus has been severely cannonaded by the Provincial batteries at Cape Anne; like military harlequins they attack us every where. God end this unnatural welfare."

Ethan Allen has arrived from America—one of several prisoners taken, evidently, while en route to the big battle at Quebec, but, according to the January 8th *Gazetteer*, "they do not doubt but that they shall return to serve their country, as they call it, in the spring." (The *Gazetteer* notes as characteristic of the maladroitness of the King's Ministers that they seem to have shipped to six thousand of their troops fighting in wintry Canada clothing of summer weight.) The *Chronicle* reports an unattributed suggestion that instead of ferrying the prisoners across the ocean the captors should have thrown them into it, as the tea was thrown in at Boston. (One of the ads in the paper offers a five-shilling reward for the return of an eighteen-year-old—"but well set"—seaman who has "eloped" from his master's service.) On the ninth, the *Chronicle* gives further news of the prisoners—a six-day-old letter from Bristol, written by a correspondent who visited one of them at the jail: "He is a Virginian, above six feet high, stout and well proportioned. His behaviour manly, but very modest. . . . His dress is a loose one, of coarse woollen, adapted to that cold climate. . . . He has the heavy Provincial pronunciation, but otherwise speaks good English. The account he gives is, that the troops in general are such kind of men as himself, tall and well proportioned. He was very clear and explicit in his

* * *

LOSS

In the evening, from the back porch
I call him and he, or his shade,
Appears three lawns up the street
Or off to the right, in the ivy,
Or by the swimming pool; or just from thin air
He materializes, the quintessence of cat,
And how then I cannot see the skull
Crushed on the street, the eye, that smashed grape.
God, the love I have lavished on
Creatures: cats, dogs, ponies, parakeets,
A single wild duck—they engulf me,
This menagerie of lost, dumb things, so near, so
Finally dead, sending
Themselves in lieu of letters
From their vanished graves.

Enough. What I gave
I volunteered them, but kept from
All but you, my gone darling. And from
No grave to vanish, I have only your plain
Voice, disembodied on wire, and your scrawl.
Nightly, I query the ceiling about you,
Beg wisdom of stars, these poems, the whole
Landscape I have fallen into since you left.
Nothing is familiar to me. I remember nothing,
From no memory can create you, tooth and hair.
Never dream you except as something
Shadowed, the ghost of the ghosts that gather
Thicket-thick at my table, bed, whatever.
I did not bell you. Nor can I hear you
When I call, yards away but coming home.

—CHARLES E. BOLTON

"Now you two keep quiet and let me do the talking."

• •

answers, which he delivered with great modesty, but intirely free from any fear for the consequences of his being brought to England. He was discharged on Saturday, as there were no grounds for his commitment."

The British also have a couple of American Indian chiefs on hand, and are negotiating with them for support.

On January 10th, the *Morning Post* lists some commodity prices in Boston as of early December—twenty-five cents for a sheep's head, a shilling for a pound of fresh fish, a dollar for a hogshead of salt, five dollars a barrel for apples, six shillings a barrel for potatoes, three shillings for four calves' feet. The *Gazetteer* has just had a letter from New York with disturbing news: In Canada, some Indians have horribly tortured some of the King's troops. Worse yet, some disaffected British soldiers have hamstrung their own horses, and some no less disgruntled sailors have tried to disable their ships by boring holes in the hulls. The *Gazetteer* also notes that the population of America has gone up from two million to three million since 1755. "Where then is the power in Europe that will be able to contend with British America at the end of half a century, should she continue to encrease in riches and population during the latter period, as she has done for the last twenty years?" the paper understandably wonders.

It is heartening, in a way, to read an occasional word of support for His Majesty. The *Public Advertiser* says on January 10th, "The King is certainly a better Politician than any of his Ministers, and his proposing to send Troops to General Carleton three Months ago, instead of to Boston, is a great Proof of it. Had such a Proposal been listened to, Canada would at this Time, instead of being possessed by the Provincials, have been Government's best Assistant in executing its plans for forcing America to duty."

Concurrently, in its "News from America," the *Chronicle* cites a November 9th letter from a Cambridge, Massachusetts, man, who, in turn, is quoting a sea captain out of Cork, who on being seized by rebel privateers declared that "a very great majority of the people in Ireland are in favour of America." The *Gazetteer*, for its part, says that "the whole of the military operations against America will be directed against the Southern Colonies . . . and that every sea port in the four northern or New England provinces will be burnt and destroyed." Be that as it may, the next day's *Chronicle* suggests that at least one titled Englishman will be unaffected by the strategy: "Lord Fairfax, who possesses a track of ground in Virginia, larger, 'tis said, than the county of Yorkshire, lives unmolested by the Congress. He told them that he was too far in years to take an active part in any disputes, and they admitted his answer."

From the *Gazetteer* of January 15th: "The distress of the troops and people at Boston exceed the possibility of description. There are advices in town of December 14; not a coal ship was then arrived. The inhabitants and troops literally starving with cold. They had taken the pews out of all the places of worship for fuel; had pulled down empty-houses, &c. and were then digging up the timber at the wharves for firing. No provisions nor cloathing. Expecting every day the Provincial Generals to storm the town; and that it would be burnt. They have been eating horse flesh for some time."

Lloyd's has been complaining in mid-month that few ships have come in lately, yet because of letter writers from America, who indulge, perhaps, in a little too much scurrility but nonetheless furnish more news than that dispensed through official government channels, it does not "find that we are at a loss to know what passes there." Anyway, the chief topic in London is the weather—the worst and snowiest since 1740. All the papers are full of news about it. Lord Stanhope couldn't make it to Bath. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland have been distributing victuals to the poor. A black beggar who walked around on stumps was found frozen to death on Oxford Street. Welbore Ellis, Esq., M.P. for Weymouth, "was set fast in the snow and obliged to hire twelve men to dig him out." A woman in Essex, riding to Chelmsford market on her favorite old blind mule with a basket of eggs, fell asleep, and the mule lost its way, and both froze. In Lewes, the snow buried a flock of sheep.

Conditions are apparently not appreciably better across the Atlantic. The *Chronicle* will say, a couple of days later, "The Americans ridicule the excessive folly and extreme ignorance of the Ministry, in sending transports to Boston, with troops, stores, and provisions, so late in the season: when, as they say, the north-west winds alone will prevent four in five from ever getting to North America."

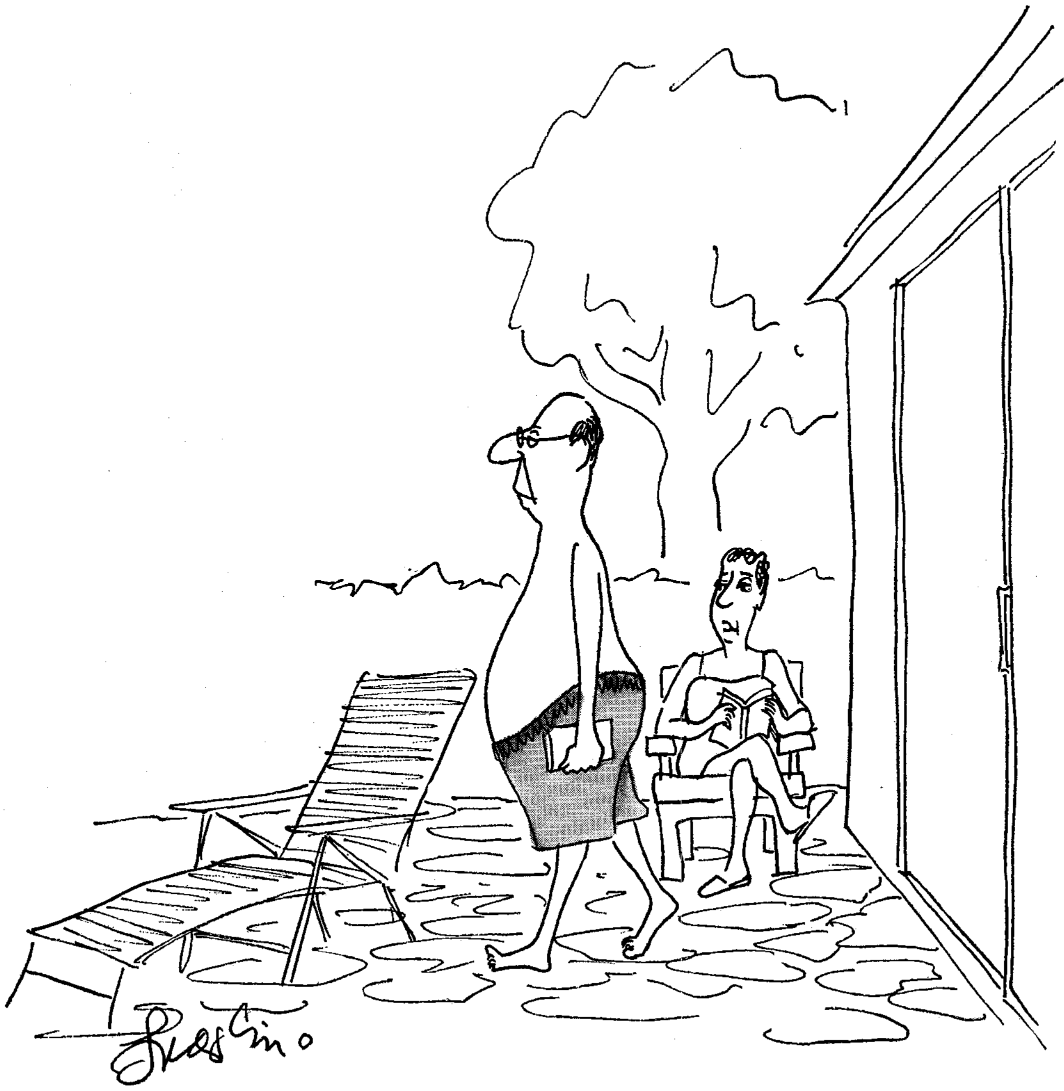
On the sixteenth, the *Morning Post* has word from a letter writer in Philadelphia, who says, "If you do not know General Washington's person, perhaps you will be pleased to hear, that he has so much martial dignity in his deportment, that you would distinguish him to be a General and a Soldier, from among ten thousand people; there is not a King in Europe but would look like a valet de chambre by his side." The letter adds that everybody is busy making saltpetre, for gunpowder; the climate is suitable for it. And the writer concludes, "The design of Heaven, I believe, is finally gone forth; Britain and America will hereafter be distinct empires: America is the *sanctum saliens*, the only received principle of the whole world."

The leading item in the *Gazetteer* of January 17th, a communication from "A Friend to my King and my Country," provides much food for thought:

> When every day produces not only the clearest reasons, but the most demonstrative evidence on behalf of a different conduct in respect to America, and without producing the least change of sentiment or conduct in our superiors, I own I am astonished....
>
> The whole of this unhappy business originates from a total ignorance of America, and a resolution not to be informed of any circumstance relative to it, unless it should be such kind of information as suits the inclination of those who are at the helm of public affairs....
>
> It has been said by some able writers, that the country which produces the greatest quantity of grain is the richest. America is capable of producing grain enough to subsist herself, and Europe itself, if necessary. This circumstance alone will enable America not only to defeat our feeble enterprizes, but, I will venture to say, the efforts of Europe conjoined; and if we proceed in the mad career we are engaged in, experience, woeful indeed to Britain, will soon confirm my apprehensions....
>
> To think of subduing America with any forces we can raise, is extreme folly. Indeed, we have been told by some, who perhaps will not be hasty to repeat it, that a very few thousands of regular troops would awe America into subjection; and on this bold assertion, many honest, well-meaning Englishmen have lent their voices to raise this force. But has not experience, in every instance, demonstrated the contrary? Is it not a disgrace to this country, that some of the best regiments in its service are mouldering away in confinement, without daring to face the Americans?...
>
> Why must we madly persevere in measures so dishonourable to our Sovereign, so disgraceful to the English name, so ruinous to this great empire, and without a prospect of gaining the least possible advantage?... Must we hazard our very existence as a nation in the prosecution of measures confessedly wrong by their proposers, merely to keep up the appearance of justifying their mistakes?

The same paper quotes a man who has just reached the west coast of England, and who was with the rebel army only ten weeks past: "'That they had as fine a train of brass artillery as ever was seen; that their tents and intrenchments were as regular and fine as possible; that there was the greatest unanimity and concord reigned amongst them.'... Such, candid readers... are the cowardly, undisciplined American rabble, who were to have been brought at the beginning of the present session to submit to the supremacy of Parliament." Also, for running a disorderly house in Russel Court, a man and woman have been put in pillory, the *Gazetteer* reports. The wife of a cookshop man informed on them, because her husband had frequented their premises, and forthwith a mob "tore his house to pieces." The guilty woman, being with child, was not required to put her head in the stocks.

Lloyd's, under "American Intelligence," quotes a speech of William Franklin, Captain General, Governor, and Commander-in-Chief of New Jersey, and also Benjamin's son. Governor Franklin says that some of his best friends suggested to him that he emulate Governor Tryon, over in New York, and take refuge from the rebels aboard one of His Majesty's offshore ships, but that he wishes to stay put, "because our retreat would necessarily be attributed to



"Avocado is not your color."

Malcolm Hereford's Cows are up-to-their flanks in ice and snow to make a very refreshing point:

When the Sun is high, nothing refreshes better than Malcolm's "herd" on ice.

Enjoy them chilled.

On-the-rocks.

Or in one of the more elaborate manners of Malcolm, himself:

1. How to make COW-SLUSH.

Pour a Cow into your blender, add lots of ice and blend for 30 seconds.

Serve and sip.

Light, icy, delicious.

2. COWPUNCH serves a "herd".

Just mate two flavors in a large pitcher filled with cracked ice.

(Strawberry and Banana were made for each other.)

And have a party.

At the beach. By the pool.

Whenever you thirst for something cool, spirited, light and delicious, there's only one thing to do:

Adopt a Cow.

An original Hereford Cow.

One of Hereford's 30 Proof "herd," the spirited new breed of drinks that promise one thing for sure:

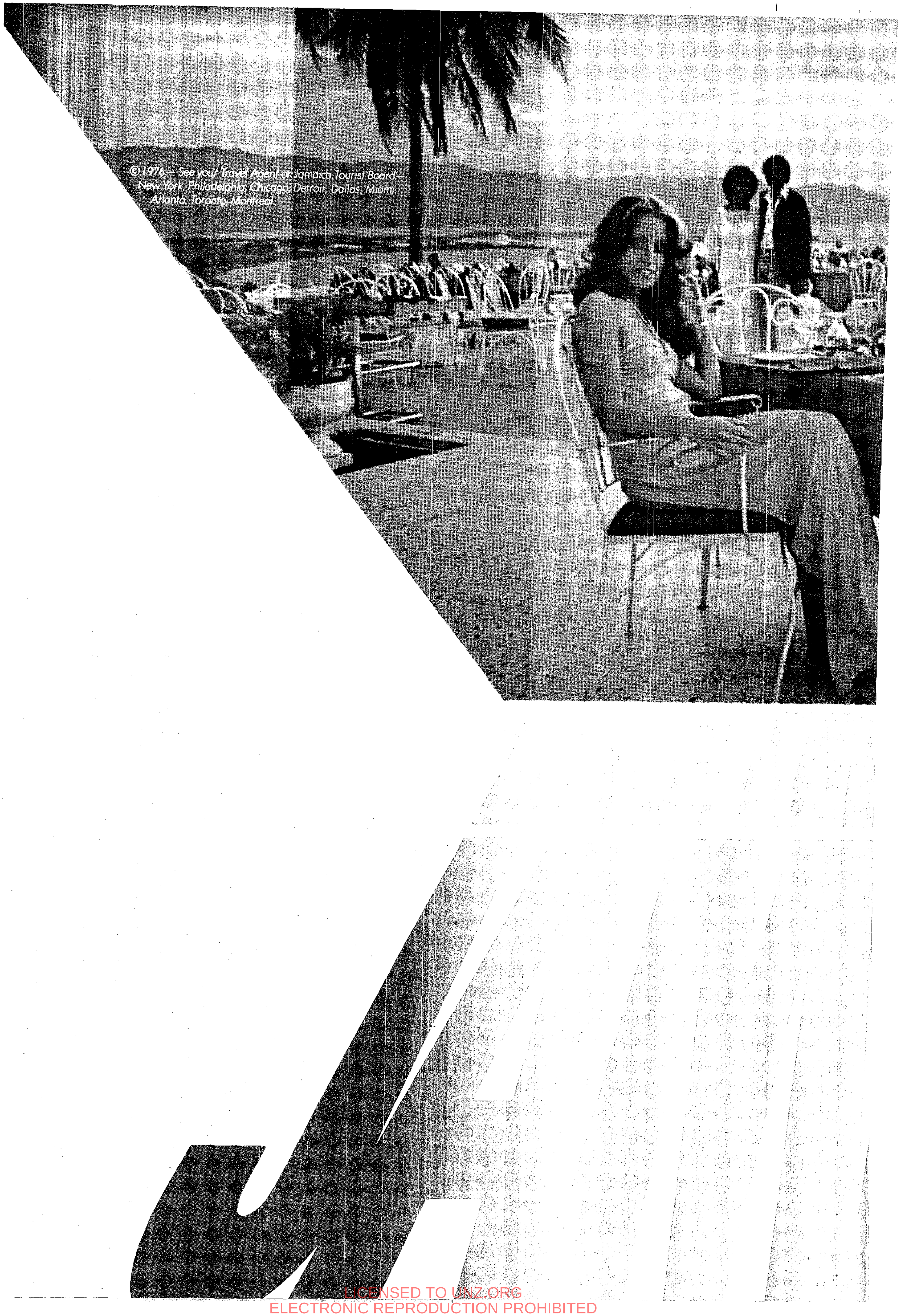
Ice cold Cows get no beefs.

HEREFORD'S
HEREFORD'S
STRAWBERRY COW
A blend of natural flavors and grain neutral spirits
Thirty Proof
HEREFORD'S
MOCHA COW
A blend of natural flavors and grain neutral spirits
Thirty Proof
Bottled by Malcolm Hereford Ltd., Hartford, Conn.
HEREFORD'S
HEREFORD'S
BANANA COW
A blend of natural flavors and grain neutral spirits
Thirty Proof
HEREFORD'S
HEREFORD'S
CHOCOLATE MINT COW
A blend of natural flavors and grain neutral spirits
Thirty Proof
Bottled by Malcolm Hereford Ltd., Hartford, Conn.

Malcolm Hereford Ltd. 30 Proof © 1976, Hartford, Conn. 06101

AN ICE COLD COW IS NOT A BUM STEER.

Malcolm Hereford's 30 Proof Cows. The Spirited New Breed of Drink.



© 1976 — See your Travel Agent or Jamaica Tourist Board— New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Dallas, Miami, Atlanta, Toronto, Montreal.

Montego Bay

[illegible] cocktails and a complimentary
[illegible]. As the sky turns midnight
[illegible] get ready to [illegible] the
[illegible] listen. Hear the rhythm
[illegible] drums, hear the laughter
[illegible] together, the sounds
[illegible] tes to turn out the lights.
[illegible] open all day, too. Trade
[illegible] for tennis shoes, golf shoes,
[illegible] sandy beach. Down in
[illegible] find everything from straw to
[illegible] Montego Bay is a grand time in a
[illegible] a great time in a great hotel,
[illegible] fruit punch under any given
coconut tree. Jamaica's got
[illegible] thing. That's why some people
[illegible] much more than a smile.

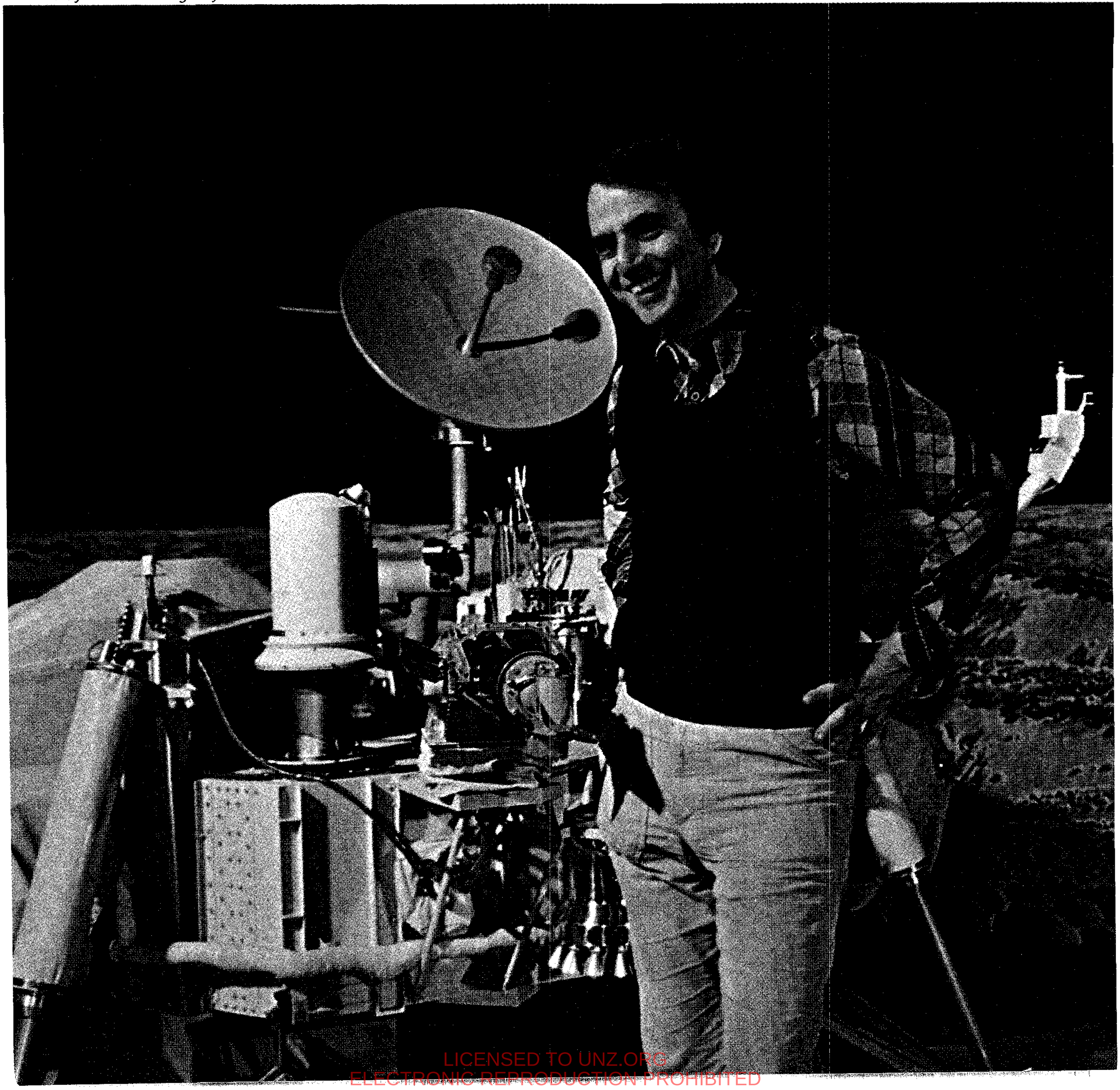
“There is virtually no chance that any civilization we contact in space will be as backward as we.”

Carl Sagan thinks it highly improbable that life originated only on Earth. And, that being the case, it is highly probable that other forms of life, elsewhere and older, are more advanced than we are.

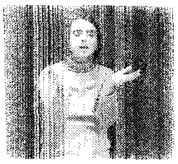
“We have developed radio astronomy only recently. Anyone significantly dumber than we can’t communicate over interstellar distances at all. So any civilization which does make contact with us is bound to be more advanced. It’s a humbling realization.”

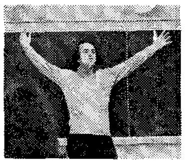
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOEL MEYEROWITZ

At JPL with Viking craft.



Two Viking spacecraft now hurtling towards Mars should enable Sagan and other project scientists to take a really close look for signs of life, among other phenomena, on the red planet. Starting this summer, Sagan and his project teammates will bivouac at Cal Tech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory for six months as the Viking results come in—bit by digital bit.





Carl and his wife, Linda Salzman, collaborated on the design of the plaque attached to the Pioneer 10 spacecraft, the first conscious message of mankind to other civilizations in space.

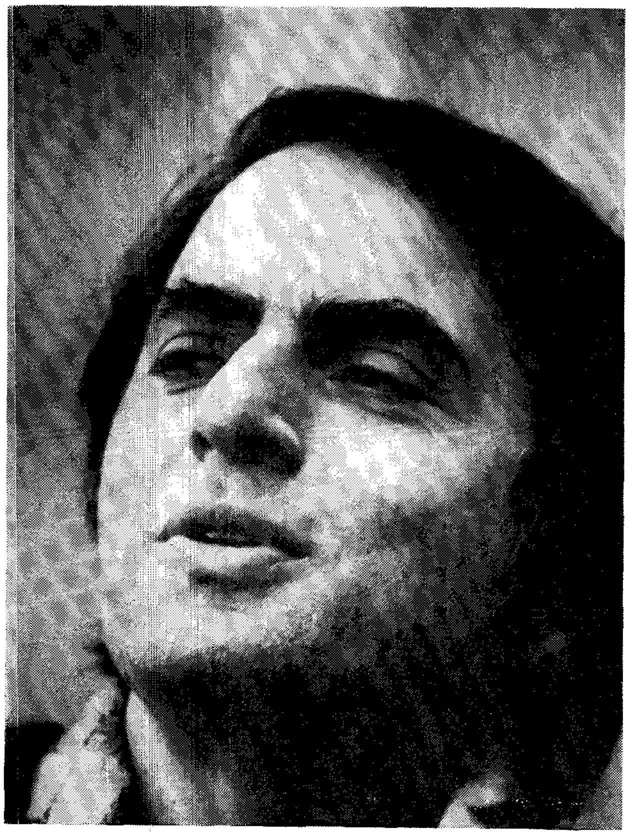
Sagan's interest in [illegible] exobiology goes back to his childhood. In adult life he has [illegible] this interest through his contributions to our understanding of the solar system, to spacecraft missions to the planets, and to listening for radio signals from space.

"In all the history of mankind this will be regarded as the golden age of planetary exploration."

At 41, Professor of Astronomy and Space Sciences at Cornell and Director of its Laboratory for Planetary Studies, Sagan has authored or co-authored more than a dozen books, almost 400 scientific papers, two SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN articles, and edits *Icarus*: International Journal of Solar System Studies. He received the NASA Medal for Exceptional Scientific Achievement for his studies of Mars with Mariner 9.

"What are we likely to find on Mars? Mars is a different place from Earth, but until Viking we do not know enough to exclude or guarantee the possibility of life there. We do know that every time we have looked at Mars in finer detail we have discovered entire new sets of astonishments and delights, things no one ever guessed would be there."

James B. Maas



Carl credits SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN with helping to shape his interests. "I lived in a small town in New Jersey and didn't have anyone to talk to about science. In high school I couldn't tell from books what was obsolete from what was valid; or what the latest findings were. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN told me."

In a society that lives by innovation, discovery is our most important product. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is the magazine of discovery, attracting a growing number of newsstand buyers and subscribers. Each month it is read by more than 1.5 million men and women who turn new ideas into a better life for everyone.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

415 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

either the effect or well grounded apprehension of violence, and of course subject the Colony to be more immediately considered as in actual Rebellion, and be productive of mischiefs which it is my earnest inclination and determination to prevent, as far as may be in my power." If his Colonial colleagues disagreed, would they please inform him plainly? "For as sentiments of independency are by some men of present consequence, openly avowed, and essays are already appearing in the public Papers to ridicule the people's fears, of that horrid measure, *and remove their aversion to* republican Government, it is high time that every man should know what he has to expect. If, as I hope, you have an abhorrence of such design, you will do your country an essential service by declaring it in so full and explicit terms as may discourage the attempt."

A big story on January 18th is the execution of, among others, some highway robbers. En route from Newgate prison to Tyburn, says the *Chronicle*, one of the highwaymen, "a handsome young fellow" of seventeen, by name of Lee, "put on an air of vulgar heroism, exceedingly improper for so dreadful a situation." Young Lee was "dressed in a crimson suit of clothes, with a gold laced hat, which he pulled off to a young woman in a hackney coach, genteely dressed in white, in Holborn, who immediately burst into tears." The *Morning Post* says reprovingly that "the remorseless multitude behaved with the most inhuman indecency—shouting, laughing, and throwing snow balls at each other, particularly at those few who had a proper compassion for the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures—an example of the inefficacy of public executions." A temporary scaffold put up to accommodate the spectators collapsed, and, according to the *Post*, at least one woman and two children were killed. Another woman was trampled to death. These casualties were somewhat offset, inasmuch as, according to the *Public Advertiser*, a young woman who was watching the condemned men proceed to the gallows "gave a shriek and was immediately delivered of a child."

The *Gazetteer* of January 19th strikes a serious note: "The Dutch have refused the request made to them by our Court, for a body of their troops to be sent to America. All Europe is laughing at the folly, and despising the applications of the British Ministry for troops." Thank God for the Hessians.

"The runners and messengers of Ministry," the *Gazetteer* goes on, "have had many conversations with Ethan Allen, in all which he shewed himself to be plain and explicit. Amongst a number of questions asked him, relative to the support of the continental army, he assured them, that though he had the charge of five hundred men for some months, he had no manner of occasion for money, the paper currency answering every purpose of that kind amongst all ranks of people." The next morning, the *Chronicle* furnishes assurances that the noted prisoner, despite all hums to the contrary, has not been returned to America. "We hear that the celebrated Ethan Allen made a present of a rifle-gun to a gentleman who paid him some civilities since his confinement," the *Chronicle* adds. "It is made on a very particular construction, the barrel being above six feet long, but so light withal, that a man of ordinary strength can fire it off with one hand."

On January 21st, the *Chronicle* gives some details of what was lost when the Nancy was taken by the Provincials—two thousand muskets, a hundred thousand musket flints, sixty reams of cartridge paper, twenty thousand five hundred empty paper cartridges, eight thousand four hundred and forty fixed fusees, twenty thousand iron shot, thirty-six copper ladles, a hundred camp kettles with frying-pan covers, twenty thousand spikes, and one laboratory kettle.

The *Chronicle* suggests that its readers make up their own minds about another item—this one a patently fabricated yarn about a mutiny among American troops at Boston, involving a great massacre in the course of which Washington was wounded and Adams (first name not given) was taken prisoner. The *Gazetteer* is not to be outdone in this kind of spoof. The very next day, it prints a "piece of *extraordinary* American Intelligence"—quoting an alleged eyewitness aboard the ship General Howe, which, returning to England, passed thirty thousand Russians heading toward Boston on an iceberg. It was being propelled by four thousand oarsmen on each side, wielding paddles nine hundred feet long, and the men in the middle of the floe were making martial music so loud it could be heard ten days after the astounding sighting. "Those off camp-duty amused themselves," the *Gazetteer* said, "with skating, throwing at oranges, and playing the hoop."

The *London Evening-Post* reports on January 25th that the government has signed a contract with a merchant for "five million of cabbages, which are to make sour crout, to be delivered at different times within two months, for the use of the forces in America." For, can one properly surmise, the Hessian forces?

A letter from "P——" in the *Chronicle* of the twenty-seventh says sternly that Adams, Hancock, and others in Massachusetts are outright troublemakers, conspiring with certain unidentified Britons to foment revolution. "To inflame the imaginations of the lower class of people in New England, and spirit them up to a revolt," P—— asserts, "the deluded multitude were given to understand, by forged accounts from England, that their houses, their lands, their windows, &c. would be taxed by the British parliament." The multitude may be in for further trouble. The *General Evening Post* reports that among "the new-constructed implements of war, which are intended for America, are spreading mortars, which at one explosion discharge each one hundred balls, all of which burst and extend to an amazing degree."

FEBRUARY 1ST: The weather continues terrible. The *London Evening-Post* tells of an old lady near Ashford who went to bed Friday night, after which so much snow drifted against her house that it denied her all light. "Though she thought it the longest night she had ever remembered," she remained abed till Monday in the forenoon, awaiting daylight. "She found herself much inclined to get up several times to breakfast, being very hungry; and once had even begun to dress, but not being able to find her cloaths in the dark, she remained in bed till the door was burst open by the neighbours, who, it seems, had dug an arch through the snow."

His Majesty is evidently having trouble mustering sufficient forces at home. The *London Evening-Post* says on February 2nd, "The guards, we hear, are so badly recruited, and so full of old men, and raw, undisciplined recruits, that it is with the utmost difficulty they can procure 1000 men out of the whole corps fit for service. Among those who were already fixed on, more than one-half are such as have served from eighteen to twenty-five years, and are at present turned of fifty."

The *Morning Post* says that officers of the Foot Guards want to sell their commissions rather than go to America, at which hint of defection “his Majesty has expressed the highest resentment.” But perhaps there are alternatives to the Foot Guards. “It is whispered,” says the *Public Advertiser*, “that the Courts of Versailles and Madrid are very averse to the Measure of employing Russian Forces in America, and that sooner than consent to it, they will lend Assistance against the Americans themselves.”

In the *Gazetteer* on February 7th is a letter from “Seneca”: “Allowing it to be true, that the Americans aim at independency, our repeated acts of restraint on their commerce is the ready way to hasten such an undertaking, instead of preventing it.” On February 8th, the same paper reports that His Majesty’s ships for America are all to be equipped with boarding nets, hand grenades, stinkpots, and live sheep.

Meanwhile, the American situation is fraying tempers everywhere. The *Morning Post* relates an incident that occurred in a public house near Covent Garden. The conversation turned to America, and a burly, muscular man pulled out a paper and began reading things about how the Americans were cowardly villains, no better than dogs, really, and their paper money no better than dirt. The landlord thereupon called him a scoundrel, refused to serve him, and told him to get out. “This son of Hercules immediately gave him such a violent blow in the face as levelled him with the ground.” But the landlord, “who is but a little fellow,” arose and retaliated “with such fury, that in about the space of a minute he quite blindfolded him, and then decently led him to the door, telling him, he hoped he was convinced that the Americans had some spirit in them.”

The *Chronicle*, on February 9th, runs a letter that a London man has received from his brother in Georgia, who never thought the troubles in northern America would touch people down in his colony. They believed that the difficulties would not extend south of Virginia, “but this gleam of tranquility is now vanished; we must all share the common fate, we must all espouse the common quarrel, or be deemed enemies to America and liberty.” In the following day’s *Chronicle*, some news from a northern colony: A Piscataqua Township, New Jersey, fellow who opposed both the Continental and Provincial Congresses was stripped, tarred, feathered, and trundled around town on a wagon, but after begging forgiveness was returned to his home within half an hour. “The whole was conducted with that regularity and decorum that ought to be observed in all public punishments.”

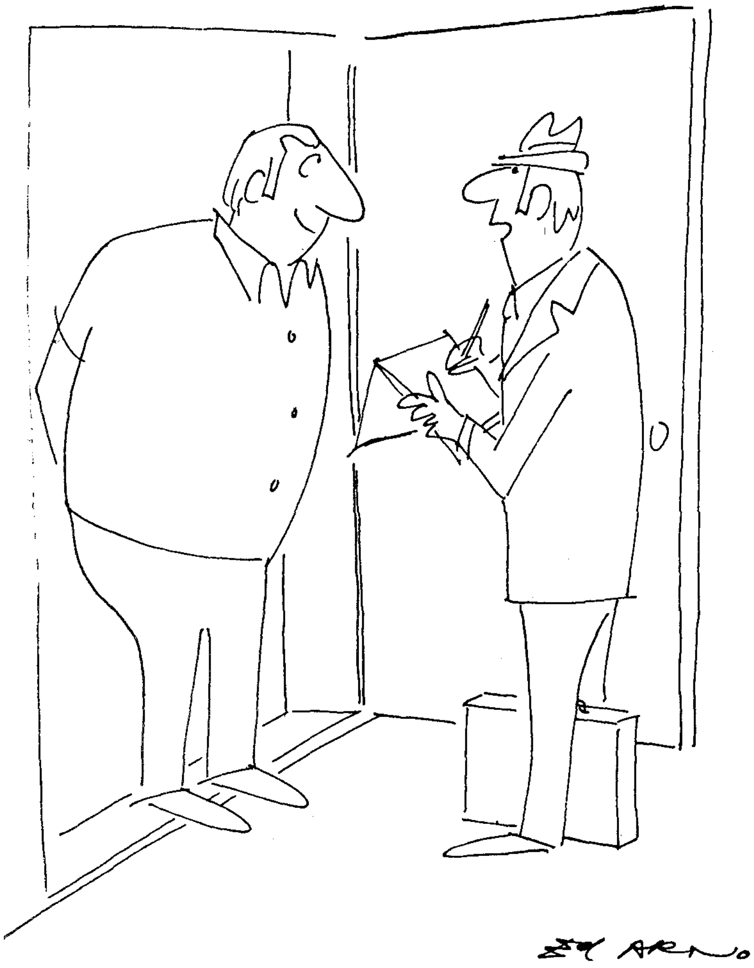
The *Public Advertiser* says on February 12th that General Howe has ordered the paving removed from the streets of Boston, “to prevent the dreadful Effects the Explosion of the Shells would cause in that ill-fated city.”

Few ships have been coming in from Boston or anyplace else. There is precious little news from America. The *Public Advertiser* discloses on February 15th, however, that “An Oak Tree has been lately cut through on the Estate of Dennis Rolle, Esq; near Great Torrington in Devonshire, the Body of which measured thirteen Feet six Inches Diameter, on the Surface of which two Couple danced a Country Dance, and the Fiddler played standing in the Corner.” And on the sixteenth the *Morning Post* recounts a duel that at least relates to America. It was at Hollyhead, between two Irish gentlemen, one of whom, not wishing to be posted overseas, had disposed of his commission. The other had unwittingly criticized officers who were doing that, and words had led to blows, and they to the duel, in which both were wounded, and after which both were arrested and, unreconciled, were required to leave the kingdom.

The official *London Gazette*, covering the period from February 17th to February 20th, says that about a hundred and fifty men from the Borough of Sudbury, County of Sussex, begged leave to express to His Majesty “our Detestation and Abhorrence of the most unnatural Rebellion now subsisting . . . encouraged, we fear, by disaffected Persons as well on this as the other Side of the Atlantic.” They begged leave, further, to pledge to the King their support and to reaffirm their “hope and trust, that your Fleets and Armies, with the Assistance of Divine Providence, will soon chastise, and bring back to their Duty and Obedience, these deluded Persons, who may have dared to violate the Peace and good Order of your Majesty’s Dominions in America.”

On the twenty-first, the *Gazetteer* runs a letter from “Regulus,” who is pro-King but anti-Ministry, and writes, “When Government . . . claps a bayonet to the throat of the Colonist and cries, Your money, or your life! can it then be reasonably expected, while their brethren continue to wear the honourable badge of freedom, that they will bear the stigma, the brand of slavery, without resistance?”

Also, a brief, bleak news item: “The Annie, Capt. Pollock, arrived at Greenock in ballast from North-Carolina, in 24 days, brings a confirmation of the total defeat of Lord Dunmore’s



“If the election were held today, who would you like to take a punch at?”

army." Charles Fox, the *Morning Post* says, yesterday demanded, in Commons, an inquiry into the conduct of the war.

According to the *Gazetteer* of the twenty-second, Commons is considering the establishment of two new American colonies—East and West Florida. The American Congress in Philadelphia has adjourned. An executive committee of five—John Dickenson, John Jay, Thomas Johnson, Benjamin Harrison, and Dr. Franklin—will handle its affairs while the other delegates go home to consult their constituents "upon a matter which, they say, will not only be surprizing to Great Britain, but to all Europe." The King is reported to have signed treaties with several unspecified German princes to obtain more troops.

The *Gazetteer* of the twenty-second also contains a long, unsigned letter about the damage that will accrue to the Guards by sending them to America. The writer says they are the best troops in Europe, and he would confidently match any hundred of them picked at random against any hundred and fifty carefully selected troops from Germany or any other nation. The Guards have the best officers and the best men, too, and "these perfections are most of them useless in an American expedition." For one thing, the men are too tall to fit comfortably on board ship. For another, they are best at close-in fighting, not long-range. For still another, bad weather and bad diet could be their undoing. Let someone else do the dirty work abroad. "All these services will be better performed by marching regiments or marines, who are very respectable for their gallant behaviour on all occasions, but who are more accustomed to change of climates, can shift on less provisions, having shorter bodies to maintain, long accustomed to struggles with difficulties, under which numbers have perished, but who are more easy to be supplied, as their size is smaller."

On the twenty-sixth, the *Morning Post* presents another argument against sending the Guards abroad: apprehension about their going "makes the wives, and others dependant upon them for bread, also the creditors and parishes to whom they or their children may become chargeable, intend to petition her Majesty to intercede for the saving the lives of their husbands, as Queen Phillippae did to Edward the third, for saving the Frenchmen at Calais." At least one woman has already succumbed to despair. A young lady near Queen Square, the *General Evening Post* most lamentably reports, "was found hanging in her garter, at the foot of her bed; by some letters found in her pocket, it is supposed it was for the love of a young man lately set out a volunteer for America."

MARCH 1ST: Handel's "Messiah" will be performed tonight at the Theatre Royale, Covent Garden.

Yesterday, the *Morning Post* says, the two Indian chiefs on the scene were introduced to the King. "They were dressed in the habits of their own country, and made a splendid appearance." What His Majesty wore is unreported.

The *Chronicle* says that, according to a letter from Charles Town, South Carolina, Lord Dunmore is sending to the French and Spanish West Indies, in the hope of selling them there, two sloops full of Negroes "who had gone on board the men of war, with the foolish expectation of obtaining their freedom." The *Morning Post* says on the fourth that Dunmore set fire to Norfolk and Portsmouth, because the people there were annoying his warships. The paper adds that the whole Royal Army won't be assembled in America before mid-June. There has been great reluctance expressed here against serving in the militia; defending the homeland is one thing, but Englishmen "think very differently on being harassed because of American squabbles." There is an echo of this in the *Gazetteer*, wherein today it is reported that many soldiers of the Guards "have got themselves arrested for debt, and are now in the Fleet prison." The story goes on to explain, "The soldiers have declared their resolution, rather than go abroad to imbrue their hands in the blood of their fellow-subjects, they will die in imprisonment.—This has disconcerted the Ministry much, as it is feared this example will be followed by others of the soldiery destined to this unnatural service." Another factor to be considered, says the *Gazetteer* on the second, is that many Guards officers are also Members of Parliament, and may be needed there in the months ahead.

Nonetheless, says the *Chronicle* on the fifth, by now six hundred Guards have been drafted, and have been ordered to have their linen and everything in readiness or risk severe punishment. It adds, "A number of the soldiers designed to be sent to America have been for several days at close exercise in Somerset-gardens, learning to pitch camp tents and to strike them with expedition, from which it is conjectured the military gentlemen expect to have a very busy and dangerous campaign as soon as they take the field against the Provincials."

The American Mutiny Bill has been read for the third time in Commons and has passed, according to the *Chronicle* on the fifth.

In the House of Peers, the *Chronicle* states on March 7th, Lord Camden spoke up against the war, saying, "Why not treat with her before these mercenaries are landed, the very news of whose coming in all probability would render reconciliation impracticable?" The Duke of Richmond added that the Hessians were not only mercenaries but the most expensive ones on the market. In this same day's *Public Advertiser:* "The following concise Character of the Hessian Soldiery is given by a very candid Historian: 'In point of Discipline, they are alert, dexterous, and experienced; for we are to consider that the revenue of the Landgrave, about 120,000 £, per Annum, proceeds in great Part from the Subsidies his Troops bring him in from foreign Powers: Hence the Policy and Necessity of having a well-disciplined Army. However, that Zeal and Ardour which should animate the Breast of every Soldier, we must not expect to find in Men trained to Arms under a despotic Prince merely to be the Butchers of human Kind. In the most abject Slavery they draw the Sword; and as they are never actuated by Principle, or fight for the Wreath of Honour, it is a Matter of little Consequence to them whether they conquer or are conquered, so they fill the Coffers of their Prince.' "

The *Gazetteer* reports on March 7th that the Duke of Richmond said that the British were afraid to put Ethan Allen on trial, lest he be acquitted. Lord Suffolk demurred; he said that Allen could have been convicted, all right, but that that might have led to retaliation against British prisoners in America. Lord Talbot, in support of Lord Effingham's charge that some American provinces had falsified their population figures to the Colonial Congress so they would be able to supply it with fewer men and less money, declared that Effingham "has certainly hit off one leading feature of the Americans," and explains, "His Lordship tells you, that even in the midst of their zeal for freedom and independency, they were not able to conquer their natural propensity to fraud and concealment."

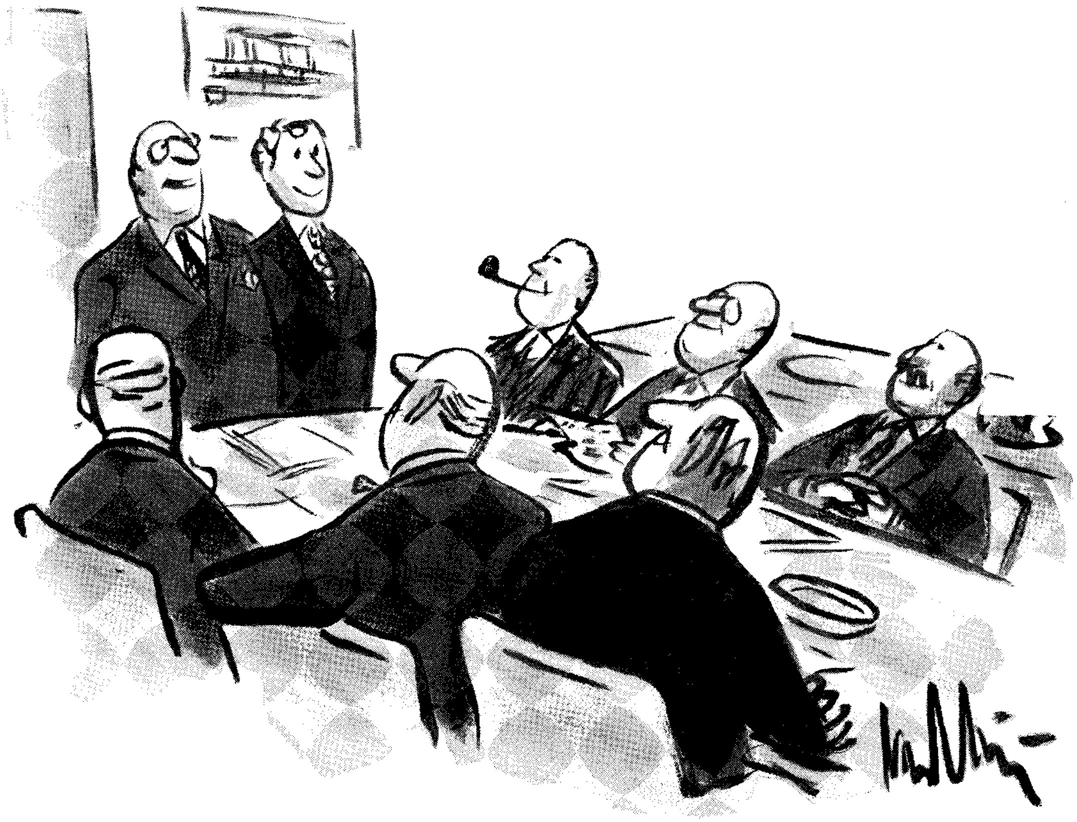
The *Morning Post* of March 9th strikes back at Talbot: "The Duke of Richmond said last Tuesday that he hoped the brave Lord Howe was not sent to America for the dishonourable and barbarous purpose of burning their towns. In reply to which, Lord Talbot, with a *sangfroid* that disgusted every one that heard him, said their docks and towns ought to be burnt." Commenting on the imminent departure of the Guards, the paper says, further, "The officers uniforms are in every respect the same as that of the private men, to prevent as much as possible the future designs of the provincial riflemen, who picked out so many brave officers at the affair at Bunker's hill." (Not so, says the *Chronicle* five days later. The officers will be differentiated from their men by silver lace. Also, they are taking with them to America a new instrument, resembling a French horn but with only one turn, for better sounding in the woods.) Among the *Morning Post's* domestic offerings: "Letters from Yorkshire mention the marriage of Miss Pitt, late Lady Ligonier, to a young farmer of that county, remarkable for his athletic mould; it seems she saw him but once, and fell most desperately in love with him."

"The loss of a ship taken by the Provincials is like to make work for the Lawyers," says the *Chronicle* on March 11th, "the underwriters declaring they are not *pirates*, and the policy not providing against *rebels*." There have been discussions about the cost of the loss of Hessians, too: the Ministry wants to pay the Prince of Hesse twenty pounds for each one dead and ten pounds for each dangerously wounded, but the Prince is insisting on thirty and fourteen pounds respectively. Whatever the outcome of these negotiations, there are going to be new taxes at home on wines, windows, and wheel carriages. The old carriage tax was twenty shillings a year per wheel; the new tax is to be thirty. Up at Cambridge University, there was a debate, on March 4th, at Robin Hood, on the question of "Whether endeavouring to carry the measures of Administration, respecting America, by force, will not ultimately tend to the destruction of the liberties of the whole empire?" The affirmative side won, though but narrowly.

March 12th: Some news has come through, according to the *Chronicle*. General Charles Lee has taken over New York, and this means that Governor Tryon and the other British are likely to be deprived of fresh water, "the consequences of which will probably be, that the town will be served as Norfolk, in Virginia, was, on a like occasion, blown about their ears."

The American Mutiny Bill, the papers report on the fourteenth, has had its third reading in the House of Peers and has passed.

In Commons, says the *Morning Post*, Mr. Tufnel, M.P., has complained about an appropriation of twenty-six thousand pounds for pickles and vinegar for the troops at Boston. "Did the army eat nothing but pickles?" he demanded. "They must have breakfasted, dined, and supped on them, if the pickles were fairly bought and charged." The *Post* says the Guards



"On behalf of everyone here, I take great pleasure in welcoming Saunders to the top of the heap."

• •

are of good cheer, "maugre all the lying reports propagated to the contrary." Their officers and sergeants, notes the *Public Advertiser*, on going to America, "are to lay aside their Spontoons and Halberts, instead of which they are to use Fusees." Mrs. Gr— of the Drury Lane Theatre, the *Post* says, absorbingly, is going to America with them to entertain them by playing tragic characters in Boston. The *General Evening Post* notes, without amplification, that "eighty women are allowed to attend the battalion of guards to America."

The *Morning Post* of the fifteenth states, "Government received some intelligence yesterday from America, which has alarmed them beyond measure; some say that advice is brought of Quebec's having capitulated; others that Boston has been taken by storm, after great slaughter on both sides:—We hope to be able in a few days to lay the particulars before our readers." More on the Guards from the *Morning Post* a day later: "The officers who have shewn most alacrity in going to America, have been generally promoted, which shews that government wants to create an artificial spirit in the army for that service; certainly it is not a national one." Apparently, there has been a lack of alacrity elsewhere, too, for the next day's *Gazetteer* says, "Perhaps there cannot be a more certain truth of the universal want of officers in the navy, than when we read in the public coffee-houses advertisements for gentlemen to serve as Midshipmen, which are now exhibited, to the disgrace of the naval service."

Another debate is planned at Cambridge, says the *Chronicle*, this time arguing "Whether Dr. Price's assertion, that the Americans have half a million of *determined fighting men*, is supportable?" Dr. Price's views, says an ad in *Lloyd's*, may be found in the just published pamphlet "An Enquiry, Whether the Guilt of the present Civil War in America ought to be imputed to Great Britain or America."

On the nineteenth, the *Chronicle* reports that His Majesty will today review a brigade of the Foot Guards, destined for America, on Wimbledon Common. Wearing their new uniforms, they will engage in bush-fighting maneuvers. To help them out in their forthcoming adventure, the government has ordered ten thousand pickaxes, shovels, hatchets, and spikes. The largely Protestant Americans have acted foolishly around Montreal, the paper further observes, by imposing restrictions on Catholics. "The behaviour of the Provincials . . . has lost them the warm hearts of the Canadians, even of the lower order of the people," it says. "The denying them the free exercise of their religion, was indeed a most impolitic stroke, and has already done their cause much harm."

There are advertisements in the *Morning Post* of the nineteenth for "Johnsoniana; or a Collection of Bon Mots, &c. by Dr. Johnson, and Others;" and for American Cabbage Seed (rising, in good land, to eighty pounds a cabbage), American Cock's Foot Grass, German Dog's Tail Grass, and Hungarian Clover. The *London Gazette* announces that the King has proclaimed a bounty of three pounds for all Able Seamen between the ages of eighteen and fifty who join the Navy on or before April 30th.

"There is news arrived from America, but of what nature is kept a profound secret," the *Morning Post* says on the twentieth. Still, it reports on the twenty-first that the "Philadelphians, by an invention of Dr. Franklin, have built Caissons about three leagues down the river, where it is very narrow, by which scheme they can prevent any shipping come up, and at the same time admit either up or down any they have a mind to." And the *Gazetteer* has a letter from Cork, where some ship has presumably come in at some time or other, itemizing the losses when the vessel Queen of England was taken by the Provincials back in September—seventeen hundred barrels of pork, five hundred firkins of butter, and a hundred casks of meal, potatoes, cheese, bacon, and candles.

In the *Gazetteer* of the twenty-second, word that the Lord Mayor of London's own body, the Common Council, has voted, eleven to two (with four abstentions and many absentees) in favor of Dr. Price's pamphlet on liberty—to which, Dr. Price declared, "every member of society and all civil communities, have a natural, an unalienable right," and of which right, he asserted, the Colonies were persuaded that the British were trying to rob them. The next day's *Morning Post* reports that the Lord Mayor and some Councilmen and Aldermen have delivered a petition to His Majesty at St. James's saying they hope that he will present acceptable terms of reconciliation to the Colonies before total warfare ensues. The King has replied, to his visitors' disappointment, "I deplore, with the deepest concern, the miseries which a great part of my subjects in North America have brought upon themselves, by an unjustifiable resistance to the constitutional authority of this kingdom; and I shall be ready and happy to alleviate those miseries by acts of mercy and clemency, whenever that authority is established, and the now existing rebellion is at an end. To obtain these salutary purposes, I will invariably pursue the most proper and effectual means."

Farther along in the *Morning Post* is a letter from "an Officer, who served two Campaigns at Boston, without Pickles," addressed to General Thomas Gage (the British commander there not long since), and telling the General that his name will go into posterity "with ignominy and disgrace," because he let his officers, who were worthless riffraff, cheat their soldiers in the distribution of provisions.

In the Cambridge debate on Dr. Price's views, the *Chronicle* tells us on the twenty-fifth, the vote went against him. There is a second item, this one of less intellectual import, from that outlying academic community. Hearing a dog bark and glass break in an ironmonger's home, a servant and the owner's son grabbed weapons and rushed into the parlor to grapple with the intruder. They found flopping around on the floor a pike, which had entered from an adjacent cistern.

The American Mutiny Bill has received Royal Assent.

"Humanitas" has a letter in the March 26th *Gazetteer* excoriating the Tories and extolling the Americans who "nobly contemned voluntary slavery, and bravely determined not to suffer their posterity to reproach them with having given up their sacred and inestimable rights, without using every means in their power to preserve them." A gentleman has arrived from Virginia, moreover, with disturbing news of the behavior of some British soldiers on a small offshore island there, inhabited by one poor family with twenty sheep. The outlanders commandeered the livestock, and when the owner protested, the "inhuman wretches" set his house afire.

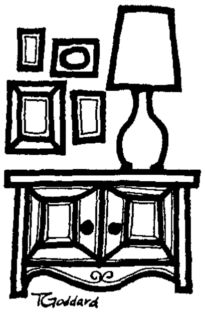
A letter from "Seneca" in the *Gazetteer* of March 28th says, "Of all the wars that a nation can be engaged in, civil war is the most to be dreaded." But perhaps such a war may be avoided, if credence can be given to a tidbit that the *Gazetteer* has picked up while listening to some hums on the 'Change. Since the government won't treat with the existing Congress at Philadelphia, the rumor has it, the Americans are going to establish a different one, and as a result of this "a reconciliation between the Colonies and the Mother Country may soon be expected to take place."

April 1st: The *London Gazette*, His Majesty's own paper, says that a regiment of the Hereditary Prince of Hesse Cassel has arrived at Spithead from Willemstadt. "They are preparing for their immediate Departure for North America," readers are informed. Today's *Morning Post* says that the Guards, too, are almost set to leave. They are nearing Portsmouth, and when they reach its waterside they will "be immediately shipped on board the transports, to prevent the fatal effects of a numerous desertion, which might otherwise be expected;—the officers and men are in high spirits, and depart with hopes of being not a little instrumental in bringing back the colonies to a sense of that duty they certainly owe to the mother country." More than two thousand horses are going along; they have been insured, according to the *Gazetteer*, for eight pounds each.

"Does it not almost seem incredible," the *Chronicle* asks on this same day, "that the persons who compose the present arbitrary [American] Congress, should dare to stile themselves Friends to Liberty, when they force loyal subjects to fight against their King and Country; and not only so, but threaten every one who writes or even speaks a word in favour of the constitution with the loss of life, liberty, and property. If such persons are not diabolical tyrants, who are?" This does not seem to have been written tongue in cheek; accordingly, it is quite uncommon, for most of the papers—the *London Gazette*, of course, excepted—seem far more sympathetic, day in and day out, to the rebel cause than to His Majesty, Lord North, and the rest of the Tory Ministers, though the *Morning Post* does occasionally have a kinder word for them than the others.

The next day's *Chronicle* serves up two items of interest and perhaps of import, though neither has any attribution. First, "We are informed, that previous to the operations of the army, on their arrival in America, a Proclamation will be issued, offering a free pardon to all that shall lay down their arms, and specifying the terms that will be expected of each Province." Second, "The march of the draughts from several regiments having been countermanded, a report instantly spread, that the whole embarkations were put a stop to, and that terms were agreed on with the Americans." And the same day, in the *Morning Post*, a brief note to the effect that six felony convicts who were released from prison on consenting to serve in the King's Navy evidently changed their minds and escaped from a sloop to which they had been transported. Three of them are, however, soon recaptured.

The April 3rd *Chronicle* carries a letter written in Philadelphia on February 13th, again, surprisingly, anti-American in tone. The Congress there is said to be "as arbitrary as the Inquisition in Spain," and the writer insists that when His Majesty's troops turn up, "the Congress will not find so many friends here as they imagine." Indeed, the rebels are experiencing so much difficulty in recruitment around Boston that they are signing up men for merely one month's service, and "it would appear as if the spirit and vigour of the Americans were dying away among themselves; and the next ships that arrive from either of these places, will probably bring a confirmation of it." The *Gazetteer* this day cites as possible evidence of a move toward reconciliation the circumstance that American physicians and surgeons are not being called up for service when expected. "It is confidently asserted, that Government have had terms proposed by the Congress."



The day's *Public Advertiser* hews closer to what has become the standard journalistic line. "It has long been a vulgar Piece of Witticism," this paper has it, "when any Thing has been practiced for being curious, to say, 'three or four of them only came over in five Ships.' Forced and ridiculous as this is in Conversation, a late Transaction of the Ministry has realized it as a Fact; for out of the Provision Article of Hogs lately sent to Boston [as many as four hundred of them to a ship, according to the *London Evening-Post*], we can assure the Public, that what from Diseases, and other Accidents, five Ships landed only four Hogs, which, after paying every Expence, stood Government in the very moderate Sum of Eleven Hundred Pounds per Hog."

Lloyd's has a letter from "Pro Patria Semper," who has got the whole situation boiled down to plain alternatives: "Great Britain must pursue one of two lines of conduct, with regard to her refractory Colonies; she must either put up with the loss of all her expence, and emancipate them for ever, or reduce them to that state of dependence which Subjects owe to the Supreme Authority in every Empire."

The *General Evening Post* of April 6th through 9th presents nine short excerpts from Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," reprints of which do not appear in any of the other journals I have perused. Authorship of the tract is credited to "one of the leading Members of the Continental Congress." Among the passages quoted are "I challenge the warmest advocate for reconciliation to shew a single advantage that this continent can reap by being connected with Great Britain" and "A government of our own is *our natural right;* and when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs, he will become convinced, that it is infinitely wiser and safer to form A CONSTITUTION of our own, in a cool, deliberate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance."

On April 11th, just about every London daily carries what the *Chronicle* calls an "EXTRAORDINARY" reprint from the *Bristol Journal* of April 8th. It appears that the sail Snow Dickenson, under Captain William Meston, was dispatched from Philadelphia to Nantz, in Old France, to discharge a cargo valued at six thousand pounds (mostly flour, beeswax, barrel staves, and spermaceti candles) and to take back to the rebels a shipload of ordnance (guns, bayonets, ramrods, gunpowder, and whatever else they could procure). But the mate and the rest of the crew, who had been compelled against their will to serve on the Dickenson at the outset, mutinied at sea and brought the ship instead to Bristol. This marks the first time since the passage of the act granting seamen rewards for thus diverting an American vessel that such an event has occurred.

There is further good news for the Tories in the *Chronicle* of the twelfth: "A gentleman just arrived from Virginia reports that the whole American hope depends on their unanimity, which when he came away appeared rather dubious; that many American patriots, like some others, were beginning to shift for themselves; and that it was very apparent that at least two thirds of the inhabitants only waited

Today, it's three consecutive executive meetings, two fall presentations and a plane to catch. All before lunch. And here I come in the most un-hectic twosome ever to whisk through a weekday. Pointelle pullover, $26, and pull-on skirt, $32, in airweight apricot or blue acrylic, sizes small, medium or large. Third Floor Sweater Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

The harder my schedules—the softer my knits, and they're from Saks Fifth Avenue

the fortuitous arrival of some of the government's forces to favour their defection from the *general cause*, as it is there called." The *Morning Post* counters with some bad news: "One circumstance in the present American war, is very much to the advantage of the colonies, which is, that the farther back the cattle are driven, the better they may subsist. Which will very much enable them to make a desert of the country, wherever the Royal army moves."

The next day, the *London Evening-Post* says bluntly, "All thoughts of a reconciliation (if any such ever existed here) are now entirely abandoned; and, of course, will be so in America. The longest sword is to determine it." The *Evening-Post* believes that the importance of the arrival of the Snow Dickenson at Bristol may be overrated. "It is wonderful the ministerial runners and writers have cooked up no lie, out of the intelligence brought by the Dickenson," it says. "What! no terms from the Congress!"

The *Gazetteer* says on April 17th, disturbingly, that some of the Guards heading toward America have spent all their advance money at Petersfield and Chichester en route to their departure points, and have had to be advanced more money, so they won't decamp.

Lloyd's of the seventeenth has a resolute letter from a man in Manchester: "National honour alone requires a severe chastisement of unprovoked insolence, and the contemptuous treatment of their Mother Country, by her rude, rebellious Sons. The British Lion has long been kicked and insulted, and it is high time that he should rouse himself." But can this be efficacious? A letter from Norfolk, Virginia, written on January 30th by an older gentleman who hopes to return to England, and printed by the *Chronicle* on April 18th, makes one wonder: "What I always apprehended from the violence of Governor Dunmore's conduct, is now come to pass; the people of this colony are universally irritated, and in arms. . . . The spirit of resistance is very general, and must produce much bloodshed in attempting to reduce the people to unconditional submission. I don't think it is possible. The prospect is dreadful."

The *Chronicle* has some not terribly encouraging details to offer about the mercenaries being mustered for America. "The baggage of the general officers alone of the Hessian troops, 'tis said, would freight two transports of 300 tons each," the paper asserts. "The above gentlemen have not only their coaches on board, but have laid in such quantities of every kind of camp and other furniture, with Rhenish wines, old hock, Westphalia hams, and other stores, that they rather seem to be going to settle in America than to serve as soldiers."

On the twenty-fifth, the *Chronicle* reports that Lord North, in the Prime Minister's long-awaited speech on the new budget, has said, if one can believe him, that "America should not be treated with temper, [but] with moderation, and even with as much affection as possible." Be that as it may, the press cannot regard with anything like affection the substance of his remarks. He proposes new taxes—presumably to defray the interest on a loan that the government must take out to cover the mounting costs of the civil war—on certain types of carriages, on all deeds, on dice, on playing cards, and on newspapers, the price of most of which will rise from two and a half to three pence. The reaction of the *Public Advertiser* is typical: "With this Article he [North] made very merry as a great Luxury, and expressed his Astonishment, that under a despotic Minister Twelve Million Three Hundred and Twenty-four Thousand News-Papers should be stamped yearly at the Office, and did not doubt but that rather than not have the Pleasure of seeing such a Minister daily abused, the Curious and the Politicians would with Pleasure give the other Halfpenny; and this Tax he computed at 18,000 £." The new taxes are calculated to bring in seventy-three thousand pounds; the interest on the war loan is sixty-four thousand.

His Lordship's sarcasm toward the press provokes the *London Evening-Post*, on the twenty-fifth, to retort in similar vein: "We hear that General Lee, the moment he heard the *guards* were to be sent out to America, (knowing the great attention this *military* tribe have ever paid to their complexions) gave the following short order to his soldiers (in imitation of Caesar, before the battle of Pharsalia) *feriri faciem*—strike the faces."

The *Morning Post* of the twenty-seventh has a letter from the West Indies, written February 16th, quoting "a very intelligent Virginian," who describes Hancock as "that good natured fool," Adams as "a clever, unprincipled bankrupt," and Jefferson and Henry as "outrageous republicans." Washington "was originally an overseer of negroes; and became great by marrying his master's widow," the letter writer declares, adding, "He is naturally a covetous parsimonious man."

The *Gazetteer* says on April 29th that two hundred barrels of porter have been shipped to His Majesty's soldiers in America. The paper comments that inasmuch as many of the hired German troops have not yet even left the Continent to rendezvous with their transports in England, they will probably not reach Boston before the end of July.

THE *Chronicle* computes in its May 3rd issue that to pay for forty thousand soldiers in America, "which our Scotch ministers have determined shall be there this summer to give the *cowardly rebels a compleat crash*," will cost two million four hundred and fifty-three thousand three hundred and fifty-five pounds. On a subject closer to home, the paper has an anonymous correspondent the next day saying that "Lord North's lately telling an already oppressed public, that newspapers are such a *luxury* to them, he must tax them an additional halfpenny, puts him in mind of the *fat* and *starved* Friar in the Duenna, where the former (who is supposed to be wallowing in all the delights of sensuality) arraigns the latter (who is the picture of death), of his *gormandizing* and *revelling*."

Another correspondent, a lady lately at Boston, has told the *Chronicle*, "The Provincials marched in with a regularity seldom observed by the best disciplined troops upon such occasions."

Also on the fourth, the *Gazetteer* gets in a telling thrust against the Prime Minister's burdensome new tax, this in the form of a letter to Lord North from "A Briton," who says, "The subjects of the British empire have, since the Revolution, closely annexed their constitutional liberty with the press; and are firmly persuaded (upon the justest grounds) that an attack upon the latter is obliquely aimed to eradicate the former. The opinion publickly entertained of the additional stamp on newspapers is, that administration are in hopes it will stop in a great measure their circulation; the motive is too obvious, and evidently demonstrates the temper and inclination of men in power."

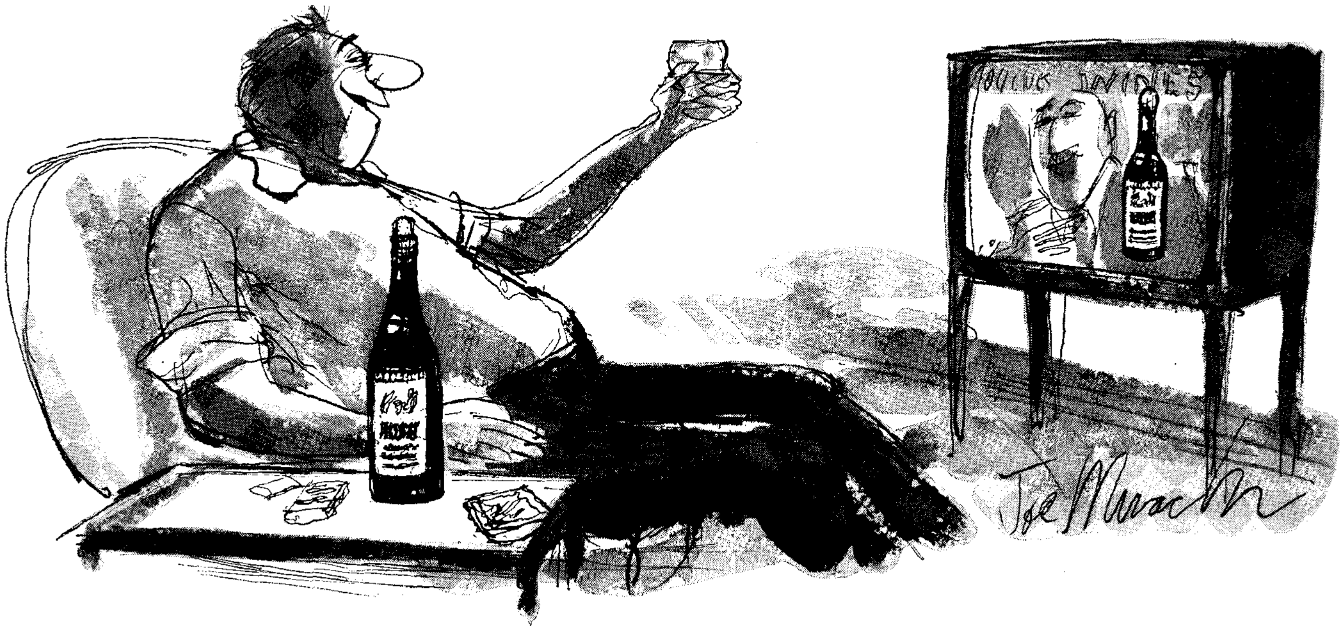
Much of the war news, such as it is, differs little from one newspaper to another, but in the *Chronicle* is some intelligence I have perceived nowhere else: "It is said that the great scarcity and high price of butter is principally owing to the large quantities bought up for the use of the German troops on the American front, those people being remarkably fond of a *toast buttered on both sides*."

Another letter, in the May 4th *Gazetteer*, is from Boston, and was written on March 25th. It says that General Howe, after fourteen days of cannonading, has left and sailed toward Halifax. "We are in great distress: the spectacle truly terrible. I wish to God I was with you.—P.S. The Provincials entered Boston with drums beating and colours flying." Lord Howe, the General's older brother, is on the high seas somewhere, moving in a westerly direction.

The *Morning Post* says the Commons has authorized His Majesty thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-three pounds to spend on artillery for the Hessians. "Sir Peter Parker, with his few remaining ships, are said to be arrived in the Leeward Islands in a most miserable condition," the *Morning Post* continues. "The expedition to destroy the Southern Colonies is thus rendered abortive; and the intention to destroy the Northern is also defeated, by driving the army from Boston."

With respect to the Howe brothers' mission as Commissioners to the Colonies, the *Gazetteer* presents an "authentic letter from a Quaker at Philadelphia" on the eighth, to the effect that "I can assure you if they have it not in commission to disclaim the power of the British Parliament to tax America, they may as well stay at home." The following day, the *Chronicle* offers a letter of its own from Philadelphia (this one written March 6th): "I now apprehend the time is not far off, that the colonies will set up an independent standard, to which thousands will flock to shake off the yoke of Great Britain."

Still another correspondent, of a sarcastic turn of mind, rejoices in the *Chronicle* of May 10th that the British abdication from Boston on March 17th went so well, and he is convinced that if the trend continues it will be only a matter of a couple of months before "old Putnam's, Lee's and Washington's heads, together with some of the principal Congressional, and other rebel noddles, may arrive in pickle, previous to their being duly exalted on Westminster-hall and Temple Bar." And word has come in from a person in Georgia, whose residents have heard that foreign troops have been bought to suppress the rebellion. "That circumstance has more exasperated them



"Sold!"

than all their proceedings before; and they have no thoughts now but to throwing off the dependency on the mother country."

General Howe, in his evacuation of Boston, left a lot of documents behind, the *Morning Post* reveals on May 10th. One was a letter to him written February 11th by a William Smith, of New York, urging the General to come there by way of Long Island, an area that Smith describes as "very fertile, abounding in wheat, and every other kind of corn, innumerable black cattle, sheep, hogs, &c." As for New York City itself, Smith assures Howe that "all the principal inhabitants are at heart with the crown . . . but as the mob now commands, prudence forbids them to declare, without a military force." On May 11th, the *Chronicle* accuses the official *London Gazette* of having falsely portrayed Howe's departure from Boston; it doubts very much the *Gazette's* implication that he left like "the march of a regiment in time of peace from one country town to another." Concerning that withdrawal, the *Chronicle* points out, Lord Shelburne "laughed at the form of words used by a noble lord in office, who had said that General Howe only *shifted a position*, and shewed that the description of the King's troops evacuating Boston by no means agreed with the common use of that phrase." Another noble lord, the Duke of Manchester, has proposed that His Majesty let the House of Peers be privy to dispatches received from General Howe by the government from March 1st. His Grace has warned that "the quarrel [with America] was founded in injustice, pursued with wanton cruelty, and in the end threatened ruin to the empire." If the war continues much longer, he has cautioned further, "it is not from Britain America must seek for pardon, but Britain must from America ask forgiveness of the wild ravage her unreasonable claims have made." The Duke's seemingly not unreasonable request is voted down, sixty-four to twenty-seven.

From the *Chronicle* of May 16th: "The voyage to the South Sea, to be now prosecuted by Capt. Clarke and Cooke, is to attempt a landing on California, whose inhabitants were originally of Japan, and are supposed to have travelled into the remote and western parts of America."

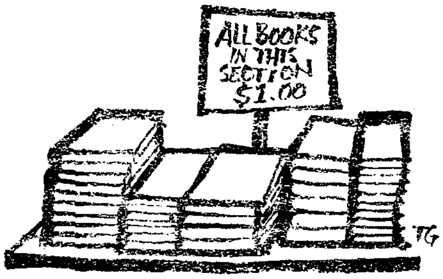
A packet has arrived at Falmouth, says the *Gazetteer* of the seventeenth, with news of General Howe, and people at that port and at Plymouth (the English one) "who had formed the greatest expectations from the total overthrow of the *dastardly Americans*" are "in the utmost consternation, and their sanguine hopes entirely vanished."

In the *Gazetteer* of May 18th, we hear from "A New-Yorker" who suspects the authenticity of the confiscated letter purportedly penned by William Smith to General Howe. The correspondent says that to a British newspaper audience a letter thus describing Long Island may seem wonderfully accurate, but "to General Howe or any American, it appears very stupid." How did England get wind of this letter, anyhow, the New Yorker demands. "No ship has come from Boston to bring such intelligence, and letters do not fly." It was more likely yet another fabrication, to be added to "the long catalogue of feeble and wicked attempts that have been made to deceive the public, concerning the true sentiments of people in the province of New York."

On its own, two days later, the *Gazetteer* furnishes some scathing "Intelligence" that has been patently and lightheartedly fabricated, conceivably by its drama critic:

> On the 17th of March was played at Boston, New-England, a concert of vocal and instrumental music, with dancing. Performers, Mess. Washington and Putnam, and sundry engineers. Many of the instruments, entirely new, were cast at Woolwich [the British arsenal] last summer. Principal dancers, Mess. Howe and [Admiral] Shuldham, with about 8000 others. It was allowed by the spectators, that the tune of Yankee Doodle was danced with admirable dexterity, and that all the dancers exhibited an uncommon light heel, seldom known to Britons before. To which was added, a variety of tumblings. The scenes of land and water offered an amazing contrast.

"Of the five expeditions planned by Administration, in order to prosecute the war against America at the opening of the present campaign," reports the *Chronicle* on the twenty-second, "every one of them have miscarried, viz. that under Lord Cornwallis and Sir Peter Parker; that under Lord Dunmore, and the Negro Slaves and Regulators; that under General Clinton; that designed for the Relief of Quebec, which should have left the channel by the 20th of April at farthest; and the grand one of all designed to effectuate a complete conquest of the province of Massachusett's Bay, under the command of General Howe, with the assistance of 12,000 Hessians." Howe decided to quit Boston on March 10th, the *Chronicle* adds, one week before his actual pullout. He had provisions for only three more weeks, which circumstance led to that conclusion. His whereabouts are now not known.



Directing its attention to America southward, the *Chronicle* says, "The Congress of Pennsylvania was one of those who voted against the question, 'That it was the interest of America to aim at independency.' For which heinous offense they are regarded with a jealous eye by the Delegates of those Colonies who were for the question. This circumstance is much in our favour. The ingenuity of our Administrations of late years united the Colonies and drove them to rebellion; nothing can so effectually quench their spirit, defeat their rebellious resolutions, and serve the interest of Great Britain, as the Colonies quarrelling among themselves."

From the *Daily Advertiser* of May 22nd, one senses the frustrations that must often afflict the captains of the ships plying the Atlantic. Here is a letter from Ireland recounting the travails of one captain, who has just returned to Europe as a passenger. He took his ship out from Ireland at the end of October, his destination Boston; ran into heavy gales; and, after thirteen weeks at sea, arrived, battered and leaking, off New York. He sent his mate ashore to seek help. The mate was captured. Then the ship, with its captain, was captured. The captain's round trip consumed nearly six months, in the course of which he accomplished nothing save the loss of his ship.

"Dorchester Hill was taken in a very curious manner," says the *Chronicle*, providing further details, on the twenty-third, of what had happened around Boston in March. "The rebels provided 500 bundles of screwed hay, which they shoved before them, and under cover thereof they mounted the heights, where they immediately fortified themselves, having brought the timber ready framed." Their unorthodox and perhaps ungentlemanly tactics did not stop there; they also had hogsheads and barrels filled with sand, which they proposed rolling down the hill if Howe's men should be rash enough to start up it. The *Gazetteer* says on May 22nd that there have been no dispatches from

General Howe for fifty-seven days.

May 24th: The King spoke to both Houses of Parliament yesterday. As the *Chronicle* records his address, he said, "I will still entertain a hope that my rebellious subjects may be awakened to a sense of their errors, and that, by a voluntary return to their duty, they will justify me in bringing about the favourite wish of my heart, the restoration of harmony and the reëstablishment of order and happiness in every part of my dominions. But if a due submission should not be obtained from such motives and such dispositions on their part, I trust that I shall be able, under the blessing of Providence, to effectuate it by a full exertion of the great force with which you have intrusted me."

The House of Commons has also voted on a request, says the *Morning Post*, for the royal orders to General Howe to be made public. Edmund Burke rose to say that the Administration's measures "were full of blunders, their designs attended by an uncommon fatality, and the execution of their orders were such as served to heighten the spirit of the Americans, and disgrace the glory of England." The resolution was defeated, a hundred and seventy-one to eighty-five. "Yesterday," says the *Morning Post*, "the workmen finished beautifying the equestrian statue of the King in Leicester-square."

The *Chronicle* has come by a letter dated March 15th, from Annapolis, Maryland, that says, "We most heartily wish the Commissioners were arrived that we understand are appointed to settle matters, and most sincerely pray a stop may be put to so unnatural and bloody a contest, but are afraid it is gone too far now to be settled any other way than by the sword and the loss of the Colonies to Britain."

The precise nature of the new taxes has been announced. After June 1st, it will be sixpence on each new deck of cards, and two-and-six on each new pair of dice; after July 5th, it will be an extra halfpenny on every newspaper.

The *Chronicle* reports on May 28th that "New York was entirely destroyed, but whether by the Provincials, after the manner of Norfolk, or by the King's troops, it is not said."

At far greater length, the *Chronicle* pursues the Hessians:

> The ensuing campaign in America is likely to be exceedingly bloody; the humane reply of Gen. Washington to Gen. Howe's request [its nature is not given], and the mercy in consequence shewn to his half-starved and retreating army, received the universal applause of the whole Provincial soldiery. But such is the spirit of resentment conceived by those troops against the German mercenaries, hired (as they construe the measure) for the express purpose of establishing German slavery in the place of their birth-right, American liberty, that the officers will find it impossible to restrain their indignant fury against those devoted legions. The private men have already signified their determined resolution neither to give nor take quarter of any German soldier fighting in the cause of the Ministerial quarrel with America; they say it would be a dishonour to accept their lives at the hands of base slaves sold by their Prince to spread the evils of war and desolation, amongst a people, with whom he has no difference; and that it can be no more morally wrong to put to death wretches who come under such a description, than to destroy any other noxious animal.

A warning to the Americans in the *Morning Post*, as usual relatively pro-Tory, on the twenty-eighth: They will soon learn that "if they do not listen to and accept the reasonable terms proposed to them, that that part of our navy which is on their coast will have it in their power totally to annihilate their sea force in the course of the present summer."

"We are assured," says the *Gazetteer* on May 29th, "that on the evacuation of Boston the great medicine chest of the Regulars was left behind, and consequently fell into the hands of General Washington, which, with a humanity and politeness, not the usual characteristics of a *rebel*, he sent after them to Halifax." By now we have all been assured that that is where General Howe has gone.

The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, says the *Morning Chronicle* on the thirty-first, is, after all the negotiations, to receive eighteen pounds for each of his hirelings dead. No figure is cited for those merely incapacitated.

Lloyd's has a letter from Liverpool dated May 24th and attributing to a young gentleman at Bristol the intelligence that the American "Congress have agreed to erect themselves into a free and independent state, and though they have not formally declared it, yet they have published two Books under the name of Common Sense, wherein their principles are avowed, and which, on being read by their troops, had determined numbers to lay down their arms, as they could not think of adopting the Independency proposed by Congress in those publications."

ON June 5th, the *Chronicle* divulges some novel information: "The very violent pamphlet, intitled 'Common Sense' was printed first at Phila-

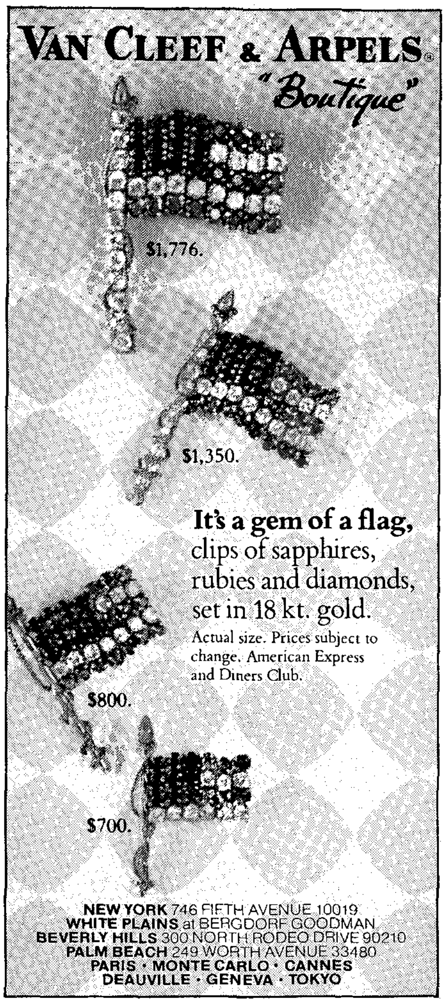
You never have to expose yourself to the ups and downs of the market when you buy Catto's Gold. It's a steady, consistent performer. Throughout the world, its extraordinary smooth taste has set the standard for scotch since the turn of the century. Today, it's an exceptionally good buy. We think it will turn out to be the best investment you'll ever make in a scotch.

Now is the time to invest in Gold.

CATTO
CATTO
IMPORTED
CATTO
Gold Label
SCOTCH WHISKY

Catto's Gold Label
A smart investment
in a big scotch

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky.
Imported by James Catto & Co., N.Y. ©1976.


VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
"Boutique"

$1,776.
$1,350.

It's a gem of a flag,
clips of sapphires,
rubies and diamonds,
set in 18 kt. gold.
Actual size. Prices subject to change. American Express and Diners Club.

$800.
$700.

NEW YORK 746 FIFTH AVENUE 10019
WHITE PLAINS at BERGDORF GOODMAN
BEVERLY HILLS 300 NORTH RODEO DRIVE 90210
PALM BEACH 249 WORTH AVENUE 33480
PARIS · MONTE CARLO · CANNES
DEAUVILLE · GENEVA · TOKYO

Shop by Mail

The Horchow Collection Christmas Catalogues give you the pleasure of unhurried, unharried Christmas shopping at home with exclusive, exciting and imaginative selections of gifts from the practical to the luxe. Send for yours today at NO CHARGE.

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY__________STATE/ZIP__________
MAIL YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO

THE
HORCHOW
COLLECTION

P.O. BOX 34257, DEPT. 04535
DALLAS, TEXAS 75234

delphia, and is said to be wrote by Mess. Hancock and Adams, and some say that Dr. Franklin assisted; but his friends give out that there is an abusive stile and illiberality of sentiment runs throughout the performance inconsistent with the good sense and spirit of the writings of that great philosopher." The paper does not provide any examples of the style. "Common Sense," it goes on, has been printed in England, but with many deletions. Some pro-Americans familiar with the complete text have filled in the blanks, and the *Chronicle* has been made privy to the uncut version but will refrain from publishing any portion of it, "because if we did, we might justly be accused of printing more foul-mouth'd abuse against our gracious Sovereign [the tongue is in the cheek again] than ever yet issued from the press of this country."

"Lord Sandwich has assured the King," the *Morning Post* says—for an instant, reassuringly—on June 6th, "that the naval preparations of the Americans consist merely of trifling privateers; that their men are cowardly and ill led, and those which have hitherto engaged his frigates as contemptible as possible." Now for the bad news: "The Yankees answer these epithets by attacking his frigates wherever they meet them."

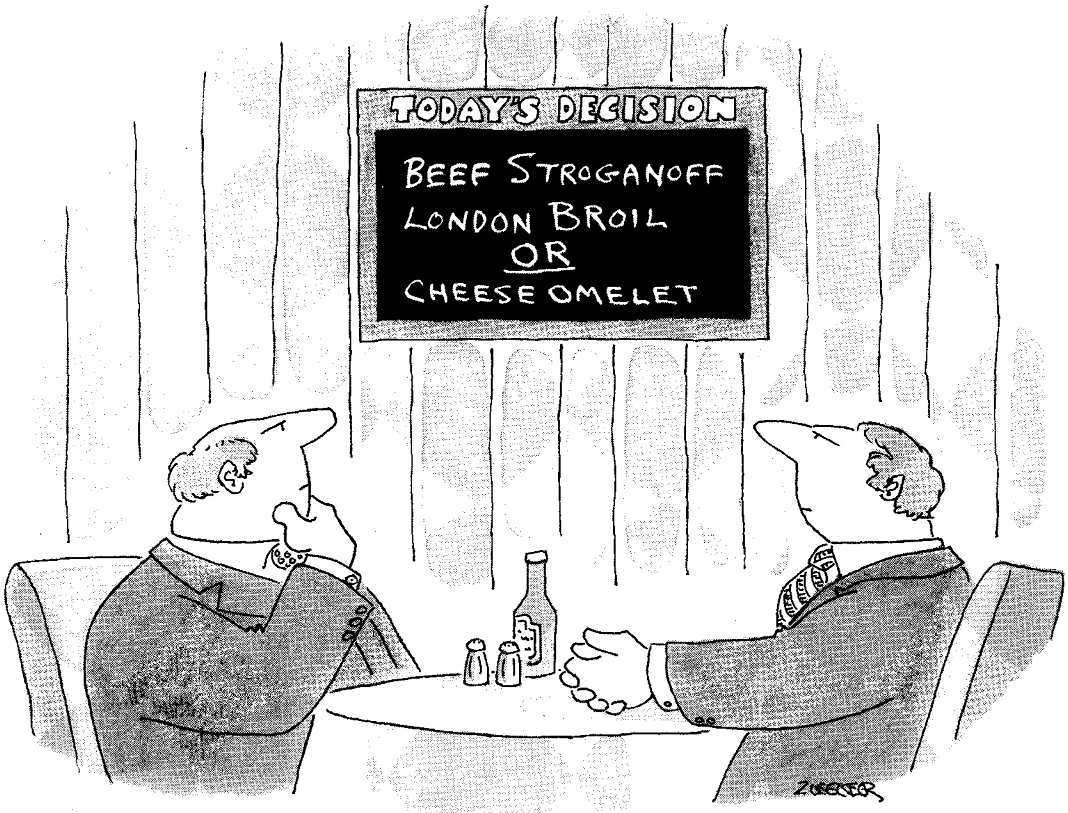
It took General Howe thirty days, the *Chronicle* of the seventh reports, to get from Boston to Halifax. A letter from New York, how many days under way we are not told, says, "We are but men, and so are you, with this difference, that you are too proud for mere men. I guess your time has come to let fall some of your dignity." Sarcasm on this day in the *Morning Post*, where one would perhaps least have expected to find it: "His Majesty it is said is much alarmed at the scattered situation of his forces destined for the conquest of America, the last advices bring information that they are in a triangle, the points of which are Hesse, Halifax, and Brazil." And yet more enlightenment therein on "Common Sense," which, according to an April 15th letter from New York, "has converted thousands to independence that could not endure the idea before: If I knew how, I would have sent it to you, for I think you want common sense in England very much, or you would have found out some means of making peace with us before we had gone to so vast an expense, and put you to a much greater. . . . Our Continental Congress only wait the arrival of the Commissioners, to see if we can make it up on honourable terms; if not they will declare independent, and then farewell to Great Britain, for all which she may thank her haughty pride."

But if the *Gazetteer* of June 7th is to be believed, the arrival of the Commissioners is scarcely worth waiting for: "Lord Howe, we are assured, has no orders to offer any proposals to the Congress whatever; on the contrary, he is commissioned to burn and destroy such seaport towns on the coast of America he may think most expedient."

The King will be keeping court in Richmond this summer, says the *Chronicle* on June 8th, so that he can hold immediate conferences on dispatches from America. To obviate his having to wait for his Ministers to come down from their country houses, Lords North, Germain, and Suffolk are all taking places of their own near him, at Richmond or Kew. Their ladies are no doubt furious.

The June 10th *Chronicle* has a letter—eleven weeks old—from Williamsburg, Virginia, furnishing relatively recent news of how Lord Dunmore is faring there with the freed slaves he has been rounding up to fight their former masters. His royal regiment of black fusiliers is now eighty strong, we learn, and the men, "after doing the drudgery of the day, (such as acting scullions, &c. on board the fleet) are ordered upon deck to perform the military exercise, and to comply with the native warlike genius instead of the drowsy drum and fife, will be gratified with the use of the sprightly and enlivening *barrafoo*, an instrument peculiarly adapted to the martial tune of 'hungry Niger, patched corn!' and which from henceforward is to be styled, by way of eminence, the Blackbird March." Elsewhere in the same newspaper is a report, quite different in tone, from another correspondent in Williamsburg, this one written five days later: Gaol distemper has broken out on Lord Dunmore's ships, and a hundred and sixty Negroes have died. That the figures do not exactly jibe can be left to future historians.

Up north in America, the *Chronicle* also states, some New Yorkers have paid handsome tribute to General Washington, in a resolution that went, "And may future generations, in the peaceful enjoyment of that freedom, the exercise of which your sword shall have established, raise the richest and most lasting monuments to the name of WASHINGTON!" To which the General handsomely replied that he hoped the American colonies would "be restored to more than their former



lustre and once happy state, and have peace, liberty, and safety secured upon a solid, permanent, and lasting foundation."

On June 14th, the *Morning Post* tells of an English ship's captain, captured in America, who was taken before Generals Washington and Putnam, "the former of whom treated him with the greatest politeness, but the latter he describes as an exceeding stern, rough old fellow, and not at all to his liking."

The *Morning Post* lets it be known on June 17th that while complaining of tyranny and oppression, the Americans have forced into exile those among them who refuse to draw their swords against the motherland. Worse yet, "the wives and children of those banished men have been forcibly detained as hostages for their good behaviour in England."

"Monday morning," says the *Chronicle* on the nineteenth, "a private soldier of the Guards was found hanging in a new-erected untenanted house near Jenny's Whim Bridge, Chelsea. The deceased had been often heard to declare, that he would never fight against his countrymen in America, and that a dread of being draughted to that unnatural service is supposed to have determined him on so fatal an exit."

The next day's *London Evening-Post* has news that may give pause to any Hessians who chance to see it. Advice received from Virginia says that the Cherokee Indians "have solemnly engaged to take up the hatchet on the side of the Americans," and explains, "The Cherokees, and their confederates, are the most numerous, as well as the most powerful of the Indian nations throughout America. It would require a larger army than any Europe can boast, to subdue them. They have never yet been conquered."

Wishful thinking, perhaps, in the *Chronicle* of June 22nd: "It is not doubted in the city, but that General Lee, from the caprice of his temper, should he meet with any coolness from the Congress, would immediately come over with the troops under his command to the King's party." The *Morning Post* has a letter from West Florida stating that "a great number of settlers were lately arrived, at the Mississippi from the Northern Provinces" and that the new colony "bids fair for rivalling all North America if the present disturbances should subsist much longer." The *Gazetteer* has a letter from Portsmouth which relates the confusion there since the arrival of some of the German contingents. It seems that their officers want to be paid for all the men they were *supposed* to have brought with them, even though there is a manifest discrepancy between bodies promised and bodies produced.

A private letter from Halifax turns up in the June 24th *Chronicle*. General Howe has told the residents that the only way they can acceptably demonstrate their allegiance to His Majesty is by raising a regiment—the Loyal Nova Scotia Volunteers. "Faint attempts have been made by some persons towards it," the correspondent says, "but not one offers his service, nor can any persuade them to enter."

The King has instructed the Duke of Montagu, who is in charge of the Prince of Wales's education, not to let his Royal Highness's time "be wasted in reading newspapers and pamphlet trash," the *Morning Post* reports on June 25th. The *Post* appears to have unusual access to the heir to the throne, who will celebrate his fifteenth birthday next month. "The Queen once found the Prince of Wales reading Dr. Franklin's pamphlet *Common Sense*," the paper will say one day soon, adding that "she expressed her disapprobation, and asked him who put it into his hands. He answered *Nobody*. Where did you get it? *I don't know*. When did you see it first? *I can't tell*. Who has seen you reading it? *I know nothing at all of the matter*. It seems clearly from hence, no easy task to get any thing out of his Royal Highness, that he does not wish to communicate."

On June 28th, the *Chronicle* reprints a letter sent from a merchant in Philadelphia to one of his creditors in London. "You may think of enjoying our trade again," it goes, "but be assured the Ministry have pushed matters too far for us ever to be reconciled to our Mother Country again. . . . It is uncertain when you will hear from me again; but I will take the earliest opportunity to send you the balance due, as we can never more have any connections in trade."

A DISASTROUS scene has occurred in Philadelphia, according to the *Morning Post*, which reports on July 1st:

> The American Congress is certainly broke up . . . the last violent commotion therein, was on account of a judicious remonstrance from General Washington, who with a proper spirit, tho' at the

> same time with great temper, informed them, if their aim was total *independency,* he had much mistaken them, and therefore, must beg leave to resign the chief command of their forces, which, he always thought were embodied for different purposes, and which he headed, not with a view of separating the two countries for ever, but to effect if possible, a more lasting union between them.—The Congress upon receipt of this remonstrance, entered into all the fury of a republican debate, and after many hours spent in this wild tumult, several attempts were made to divide upon it, but in vain, as the parties of Hancock and Adams, refused to listen to any terms of accommodation; in consequence of which they broke up in the utmost disorder, without coming to any resolution; which, reaching General Washington, he immediately gave up his command.

Passengers from Georgia, reports the *Daily Advertiser* on July 2nd, say that "one of the first Acts of the new Government was to make it Death to speak disrespectfully of the American Congress." It goes on, "The Gentlemen lately arrived from Georgia have brought over some new Dollars, as they are called, such as are now current all over America. They differ from the old Dollars, the one being a good solid Piece of Silver, which would pass for 4s. 6d. or 5s. Sterling; the other, this new Sort, is only a Bit of Paper, with a Copper-Plate line or two, and signed by Order of the Congress."

It is the Fourth of July, 1776, in London. Today, says *Lloyd's,* Their Majesties will be coming from Kew to St. James's for a drawing room. This evening, at Marybone Gardens ballroom, there will be presented "The World in Miniature," "The Masquerade at Ranelagh," and a most capital Fire-work, all three for five shillings. At Sadler's Wells, there will be Ladder Dancing by Mons. Richer, a piece called "The Farewell; or, India Hoa!" and also "La Danse des Oeufs, Or, the Egg Hornpipe." According to an ad in the *Public Advertiser,* a "Plan of Boston and its Environs, shewing the true Situation of his Majesty's Army when encamped there, and also those of the Rebels" is published on this day. Two shillings, or four shillings elegantly colored. The *Gazette* says, "This Day Baron Kutzleben, Minister from the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, had a Private Audience of Her Majesty."

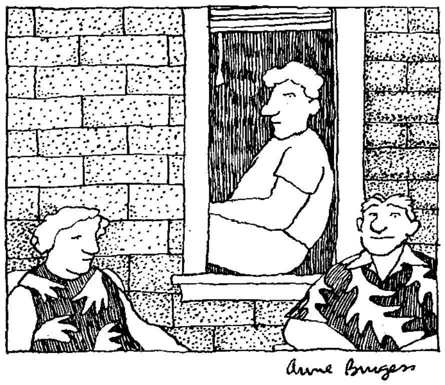
The leading item in the *Public Advertiser* of July 5th, which Baron Kutzleben, if perchance he espied it, may or may not have found amusing, says, "Our *old* Friends the Dutch having refused to lend us the SCOTCH BRIGADE to assist in conquering America, it is said that our *new* Friends the French have voluntarily offered to lend the IRISH BRIGADE for that purpose." General Howe, the *Advertiser* thinks, is going to attack New York, or maybe Providence.

The *Morning Post* of July 6th attributes the delay in the departure of the mercenaries for America to fear on the part of their owner princes that the troops might be needed for fighting back home in Germany.

The new halfpenny tax on newspapers having gone into effect on July 6th, the following day all the journals express their resignation and dismay. The *Chronicle* promises its readers that to compensate for the extra charge "we shall double our diligence." The first premium-priced issue of *Lloyd's* quotes a July 3rd dispatch in the *Bristol Gazette,* which has received information from a ship just in from Boston (after a thirty-day voyage), "by which the present intentions of the Americans are more fully discovered than by any former publications." What the ship has brought is a copy of the May 15th action taken by the American United Colonies: "Resolved, That it be recommended to the respective Assemblies, and Conventions of the United Colonies . . . to adopt such Government as shall, in the opinion of the Representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their Constituents in particular, and America in general."

On the eighth, the *Chronicle* has a letter from Glasgow, where a person who was captured in America in November or December and spent the winter in Massachusetts was more than once examined in Cambridge by General Washington, "who seemed to be greatly surprised on hearing of the tranquility of Britain, and its almost unanimity with respect to the affairs of the Colonies." The writer adds, "Washington seemed to be greatly dejected."

The Marlborough, one of the ships waiting to sail from Portsmouth, has blown up there, with—depending on which of two sets of casualty figures appearing in the same column of the July 9th *Chronicle* one credits—either seventeen or twenty-three killed.

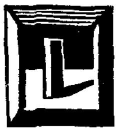


The *Morning Post* has assurances on the tenth that France will not interfere in the war against Great Britain.

The *Chronicle* alerts its readers on the twelfth that there will be a total eclipse of the moon on July 30th. On the thirteenth, the paper says that the inhabitants of the colony of Georgia are getting tired of the American Congress, "and many of them wished for nothing more than the arrival of the King's Troops to relieve them from the arbitrary proceedings of a set of illiterate, upstart rascals." There is no more authoritative source cited for that asseveration than for the paper's further statement "It is secretly whispered, that terms of reconciliation with the Americans are now contemplated with more than ordinary attention, and the division in opinion differs only as to the most effectual mode of saving appearances." On the domestic scene, poor people in the clothing industry at Bradford, Trowbridge, Westbury, and Frome are said to be going to march, "in vast numbers," on Shepton Mallet, their object being to destroy a new machine, the spinning jenny. Their employers have procured a party of dragoons to protect the device. The paper fears that the march "will be attended with fatal consequences."

The initial item of consequence in the *London Evening-Post* of July 13th, a Saturday, says, "It was yesterday very currently reported, that on the King's troops attempting to land [just where is unclear], they were repulsed by the Provincials, with very great slaughter, and that either Lord or General Howe fell in the conflict." To this the *Chronicle* retorts on the fifteenth (after citing a Sunday rumor on the 'Change that it was Lord Howe who was slain, while trying to land at Rhode Island, and that General Howe had tried to leave Halifax but his boats leaked) that "we have the fullest authority to assure our readers, that the whole is a puerile fiction, calculated to deceive the unwary, flatter the seditious, and alarm an administration, who ever look with contempt on all such groundless fabrications."

Lloyd's has a moving exchange of letters between two brothers caught up in the unfraternal web of war. One, pro-rebel, lives in Alexandria, Virginia. The other, pro-Tory, was with the British army at Boston when the two began corresponding, after a separation of thirteen years. The Virginian took the initiative in a rather mild, nonpolitical epistle, the main thrust of which was that he did not like to see people die. The soldier's response was full of recriminations against seditious, unprincipled demagogues and shallow politicians; he declared, further, that the worst thing his brother could have done was to write to him to begin with, explaining, "For know, young man, the reputation of a Soldier is as delicate as that of a woman, nor can I hold the man's reputation unsullied, that is at all connected with Rebellion. Adieu."



"If in the present precarious situation of affairs," the *Chronicle* says on July 20th, "there is any thing which we can account certain, it must be this; that the war with America is of the last importance to this nation, and a matter in respect to the conduct of which the people ought to be gratified with every degree of information; but on the contrary how shamefully are they kept in the dark by those in power!"

It has been reported in the West End of London, probably fallaciously, according to the *Chronicle* of the twenty-fourth, that the French have agreed to aid the Colonies, and that, indeed, a treaty has been signed by America, France, and Spain under the terms of which France is to get Canada and Nova Scotia; Spain to get West Florida, Jamaica, and the Illinois; and America to get Grenada and Porto Rico. Philadelphia and New York are to be designated free ports for all nations except Great Britain and Ireland—unless Ireland becomes independent.

"However different the public opinion may be on the motives of the present American contest," the *Chronicle* states on the twenty-ninth, "every body seems to coincide in declaring the conduct of war to be most shamefully desultory."

On July 31st, the *Chronicle* reckons the total number of transports available to His Majesty at thirteen hundred, averaging four hundred tons each. The average cost to operate them is twelve shillings per ton per month—three million seven hundred and forty-four thousand pounds per annum. Last night's eclipse, says the paper, "which was many years since prognosticated, with a remarkable degree of precision, by that great master of astrological science, Sir Isaac Newton . . . was a feast for the scientific, and even to those who knew nothing of astrology, it afforded amusement from its extreme uncommonness." The spectacle began at 10:10 P.M., and in Covent Garden market "the mob grew rather impatient at ten o'clock; and upon a wag's declaring that the Eclipse was put off for a fortnight, began to grumble and separate; at length another genius reunited them, by asserting, that Mercury had just descended, and declared that the Eclipse was just getting ready, and would appear as soon as she was dressed for the character; but begged that his votaries would not neglect their duty on the occasion. This mythological witticism was not felt 'till the well-dressed part of the assemblage discovered that the pick-pockets had been as expert, as if the God of thieves had attended in person."

The *Morning Post* says on July 31st, "When Lord North carried the King the news of dissensions having broken out among the members of the Congress, it is incredible how well it was received; the King told every one he saw, saying that *The American Attornies* (a name he commonly gives the Congress) *having quarreled with the Government, were now quarrelling with one another*."

AUGUST 1ST: "Whilst you are throwing away your Millions in Prosecution of a most ridiculous War," says a letter from Paris in the *Public Advertiser*, "we enjoy all the Blessings of Tranquility. The King [this is Louis XVI] seems to study the Happiness of his Subjects; and the Ministry support their Master's Dignity, without innovating on the People's Rights."

The *Chronicle* gives it as General Howe's plan to land in New Jersey, thereby cutting off shipping between that province and Philadelphia. "He is to issue orders, in his Majesty's name, for the immediate dissolution of the General Congress." This will be followed by a proclamation for immediate submission by the rebels, and should they refuse, he is to reduce the Middle Provinces to subjection, while Burgoyne does the same for New England and Clinton for the South. Letters from Philadelphia, the *Morning Post* says, relate that the people there are in "great distress and discontent, owing to the losses they have suffered from their ships being taken; but no mention in them of the Congress being destroyed."

It is easy to get commissions in the British Army these days, according to the *Gazetteer*. Why, a peruke-maker not long ago obtained one from a noble lord for whom he once served as valet. According to a letter from "Americanus" in *Lloyd's*, the situation in the Colonies is not dissimilar. "The

76
Our Salute to the Bicentennial
Style Chetwynd
Black Or Brown
Calfskin
Special Price
Now Only
$65.00*

Visit Our Shop During The *July Bi-Centennial Celebrations For Outstanding Savings And An Introduction To Our World Famous English Shoes.

For Free
Sale Brochure
WRITE: CHURCH'S
ENGLISH SHOES
428 Madison Ave. (At 49th) New York, N.Y. 10017

NORTHAMPTON
ENGLAND
Church's
famous English shoes

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

British Paratrooper's 7-Pocket Pure Cotton India Madras Officer's Shirt $29

Our unique 7-pocket long sleeve British Paratrooper's Survival Shirt Jacket of soft, breathable pure cotton India madras. Four pleated flap pockets plus utility pocket on front; pockets on the sleeves. Inverted bellow pleat and classic center vent on back. Authentically finished with D-rings on front & adjustable D-ring side tabs. Faded blue, ivory, khaki, army green or rust. S(14-14½), M(15-15½), L(16-16½), XL(17-17½).

Mail Orders: Cable Car Clothiers/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150 Post St., S.F. Cal. 94108 (415) 397-7733
Item Shirt (46523) Size Colour(s) Qty.
☐ Check Charge: ☐ M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg.
Bank Card # ____ Expire ____
Add $1.85 Ship. & Hdlg; Calif. Res. add Sales Tax.
☐ *Please send catalogue* 010705
Name ____
Address ____
____ Zip ____

the eyes have it...

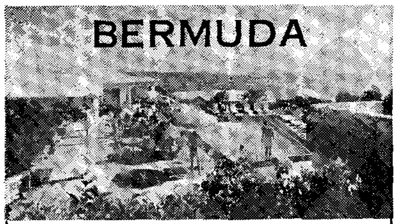
and we have it for the eyes.

Glasses for every occasion . . . for the morning, evening—fun or formal—dressy or action. His Chaparal, $76. Her Sourcilla S, $55. Both with tinted lenses. Prescription lenses extra.

Lugene designs your eyewear . . .
for you to see with,
for you to be seen with.
Lugene should be your optician!

LUGENE
opticians

New York: 38 East 57th, 1058 Madison (80th)
Palm Beach: Worth Ave. **Atlanta:** Phipps Plaza
Houston: The Galleria **Dallas:** North Park



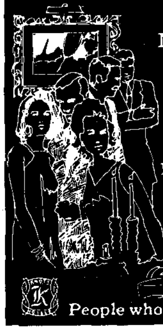
One of Bermuda's finest cottage, colonies on 18 acres in fashionable Tucker's Town. 1800' oceanfront with natural pink sand beaches. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our clubhouse with its superb seascape;Luncheon and Weekly Barbecues on the Pool Terrace.

See your travel agent or
David B. Mitchell,
217 East 49th St.,
N.Y.C. 10017.
(212) 371-1323.

PINK BEACH
CLUB AND COTTAGES
TUCKER'S TOWN
BERMUDA

A fine location for the finer things in life.

Including the art of fine living. Stay in one of our handsome rooms or suites which are available by the day, month or year. Dine in our Polo Bar & Lounge or Mayfair Room. And agree.



The Westbury
Madison Avenue at 69th St.
New York, New York 10021
(212) 535-2000

People who go places know where to stay.

Officers, as well as Privates, of the Rebel Army are in general taken from the meanest stations and offices of life," he states. "I did not, Sir, two years ago, think great or uncommon respect was paid me in the ministration of the common duties of a Waiter, Drawer, Hostler, and Shoe-black, at a poor Inn, from the hands of a now Colonel in the Rebel Army; and I know many other Officers therein, who did not then disdain the lowest menial services. These have not gradually attained rank and command in the rota of preferment, or been suddenly advanced for meritorious military achievements, but they have started forth, mushroom-like, from a dunghill, by no other cause, than the heat and ebullition of the distempered rotten *particles* forming a mob."

There is still more, in more or less the same vein, in the *Public Advertiser* of August 3rd: " 'Twas always ill Policy to send the Convicts to America; nothing more advantageous to the Community than their Encrease at home. An industrious Man can earn from Eighteen pence to Three shillings a Day. The same Man as a Convict is maintained for Six-pence; consequently upon an Average One Thousand Convicts at hard Labour upon the Thames in raising Gravel for the Roads is a Saving to the Community of Fifty Pounds a Day, which is more than 15,000£ per Annum." The *Morning Post* says that Americans (free ones, presumably) have managed to build a thirty-six-gun frigate at Philadelphia in but four months; the guns and the powder for them came from a Congressional warehouse "in which it was not known that there was a single cannon, or a barrel of powder."

The reason General Howe left Halifax before his brother got there, the *Chronicle* says on the fifth, was that his troops were deserting; his solution was to get them on board ship and confine them there pending embarkation. With respect to someone the paper likes more than it does that general, it states, "There is nothing more certain, than that the celebrated Doctor Franklin, though the boldest enemy against the illegal and unjust claims of our Ministers, is a warm friend to this country; and though perhaps he was among the first to advise his countrymen, the Americans, to oppose by force the unjust matters carried on against them, yet he has ever discountenanced any idea of their Independence upon Great Britain, provided justice could be obtained by any method which would insure the enjoyment of their unalienable rights and privileges."

"Saturday at 'Change," the *Morning Post* says on the fifth, "in consequence of intelligence received from America, two gentlemen offered to lay any money, that a cessation of arms would take place between the Colonies and Great Britain on or before the first of next October." The *Morning Post* runs an extract of an undated letter from General Lee, in New York, to General Washington, in Boston: "The Indians are lying in ambush miles up the country, and should I find it expedient to retreat, the Ministerialists, if they follow, will very few be left to relate the fate of their enterprize."

The *Morning Post* adds matter-of-factly, "Administration are in hourly expectation of advices respecting the event of the motion concerning a general *Independency*, which was agitated in the American Congress on the first of July last, and which it is imagined was out by a very considerable majority." A letter from Virginia to London says that "this once happy colony" has already declared itself independent. The *Post* has learned that "the native Indians . . . make constant excursions in small parties . . . and commit the most barbarous and inhuman outrages upon defenseless families in the back settlements."

There is news of a more heartening nature from Maryland, says the *Chronicle* on the sixth. The provincial government commanded clergymen to pray for the Grand American Congress rather than for the King and the Royal Family. When the people protested, troops were sent against them. The people drove the troops off and seized their weapons, and are now "ready to join the first General that should arrive from Great Britain." The *Morning Post* disagrees. "Every thing in America is one scene of uproar and distress," says a letter it runs from New York, "the people being under no government or regularity." And the *Gazetteer*, for its part, says, "Yesterday it was reported that Government had received some very disagreeable intelligence from America, which occasioned messengers to be dispatched to all the great Officers of State." As for the official *London Gazette*, it publishes concurrently a letter to Lord Germain from General Howe, written on Staten Island (a "beautiful fertile spot," according to the *Daily Advertiser*) a month ago. "I have the Satisfaction to inform your Lordship," Howe says, "that there is great Reason to expect a numerous Body of the Inhabitants to join the Army from the Provinces of York, the Jerseys, and Connecticut, who, in this Time of universal Oppression, only wait for Opportunities to give Proofs of their Loyalty and Zeal for Government."

There was gloom at the court and silence in the *Gazette* yesterday, says the *Public Advertiser* on the eighth, after Lord Germain brought to His Majesty several new dispatches from America, having to do with General Washington's discovery, in time to forestall it, of a "horrible Plot" to seize him and Generals Putnam and Gates, and also to detonate the American magazine in New York.

The *London Evening-Post* comes near reaching new heights of sarcasm in jabs at His Majesty and the Ministry through what it calls, on August 10th, an "ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY." This purported ad goes, "To be sold by Auction, at the Cockpit, on or before the 6th of November, unless previously disposed of by *private Contract*. The valuable STOCK IN TRADE, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, FIXTURES, &c. of a PRIME MINISTER, *retiring from business;* Consisting of 103 Peers of the Upper House, 270 Members of Parliament, 12 of them *almost new*, and little the *worse for wear*. Also a neat assortment of Irish Lords, Baronets, &c. *warranted sound*, (accidents from duelling excepted.)—Specimens of *these goods* may be seen at the Castle of Dublin. Catalogues may be had at the *Mitre* in Bishop's-court, the *Thistle* in South Audley-street, the *Anchor* . . . the *Gun* . . . the *King's-Arms* . . . and of the Auctioneer, at his *House* at Richmond, or his *Shop* at Windsor."

On August 12th, in the *Chronicle*, preceded by an account of the celebration of the Prince of Wales's birthday and followed by an item to the effect that a story about the King's forces having lost New York was a rumor manufactured in the neighborhood of the Stock Exchange, is the statement, made without comment, "Advice is received that the Congress resolved upon independence [now, at last, the Americans are accorded their own spelling] on the 4th of July: and have declared war against Great Britain in form."

Every paper prints much the same announcement, the *Morning Post* being one of the few that remark thereon: "Tho' the Congress have at last carried their favourite point, in voting by a small majority the United Colonies free, and independent states, it will prove the most impolitic measure they could have devised;—it has already driven most of the dispassionate members from their councils, and caused a general desertion thro' their camps; if their declaration of *independency* [the *Post* has not yet surrendered on *this*], was founded on views of forming allies with some powerful European nation, the absurdity of the idea will soon be made manifest."

It is August 17th before the London papers get around to publishing the text of the Declaration. The majority give it in full, but the *Gazetteer* omits all the paragraphs spelling out how the King, in the view of the delegates at Philadelphia, has gone astray, and substitutes for these accusations the bracketed explanation "Here they enumerated their several grievances, the substance of which have repeatedly appeared in all the public prints, and then proceed as follows."

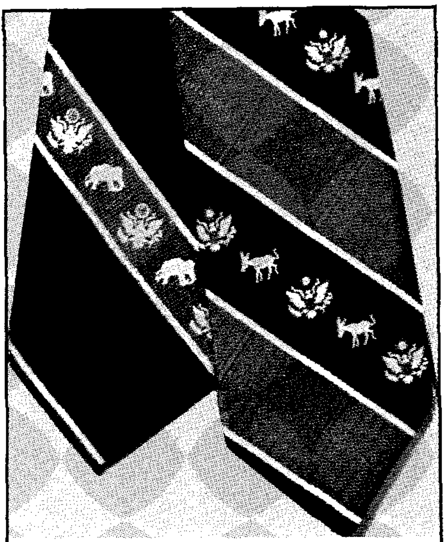
Meanwhile, news of the Declaration has spread, though hardly with the impact of a tidal wave—or, indeed, of anything beyond a routine nefarious assault by highwaymen—to the newspapers published in outlying communities. Thus, on August 16th the *Chester Chronicle or, Commercial Intelligencer* runs, in sequence, some July 5th news from Petersburg (the Empress is acquiring the library of the late Marquis of Galliani), another July 5th item, this from Upper Hungary (several lives were lost in a melee at Pest, after a magistrate gave a townsman a box on the ear), a July 20th dispatch from Warsaw (thirty-four Poles have been killed in a "formal skirmish" of eight hundred gentlemen resulting from a confrontation between a Polish gentleman and a Russian captain), a July 24th report from Vienna (Bassora has surrendered, after a famine, and a second Persian army is marching for Baghdad), a local item, dated August 9th, from nearby Chelmsford (an account of the curious behavior of a bolt of lightning at a cottage in the neighborhood of Millgreen-house), and, finally, the receipt of advice from London that the American Congress has resolved, the Fourth of July, upon—as they now also choose to spell it in Chester—Independence.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Kodak won't disclose any prices for instant products won't even carve up its own vice president, marketing, dropped a broad hint during an interview.
—*Wall Street Journal.*

Buck fever, probably.

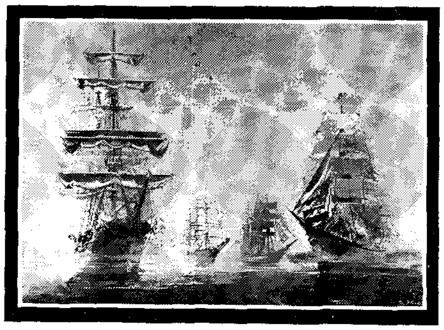


The Political ties by Briar tie makers

The Republican elephant or the Democratic donkey, tastefully displayed with the Presidential Seal on a colorful polyester. Limited edition. $10 each.

Burkhardts

8 E. 4th St. Cincinnati, O. 45202
Please add 90¢ for mail orders.



The official print of the "Tall Ships" (ASTA approved) 21"x 28", in full color from the original oil painting by Kipp Soldwedel, America's leading contemporary marine artist . . . only $10.00 postpaid. This painting, "Tall Ships – Newport 1976" shows Danmark and Gorch Fock in the foreground with Christian Radich, Sagres and Blue Nose astern.

1,000 signed and numbered prints available @$40.00 each.

Available at better stores or order directly.

Free, full color brochure of other Marine Prints of original oil paintings by Kipp Soldwedel available.

Ship Lore, Ltd.
35 Farewell Street/Newport, R.I. 02840

☐ Yes, please send my print of "Tall Ships – Newport 1976". Enclosed is my check (money order) for $10.00.

Bank Americard or Mastercharge No. ....

☐ Please send me your free full color brochure of other marine prints.

NY776

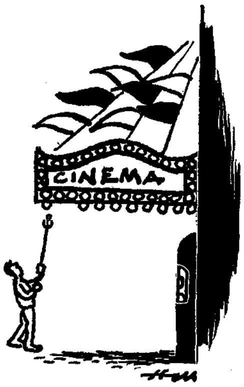
Name ....

Street ....

City .... State .... Zip ....

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Only a Lodger



THE hero of Roman Polanski's "The Tenant," called Trelkovsky and played by Polanski himself, is small-boned, easily wounded, with the sharp nose and vivid expression of a waif in a cartoon by the great Cruikshank. He looks always as if he were about to shout, or scream, but it is also clear that the noise *will* always be muffled. He lives in Paris, in lodgings reluctantly shown to him by Shelley Winters as a trudging Parisian concierge. He speaks in an accent that is foreign to Parisians, and we know that he would sound an alien anywhere. This is what it is to be a living Polish corridor of history, eternally narrowed and widened by larger empires, awarded territory simply to have it taken away. One feels that he has only a lease even on his body. The title of the film—the screenplay was written by Gérard Brach and Polanski—tells us that we are watching the story of a man's short rental on his own span.

Trelkovsky works as a clerk in an archive. Dead papers, documents of the unbreathing. It seems entirely apt that the rooms Shelley Winters shows him should be so sparse, and she so inhuman. He is a naturalized Frenchman, and speaks to her easily, but he is obviously not her countryman. It is the metaphor of this keen-minded, sympathetic film that he should feel a foreigner in his own body. It is no longer his property. He seems to feel it to be already a corpse at the mortician's: we even see it being made available to makeup artistry and wig-fitting. He inherits the rooms from a suicidal woman whom he sees in hospital and whose head is so bandaged that her face is an icon of androgyny. The image leaves its print on Trelkovsky. When she dies, and he takes over the rooms, he becomes so obsessed by neighbors' complaints about his noisy acquaintances that he starts to walk on tiptoe. On tiptoe in his own apartment. He is slowly displaced even from his own temperament. He grows sure that his neighbors are trying to drive him to an act of suicide that will be the same as his predecessor's. So is he her reincarnation? Paranoia grows. He yields. He finds the former owner's makeup and underthings left in the apartment. The *patron* of a café opposite his building sells him the kind of chocolate she drank, the kind of cigarettes she smoked. He buys a woman's wig and appears in drag. Who is he? His own self? Or her dead self? Other identities also get confused. He is run down by a passing car, and thinks that he sees in the face of the driver's harrowed husband (Claude Dauphin) the likeness of Mr. Zy (Melvyn Douglas), who is the landlord who promised the rooms to Trelkovsky if the suicidal former occupant did not recover. Trelkovsky's presence is lugubrious and overcast. His head leans forward, swaying like a tortoise's.

"The Tenant" is no piece of whimsey about drag. It is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile. Exile from country. Exile from gender. Exile from the person whom others recognize as the self but whom the self, at times of extreme self-questioning or torment, can find quite foreign. It is a study of a man who, though small, feels he is a nuisance even to furniture. An occasional table, to his way of thinking, deserves courtesy and maneuver. He feels he is even more of an obstruction in the presence of people, and seems apologetic for his short unfurnished tenancy on his life. The film's photography was done by Sven Nykvist, most famous as Bergman's cameraman. He gives the film the look of something by Dostoevski.

"The Tenant" has quite left behind the ethic of cool and the intent to shock which Polanski seemed to hanker after in his last few movies. It goes back to the days of "Knife in the Water" and "Cul-de-Sac." Trelkovsky is very Slav. There is a subtext of powerful humor and longing under every scene of the hero's, however much the film seems superficially to be a horror-thriller. It is a record of the sensibility of a man's tenancy of himself: a man about to be evicted, tinkling the bead curtains for a view of enemy officials, never sure that he is the certified leaseholder of the body he occupies. As in Dostoevski, and in Kafka, imaginary fears are matched uncannily by real forces. Bureaucracy enters with a warrant; the accused person admits to the required crime. "The Tenant" is a poetic nightmare about punishment imposed on an unguilty man who merely entertained great fear of guilt.

IN the twenty-third century, says Michael Anderson's "Logan's Run," we shall be living under opaque, hermetically sealed domes in the midst of the devastation that in the mid-twentieth century we know as Earth. We shall be living the lives now lived by pollution-free tomato plants, or incubator babies, or worms grown for fish bait under controlled lighting conditions. We shall inhabit an atmosphere neither frozen by the chill of air-conditioning nor boiled by demonically hissing steam heat. We shall dress in vaguely Greek tunics of a doubtless brand-new permanent-press fabric that looks, all the same, very much like old-fashioned nylon. Men will wear as much jewelry as women. People will speak in the voice of a Middle Western disc jockey: which is the accent even of Michael York, the English actor who plays the hero, Logan. There is no apparent work left to be done, says the film, and love amounts to nothing more than the community of feeling that there might be between salespeople selling lettuce-green and raspberry-red tunics. The vestige of the world has become, in effect, one vast boutique, and the only inhabitants left are under thirty.

The only people who escape are called "runners." They make for a place called "sanctuary," outside the dome. Their monitors and punishers are policemen called "sandmen," one of whom is Logan. The sandmen are themselves men pushing thirty, but so brainwashed that they don't recognize any brotherhood with their prey. They are staled, but unwittingly, by the language of this world that uses "terminated" for "murdered," just as their bodies ache from the Dark Ages tight-lacing of their system, which simulates a new liberty but offers them as subsistence a set of rules which has nothing to do with morality, a ritual for the impiousness of being over thirty which is no substitute for ethic, and a clenched vocabulary inexpressive of joy or love or revolt. Aspiration has entirely to do with age, and it is a downhill, determinist path. The most desirable thing is to be green—sapling green, a term signifying the age that endows you with a green light on the right palm. From then on, the colors change, and there is no stopping the decline. When people are nearing thirty, the disc of light starts flashing red; when they reach thirty, it turns black. Services are held for those about to become dead: they troop doggedly into a place called the Carrousel for a ritual that seems to represent a religious birth ceremony in reverse. In the era envisioned by "Logan's Run," a superstitious form of pragmatism has replaced transcendentalism. The people hitting thirty, bemused by the false uplift of community, go into the Carrousel as if they were going to be doused in a holy river; but the fact is that their lives are going to be scythed off prematurely. No prolific Picasso would have been allowed to age in this place, no "Der Rosenkavalier" would have been written, no Bertrand Russell would have protested against the Bomb in Trafalgar Square, there would have been no clavichord music written for Anna Magdalena Bach.

The geniuses of this youth-besotted world—a ghetto as shrivelled as any other, and very close to the ideal world purveyed now by Western advertising—are not the artists but the surgeons who can resculpture a man. Logan, wanting change, is asked if he would like work to be done on his face or his whole body. Just the face, he says. A little narrowing of the cheekbones, thinks the surgeon. Logan is shut into a glass operating bubble. Laser beams do the operating. Logan escapes from the bubble; the laser beams work maniacally on the surgeon's own physique. Watching this extravagantly mechanized cosmetic surgery, one begins to think affectionately of children with crooked teeth who have escaped the clutches of wicked orthodontists.

And outside? Logan, programmed to prevent running, himself runs. He takes with him Jessica, played by Jenny Agutter. They go through what amounts to an initiation by water and ice, nearly freezing to death in their wet boutique clothes, and are then lucky enough to find nearby some animal skins for warmth. Struggling through to the world of long ago, they find Washington, empty of people, the Capitol dripping with ivy. They see the sun. What can it be? It's warm. The Lincoln Memorial: a lined face. "I've never seen a face like that before." Headstones in a graveyard. " 'Beloved husband,' 'Beloved wife,' " says Jessica wonderingly, pondering what the nouns mean, but getting their pronunciations right, because this is a family film. They meet Peter Ustinov, dressed in a muffler and what appears to be sackcloth, and surrounded by a hundred cats. His place, once the Capitol, is full of valuable detritus of the past. Bits of Scripture are rubbed free of dust, and then we have a lesson in the Constitution. "Yes, of *course* it belongs to the people. . . . It's marked on the wall here someplace," says Ustinov, trying hard to seem American and three hundred years old but looking chiefly as if he were going to crack up at the foolishness of a film that asks him to play a doting cat-lover whose gray striated makeup bears more resemblance to dried mud than to age. Never was a sci-fi film so infected with the ruling national belief that young is beautiful. Logan and Jessica regard the lines in the old man's face as an offense against aesthetics.

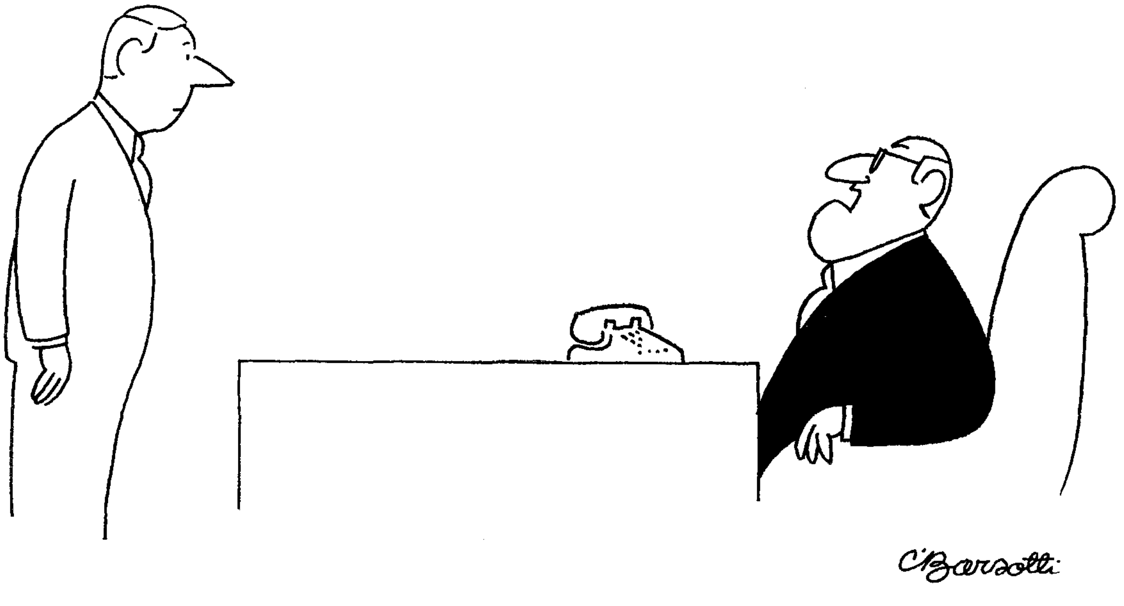
Gregory Peck, called Mr. Thorn in Richard Donner's "The Omen," looks better-dressed, and sounds more sonorous, than ever. As he tells his wife, well played by Lee Remick, she is talking to the future "Ambassador to the Court of St. James." In case anyone doesn't know what this is, he adds that she is talking to the "Ambassador to Great Britain." Earlier, they had a stillborn child. The future Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, looking as officially concerned as if a Communist film had crept into the Academy Awards ceremony, is told that there is another baby available, just born, whose mother has died and who has no other relatives. A sultry priest lurks. The orphan baby is offered. He is the child of Satan. The Ambassador to the Court of St. James's has more than enough evidence to make him suspicious, and you'd think he would diplomatically object, but motherhood wins, and Mrs. Thorn happily cuddles the child, who she thinks is her own.

The origin of the film is a poem said to be based on the Book of Revelation:

> When the Jews return to Zion, and
> A comet rips the sky;
> And the Holy Roman Empire rises,
> Then you and I must die.
>
> From the eternal sea he rises,
> Creating armies on either shore;
> Turning man against his brother,
> 'Til man exists no more.

The poet seems to be in a muddle about the Roman Empire and the Holy Roman Empire. However. A batty nurse (Billie Whitelaw) arrives "from the agency" to replace a suicide. The Ambassador's country place is virtually taken over by a dog who obviously gets his meat from Satan. The baby grows into a grinning ally of the dog and the nurse. His Excellency, in serious lack of his wits, goes on a dangerous expedition in Italy with a blanch-faced English photographer (David Warner) who has developed some warning photographs revealing Satan's rod reaching down to several people who are soon to depart this world in variously horrid ways. His Excellency, who has demonstrated himself to be remarkably incompetent at conducting diplomacy, climbing gates, raising tombstones, fighting off dogs, and informing Scotland Yard what he is up to, distinguishes himself by swallowing whole the photographer's remark that "as for the rise of the Roman Empire, scholars think that could well be interpreted as the formation of the Common Market."

—Penelope Gilliatt

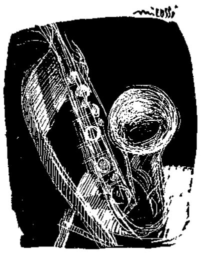


"No, I don't want to hear your idea, Wiggins. What the hell do you think I have a Creative Department for?"

JAZZ

New York Notes

April 30th: Ray Charles is the noblest jazz singer since Billie Holiday. He is a totally different kind of singer. She was an urban woman who sang urban (however silly) songs. But Charles, raised on church music in the lonesomeness of the Southern backwoods, is a primitive of the highest order, a singer who is a shaman, a magic man, a hypnotist. He improvises constantly, and he will use any vocal weapon—melismatics, yodels, growls, crooning, falsetto, whispers, shouts, chanting, blue notes, grace notes, retards. It no longer matters whether he sings blues or country-and-Western or standards or "Eleanor Rigby" or "America," but it matters increasingly how he sings. One waits for the shout that falls in a beat to a whisper, the flashing falsetto, the pine-sap diction, the pained hoarseness, the guttural asides, the spidery staccato sprays of notes, the polysyllabic explosions, the faster-than-the-ear dynamics. Charles is an emotional singer in the best way. He does not display his feelings; he gives them to his audience, experiencing catharsis himself and offering sublimity to us. His music courses through him, making him rock violently from side to side, making his hands spring from the keyboard and sculpt air, making his feet dance and flap. He is a prism constantly refracting his music. But, for whatever reasons, Charles shies away from New York, and that made his two Carnegie Hall concerts tonight a treat. During the first, he gave us a miniature and marvellous Charles retrospective. He sang the blues; the extraordinary "Busted," in which he manages to convince you he is destitute when you know he has a million dollars in the bank; "Georgia on My Mind," a masterly lullaby whose first word, sung sotto voce and behind the beat as "Chor-ja," takes you into shuttered rooms and long afternoons; the delicate, teacup "Am I Blue?" and the chanting "I Can't Stop Loving You;" the jubilant "You Are My Sunshine" and the fast, intense, rocking "What'd I Say?"



June 1st: Milt Jackson is an improviser of the rank of Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Parker and Teddy Wilson, and his years with the Modern Jazz Quartet invariably suggested what might have happened if Joyce had joined the Bloomsbury group. The Quartet must have been a strain on Jackson. It confined his improvisational afflatus, imposed on him materials—some of them rather artificial and arch—that he would not otherwise have played, and demanded arduous and delicate ensemble work. At the same time, he is a garrulous, free-floating performer, and learning how to fit into the MJQ must have taught him a good deal about self-editing, a skill few jazz musicians learn. Jackson has rid himself of the MJQ, but he is still at the mercy of another burden—the very instrument he plays. The vibraphone is a bastard. It is an electrified marimba, a streamlined xylophone, a four-legged metal piano. It has attracted some extraordinary musicians, but none has managed to circumvent entirely its neon tone, its sashaying vibrato, and its science-fiction timbres. (Red Norvo has come closest; at times he approaches the clarity and tone of a piano.) Like the organ, the vibraphone constantly calls attention to itself. Its hapless players must extract their solos from the instrument, and Jackson has become remarkably adept. When one hears him now, the immediate reaction is not "Umph, another vibraphone solo;" rather, it is "Ah, a Jackson solo." Jackson arrived at his preëminence in a roundabout way. He fell first under the stomping, profuse sway of Lionel Hampton (both Hampton's vibraphone and his mercurial two-finger piano playing, the latter having had more influence than has been acknowledged), and was then warmed by the suns of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Bud Powell. The result is a performer of astonishing fluidity and lyricism. Jackson's solos tumble and spill. They are full of hammered repeated notes (Hampton's piano), sliding arpeggios, sudden rests followed by heavy, surprisingly accented behind-the-beat single notes, double-time dashes, legato moonlit chords, and an inventiveness that has rarely been surpassed in the music. Since the dissolution of the MJQ, Jackson's solos go on and on, singing and shouting and whooping, and listening to him is an ecstatic business. Much of his new quality has been caught on "The Big 3: Milt Jackson-Joe Pass-Ray Brown" (Pablo 2310-757). There are two strolling ballads, Jobim's "Wave" and Django Reinhardt's lovely "Nuages." There is an ingenious reshaping of "Moonglow," which is one of those curious songs that resist improvisation because they are so well buttressed melodically. There is a fast "You Stepped Out of a Dream," in which Jackson starts his solo with a funny, jiggling, sidestepping passage that finally swings into his usual flow. And there is a gentle slow blues, "Blues for Sammy," in which he takes four choruses that both grieve and celebrate. The combination on the record of vibraphone and guitar and string bass works particularly well. There are plenty of clearings in the ensembles, and each solo is well attended to by the two other players. It is a polite and brilliant coming-out party for Jackson.

June 8th: The inestimable cornettist-trumpeter Bobby Hackett died yesterday, at sixty-one, on Cape Cod, where he had moved five years ago. Hackett played his first gig on the Cape at the Megansett Tea Room, in North Falmouth, almost forty-five years ago, and he played his last one at the Wequassett Inn, in East Harwich, this past Saturday. It had been his notion, after he finally settled on the Cape, to have his own club, where, except for occasional essential travelling, he would play most of the year, and where once a week his friends, professional and amateur, would be encouraged to sit in, for he believed there was little point in making music if it wasn't fun. But his club never came to pass, and he spent most of his time travelling all over the world to make enough money to live in a place he loved but really didn't live in at all. His whole life was that way—an endless parade of small disappointments, missed chances, broken promises, poor advice. Because of these human wombles, he became a master scuffler, who endlessly patched and spliced and repainted, and somehow kept his modest ship afloat. Whenever one ran into him, he would be full of cheerful talk about new projects, but six or eight months later the projects had collapsed or vanished. Thus, his own record label, Hyannisport, only issued two records during its four-year life, and his ideal band (with his old friend Vic Dickenson and the pianist Dave McKenna, whom he considered nonpareil) only lasted a season. It was the same years ago when he missed the job of dubbing the soundtrack for Kirk Douglas in "Young Man with a Horn" (Harry James did it, for a figure that increased every time Hackett told the story), and when he reportedly took a flat fee instead of royalties after making his famous mood recordings for Jackie Gleason. Indeed, money appeared to conscientiously skirt him. (One of his most fervent admirers said of him despairingly, "Bobby couldn't stand success. Ever since he was a kid, he was bent on self-destruction.") The wonder is that Hackett survived as well as he did, for his gifts were of an almost unearthly purity. His playing threw angelic shadows, whether he was sailing through "Struttin' with Some Barbecue" or subtly recasting the melody of "What's New?" His tone was light and supple. His vibrato was reserved, and he had an impeccable rhythmic sense. He avoided the high register and the cellar, concentrating on the sunny middle octave. His solos were models of clarity and order and grace. Each had a molded, prefigured design, a Greek Revival rightness. The uncanny excellence of his improvisations gave his solos a seeming sameness, but they were in fact full of fresh phrases and new turns. They also had a subtle wit, just as he did. He was small and trim, and had a small, laughing beaked face and glossy gangster hair. He sometimes wore a dime-size mustache, and he kept his eyes at a squint, as if what he saw out there should only be absorbed in small amounts. His voice was low, and he had a legato Providence accent. He prefaced almost everything with a long-breathed "Yehhh." He used it for both stoic and comic effect. Here are some of his mots:

On being asked how he liked his new bathtublike 1950 Hudson car: "Yehhh. I got to like it. I bought it."

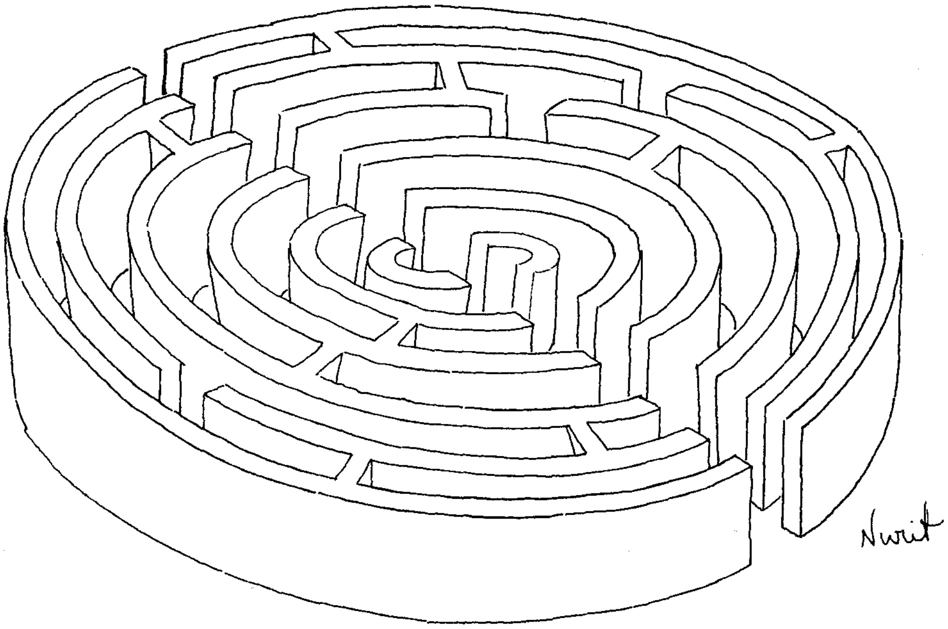
On receiving no applause after completing a discreet dinner set in a noisy club: "Yehhh. I guess that was too confidential."

On a well-known virtuoso trombonist with whom he sometimes played: "Yehhh. Imagine his chops and my brains."

On seeing a couple of business associates of Irish extraction approaching on a Hyannis street: "Yehhh. Here come the Murphia."

When his work allowed him to stay on the Cape, one saw him everywhere—at Heinie Greer's celebrated Labor Day bash in Dennis, where Hackett, genuinely enjoying himself, would often be the only professional; at a concert held in a damp swaybacked hall in Provincetown; at a Chatham resort hotel, playing dance music for gazelles and hippos; at the Columns in West Dennis, where he and Dave McKenna did memorable duets; at the Olde Inn in Orleans, when he'd sit in on Sunday afternoons with Marie Marcus and trade fours with his friend Jim Blackmore, a Cape heating engineer, who played one of Hackett's cornets, drove him to most of his gigs, and, like the rest of us, cherished him.

June 10th: Benny Carter, the elegant instrumentalist-composer-arranger, has begun edging back toward jazz, which he set aside for the Hollywood studios in the late forties. He has been sampling festivals, making records, teaching at Princeton, and accompanying Peggy Lee and the saucy Maria Muldaur, and now he has taken a four-week engagement at Michael's Pub, his first such appearance in New York since 1942, when he had a group at the Famous Door that included the greenhorn Dizzy Gillespie. Carter was born in New York in 1907, and attended Wilberforce University. In 1932, after stints with Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb, and McKinney's Cotton Pickers, he formed his own band, hiring such superb neophytes as Sid Catlett, Teddy Wilson, Ben Webster, Chu Berry, Russell Procope, and J. C. Higginbotham. But it was a bad time for big bands, and by 1935 Carter had gone abroad, where he worked as a BBC staff arranger. He put together another big band in New York in 1938, gave that up, organized several small groups, gave them up, and in the mid-forties moved to the Coast, where he assembled a final big band. The thirties were Carter's decade. He perfected his alto-saxophone style as well as his trumpet and clarinet playing. His arranging bloomed, as did his special abilities as a graceful and admired bandleader. (It was always a mark of distinction to be hired by Carter.) By the end of the thirties, he had developed an extraordinary persona. For a long time, jazz was played by roustabouts and primitives. Carter was one of the first jazz musicians to go to college, and he wasn't expected to moan and shout and wear his blue notes on his sleeve. He was expected to keep his emotional cards close to his chest, and he did. He dressed flawlessly. His speech, possibly burnished by his BBC stay, was orotund. And he was a handsome man, with intelligent, questing eyes and three-hundred-watt teeth. He was a gentleman who, we were reminded when he picked up one of his horns, also played music. To be sure, Carter was the most admired alto saxophonist of the thirties, but that was hardly surprising. Johnny Hodges didn't draw himself to his full height until 1940, and such colleagues as Charlie Holmes, Willie Smith, Tab Smith, Hilton Jefferson, and Pete Brown, though absorbing in their various ways, were not first-rank—which became startlingly clear when Charlie Parker exploded several years later. Carter looks almost exactly as he did thirty years ago, and his considerable gifts remain unimpaired. The arrangements he played last year with Maria Muldaur had his customary uncluttered harmonies, his damask saxophone writing, and his untroubled sense of space and structure. His alto-saxophone playing has grown even statelier. The joyous, declamatory tone has broadened, and the melodic lines have become longer and more complex. Tonight at Michael's Pub (his accompanists are Ray Bryant, Milt Hinton, and Grady Tate), he played custom versions of "Three Little Words," "Mean to Me," "Body and Soul," and "Hon-



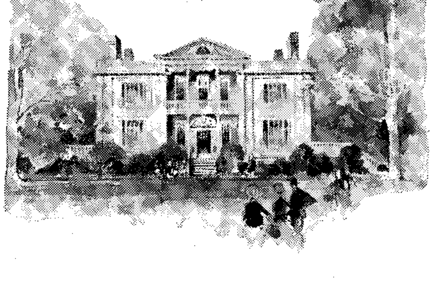
The British are coming!

You can see their sails in your mind's eye as you stand on the river bank at the beautiful Boscobel Restoration.

It doesn't take much imagination once you step inside the authentically restored home of eighteenth-century Loyalist landowner States Dyckman, and browse among the priceless antiques or stroll through the luxurious fruit groves and gardens.

For information call (914) CO 5-3638 or (212) LO 2-7444. Open daily except Tuesday.

BOSCOBEL RESTORATION, INC.
Garrison-On-Hudson, N. Y. 10524
8 miles north of the
Bear Mt. Bridge—Rte. 9D



Sperone da pasticiero

The Renaissance Cookbook

Dainties, delicacies, ambrosia! Everything from Lucrezia Borgia's favorite fruitcake to Catherine de' Medici's *frittelle di carciofo.*[1] Garnished with the lusty culinary customs and peculiar appetites of Renaissance man—a scholarly feast from the civilized centuries! Profusely illustrated from Renaissance engravings and hard-bound in beautiful folio size. **$8.50ppd.**

(2 copies — $15.50)

Putnam Antiques, 16W. Hill Rd., Middlefield, Ma. 01243.

[1] How did the Italian Catherine's invention of French cookery aid her in producing three French kings? See p. 85.

The Perfect Country Holiday

At the Sugarbush Inn, you can do whatever you love best. Golf on our 18-hole course set in the magnificent Green Mountains. Great tennis too.

Weekly Gardiner/Rosewall Tennis Clinics.

Enjoy our poolside terrace, memorable food and drink, delightful country inn or condominium style accommodations, sauna, free supervised children's program . . . and best of all, the beautiful summer scenery of Vermont.

For information and reservations call 802-583-2301 or write The Sugarbush Inn

Box 325S, Warren, Vermont 05674

eysuckle Rose." His saxophone solos gave the effect of skywriting: each hung complete in the air before being blown away by the succeeding soloist. But the best part of tonight was Carter's trumpet playing. He doesn't take the instrument as seriously, and so his playing is freer. He works in stone on the alto and in wood on the trumpet. His phrases are short and judicious, he prefers a legato attack, and his lyricism is unstudied and airy. He has not played trumpet much lately, and one had the impression of ideas highballing helplessly past unheard, but he should be in good shape in a week or so.

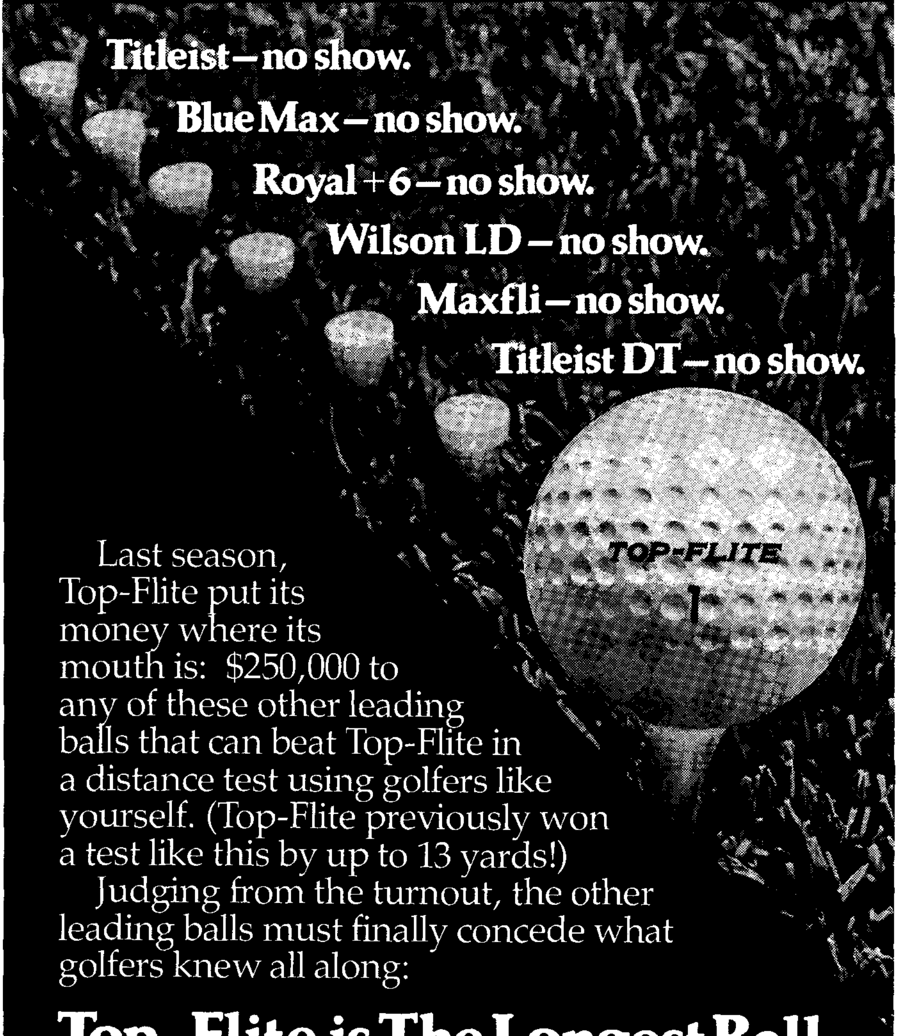
There has been news recently of a quite marvellous twenty-one-year-old tenor saxophonist from Providence named Scott Hamilton, and the other night he sat in with the house band at Eddie Condon's. The woods are full of young neo-Bix Beiderbeckes and neo-George Lewises, to say nothing of neo-Charlie Parkers and neo-John Coltranes. But, with the exception of players like Ruby Braff and Dick Sudhalter and Benny Golson, few musicians have paused to mirror and celebrate the figures who came up in the thirties and forties. Hamilton has. A medium-sized man, he has a small angular face, gesticulating hair, and semaphore ears, and he plays with an ease and lightness and tone that suggest—*mirabile dictu*—Dick Wilson, who played tenor saxophone for Andy Kirk in the thirties and came close to successfully mixing Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins. Hamilton's tone has more weight than Young's and is smoother. His time is excellent (mastering time is the hardest work a young jazz musician has), and his melodic lines are unflagging and original. Hamilton says that there is little rewarding work to be found in Providence, and that he is hoping for a New York gig. It's too bad he couldn't settle in with Benny Carter for the rest of his stay at Michael's Pub. Hamilton could borrow a pinch of this or that from Carter, who, for that matter, could return the compliment.

JUNE 13TH: The Sauter-Finegan band was put together in 1952 by the arrangers Eddie Sauter and Bill Finegan both for kicks and to show off their ingenious wares, and at the time it seemed overripe and somewhat precious. It was a hybrid group that had a six-man rhythm section and an odd instrumentation, which consisted of a tuba, a harp, and a reed section that doubled on piccolo, oboe, English horn, flute, kazoo, recorder, clarinet, and bass clarinet. Voicings like these were common: flute, two clarinets, two baritone saxophones; two flutes, two clarinets, baritone saxophone; and clarinet, bass clarinet, flute, two piccolos. The rhythm section shimmered and tintinnabulated, giving off the sound of gongs, vibraphones, chimes, big bass drums, tympani, gourds, woodblocks, sleigh bells, birdcalls, tambourines, and bongos. The band was a sound factory, capable of producing everything from a Bronx cheer to a hummingbird. It was Sauter and Finegan's folly, and it was no surprise when the aggregation finally sank of its own glittering weight. But this afternoon the band was brought brilliantly back to life at the Ninety-second Street Y.M.H.A. by Harvey Estrin, who was in the original S-F band, and the Y's Studio Orchestra, and it was a pleasure to discover that it had far more substance and lyricism and originality than one had thought. Indeed, the concert made it clear that some of the Sauter-Finegan arrangements are easily up-to-date. The voicings are choice and change continually within each piece. The various sections do not bounce off one another but intertwine or run parallel. Sometimes Sauter and Finegan split up the sections vertically, putting half the reeds with half the brass, and, by adding soloists, they sometimes produce half a dozen or more voices at once. The texture of the arrangements is often elegant but rarely has the mandarin effect of Gil Evans, and the rhythm section, despite its resemblance to a battery of sound-effects men, is not nearly as cloying as it once seemed. The Y's Studio Orchestra, which came into being this year, is made up of New York musicians, some of whom are students and some professionals, and who range in age from fifteen to the forties. It is a superb group, and it played Sauter and Finegan's materials with even more dash and aplomb than the original band. One did not get much sense of the abilities of its soloists, outside of the startling trumpet work of Charles Miller. Sauter and Finegan are arrangers, and they assembled an arranger's band. Improvisation in such a case is an afterthought.

JUNE 24TH: In the late thirties, big bands, which had been prevalent in American popular music for over a decade, remembered that they had grown out of small bands, and, as a salute to their origins, many of them formed excellent small bands-with-in-bands. All these, lest they grow presumptuous, were given rib-tickling names. Tommy Dorsey had his Clambake Seven, Chick Webb his Little

Chicks, Artie Shaw his Gramercy Five, Bob Crosby his Bobcats, Woody Herman his Woodchoppers (derived not from Herman's nickname, a corruption of Woodrow, but from the band's famous jump blues "Woodchopper's Ball," recorded in 1939), Dolly Dawn her Dawn Patrol, and Count Basie his Kansas City Seven. (Mundane old Benny Goodman, mindful that he might one day frequent the conservatory, simply had his trios, quartets, quintets, sextets, and septets.) But small working bands (as opposed to groups put together only for recording) also proliferated on their own in the late thirties, and perhaps the most famous was the John Kirby sextet, which flourished from 1938 until 1941, when its original personnel (Charlie Shavers on trumpet, Buster Bailey on clarinet, Russell Procope on alto saxophone, Billy Kyle on piano, Kirby on bass, and O'Neil Spencer on drums) began to change. With the exception of Procope, the Kirby band had passed through that invaluable Harlem kindergarten the Mills Blue Rhythm Band, which foundered in 1937. In the mode of the time, the Kirby band was completely streamlined. It had no edges or bulges, and it invariably pointed into the wind. It was witty and relaxed, and it swung. The band mainly used unison scoring, which gave it a single, direct voice. It was a treble band, made up of high-pitched instruments—muted trumpet, clarinet, alto saxophone. And it was an ensemble band—its soloists jumped in and got out, and their various timbres barely ruffled its silken surface. (A startling exception: Charlie Shavers' stunning open-horn solo on the group's Vocalion recording of "Royal Garden Blues.") A typical medium-type Kirby number went like this: Billy Kyle started flat out by playing a close variation on the melody for sixteen bars while the band supplied organ chords behind him. The band took over the melody on the bridge, and Kyle, the band again sailing along behind him, finished the chorus. The second chorus was introduced by an ad-lib four-bar unison flourish, and then the ensemble, shifting into harmony, played a sixteen-bar variation of the melody, gave way to an eight-bar Bailey solo, and resumed its variation of the tune. Shavers, still muted, soloed for sixteen bars at the start of the third chorus. Kyle took the bridge, this time without any organ chords, and the band played a mock Dixieland ensemble for the final eight bars. Of the band's four principal soloists (Kirby and Spencer rarely came forward), only Shavers and Kyle were first-rate. (Bailey had a reputation for

The results of the $250,000 Longest Ball Challenge:



Titleist—no show.
Blue Max—no show.
Royal+6—no show.
Wilson LD—no show.
Maxfli—no show.
Titleist DT—no show.

Last season, Top-Flite put its money where its mouth is: $250,000 to any of these other leading balls that can beat Top-Flite in a distance test using golfers like yourself. (Top-Flite previously won a test like this by up to 13 yards!)

Judging from the turnout, the other leading balls must finally concede what golfers knew all along:

Top-Flite is The Longest Ball.

Sold through golf professional shops

SPALDING

QUESTOR

IN NEW YORK...

Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room.

Each room and suite has a serving pantry.

Gracious dining in the Restaurant Laurent.

The super place to stay in the fashionable heart of the city, just off Park Avenue.

Elegant
Quiet
Secure

The Lombardy
HOTEL

Single, $50 to $55; Double, $60 to $65;
Two-Room Suite, $80 to $100.
Also by the week or month.

DO YOU WISH OUR BROCHURE?

Kathleen Brick, Reservations
111 East 56th Street, New York 10022
212 PLaza 3-8600

The Language of Flowers

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

A Book to Give with Love

A delicate little dictionary of flowers, compiled in 1913 by a devoted husband for his wife.

Did you know that lilacs traditionally mean "new love?" Or that yellow roses denote jealousy? Full color facsimile edition from England defines over 700 flowers. Hand-scripted, with delicate water-coloured flowers bordering each page.

$5.50 ppd.
(two copies—$10)

PUTNAM ANTIQUES
14 West Hill Road
Middlefield, Mass. 01243

The Island of Martha's Vineyard

This peaceful uncrowded island of quaint villages offers you casual living: a scenic blend of sea and country; superb swimming, sailing, fishing, golf, tennis, and shops. Hotels, cottages, motels, guest houses. Tell us *your* needs; arrival (Spring, Summer or Fall); length of stay, number in party.

Send $1 for complete Vacation Kit-maps, pictorial guide and list of accommodations.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD INFORMATION
Vineyard Haven 105, Mass. 02568

being as schooled and fleet as Benny Goodman—they had the same teacher in Chicago—but his playing was academic and piping. Procope was simply a good workaday alto player.) Shavers was only nineteen when he joined the band, but his leaping baroque style was already in place. Kyle also dazzled. He had grown out of Earl Hines, and he used whipping, turning single-note lines that were brilliantly fretted with unexpectedly accented on-the-beat notes. Kyle soloing at a fast tempo with the band humming along behind him was an eight-cylinder miracle. The Kirby band was not perfect. Its tight, gleaming style precluded much texture or surprise, and it had a weakness, then shared by many jazz groups, for jazzing the classics. Doing variations on Tchaikovsky and Haydn and Grieg and Chopin was thought to be funny, and even somewhat heretical. It put those holier-than-thou longhairs in their place.

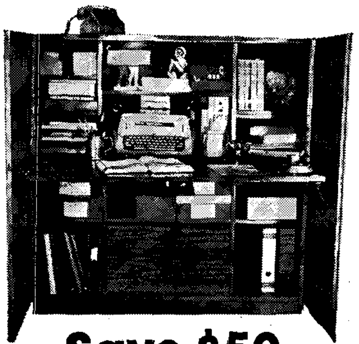
Columbia recorded the Kirby band at its height but hasn't put out a Kirby reissue for twenty-five years. A new release on another label, "The John Kirby Sextet" (Classic Jazz CJ 22), gives a good notion of the band. Of the twenty-four numbers in the album, thirteen were made in 1941, when the original band was intact, and the rest were done in 1943 and 1944, when the personnel still included Shavers, Bailey, and Kirby as well as such newcomers as George Johnson on alto saxophone, Budd Johnson on tenor saxophone, and possibly Specs Powell on drums and Clyde Hart on piano. (The liner notes give no indication that the later tracks have different personnel, nor do they give the origins of the tracks. Are they studio transcriptions, air checks, Muzak, or V-discs? Whichever, the recording quality is adequate.) The early material is the best and is notable for sly and witty versions of the "Original Dixieland One Step" and "Bugle Call Rag" (here called "Bugler's Dilemma"), a long version of the group's slow blues, "Blues Petite," and exceptional Kyle on "Close Shave," "Move Over," and "Old Fashioned Love." And listen to O'Neil Spencer on the 1941 sides. He was a classy brush drummer, and he had perfect time.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

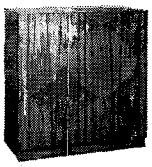
•

Miss Sheila O'Connor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hayden O'Connor of Manursing Avenue, is working for the American Bible Society in New York City. It was previously stated incorrectly that she was employed by the American Rifle Association.—*Rye (N.Y.) Chronicle.*

Well, let's not split hairs.



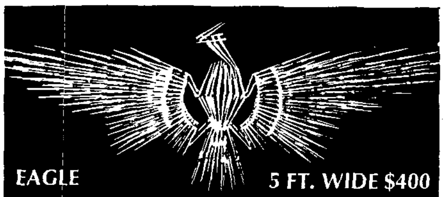
Save $50
ON THE NORSK
Mini-Office
IF YOU ORDER BEFORE SEPT. 7



It holds everything you need to work at home. Many unique features: Pull-out lamp goes off when lockable cabinet is shut. Full file drawer with letter & legal-size sections. Adjustable shelves hold largest books, standard typewriter. Pull-down writing surface closes magnetically. Selected hardwoods, handcrafted in Scandinavia. 48½"W x 19½"D x 51"H. Teak or walnut reg. $490, now **$440**. Rosewood, reg. $540, now **$490**. (If you work at home the price could be tax deductible.) 60-day money-back guarantee. On mail orders (Dept. NY75), N.Y. residents please add correct sales tax. Shipped freight collect or pick up at store. No CODs. Major credit cards. Free Furniture Folder. **Immediate delivery!**

NORSK
114 East 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) PL 2-3111

The Magic Pan®
crêperie
Lunch, dinner, late supper
Wines·Cocktails
San Francisco • Los Angeles • New York
Philadelphia • San Jose • Denver • Aspen
Atlanta • Dallas • Boston • Birmingham
St. Louis • Indianapolis • Minneapolis
Washington, D.C. • Hartford
Chicago • Milwaukee
BankAmericard — Master Charge
American Express



EAGLE 5 FT. WIDE $400

WILLIAM Bowie
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO
Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

Antique and Contemporary
PAPERWEIGHTS
Our illustrated catalogue & price guide for collectors is now available in full color.
$3.00.

407 Cliff St.
Suite 26
L.H. Selman Ltd.
Santa Cruz,
CA 95060

MUSICAL EVENTS

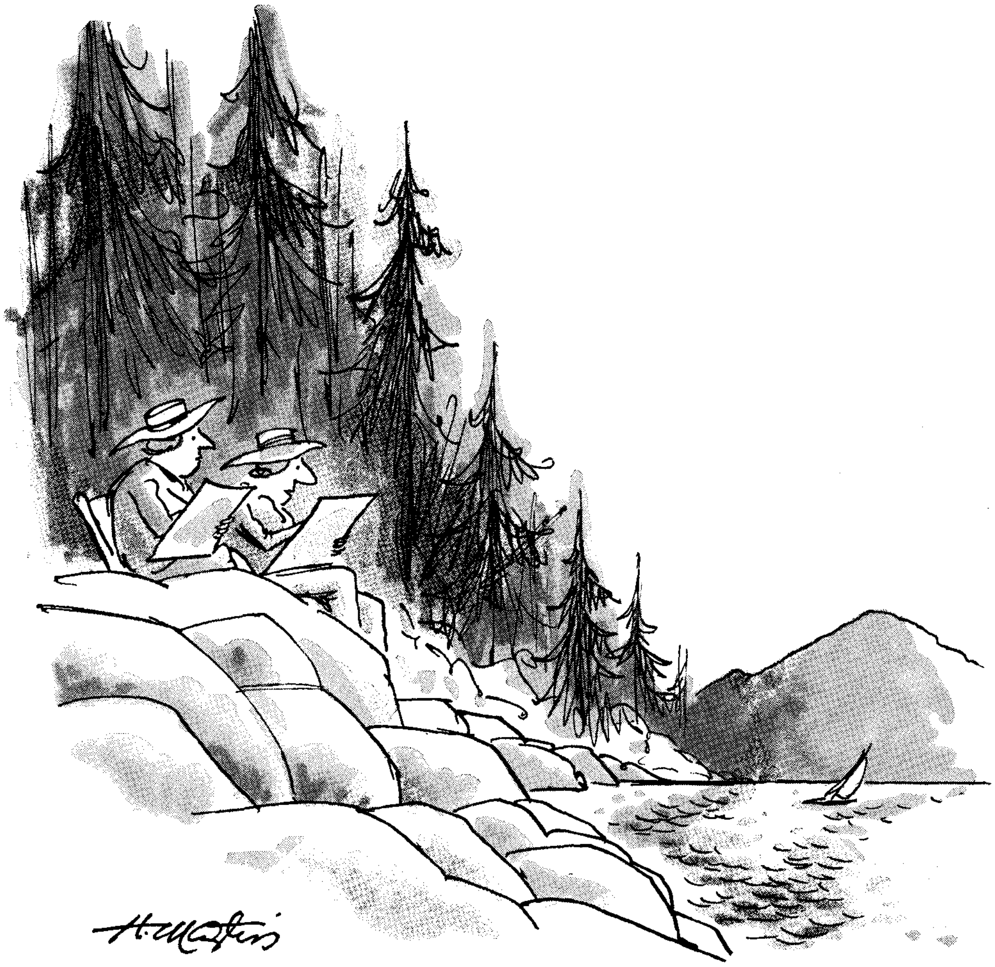
Music at the Falls

Walter Scott’s romances were a rich mine for operatic librettists. It is surprising that “the American Scott,” whose books were well known in Europe, should not have been raided more often; I know of only a few operas based on James Fenimore Cooper. In 1834, at the Théâtre-Italien, in Paris, there was Marco Aurelio Marliani’s “Il Bravo,” launched by Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini; within a year it had reached Italy, England, Austria, and Bohemia. It turns up in the memoirs of James Robinson Planché, who made an English version entitled “The Red Mask;” at Drury Lane the final decapitation scene was staged with such disconcerting realism that at the second performance a happy ending was substituted. In 1856, Luigi Arditi’s “La Spia” was performed in New York at the Academy of Music. The critic of the *Dispatch* heard a preliminary run-through, and reported:

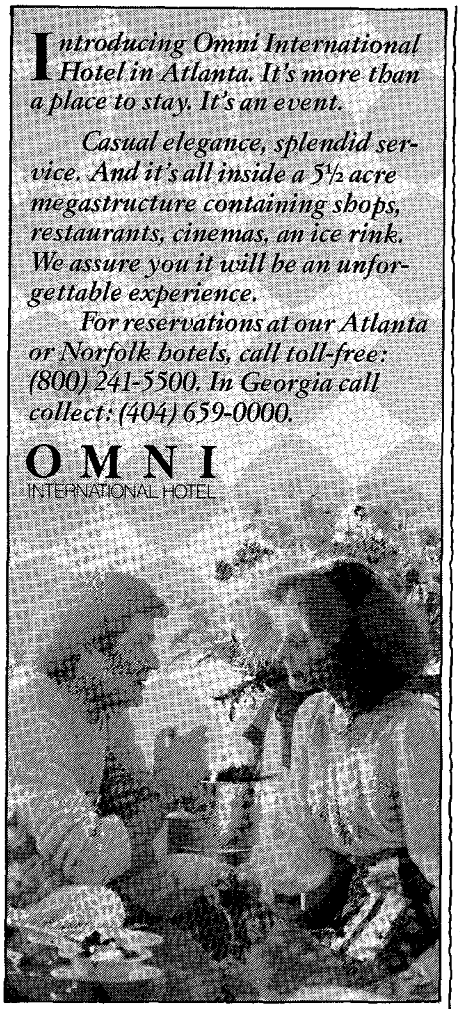
> To the dash and brilliancy of Verdi, [Arditi] unites the flowing harmonies of Donizetti, and the *savoir faire* of Meyerbeer’s effects. The subject of this opera, as the reader may know, is strictly American; and it is so treated, brilliantly and tellingly so. In the introduction, and sometimes repeated in the course of the opera, is a martial, liberty chorus, for which we predict the most extensive popularity.... There are a *finale* to the first act, a mother’s malediction, one or two prayers, and some duos, which are perfect gems; and the truly artist-like way in which the melody of “Hail Columbia” is worked in with the last grand *finale* of the opera will, we are sure, create a *furore* on its production.

Was he being sarcastic, or is Arditi’s “La Spia” really a work that some enterprising company—the Minnesota Opera, the Texas Opera Theatre—should look into? The “musical gems” printed at the end of the 1856 libretto suggest the former; but in his memoirs Arditi does say that one song from “La Spia,” “Colli nativi,” became so popular that it was sung by “almost every tenor of note” and was introduced into various other operas. In 1877, Gaston Salvayre’s “Le Bravo” appeared at the Théâtre-Lyrique, in Paris. (A year later, Richard Genée’s “Die Letzten Mohikaner” was staged in Munich; but, despite its title, this operetta has nothing to do with Cooper.) In 1916, “L’Ultimo dei Moicani,” by the Boston composer Paul Allen, was done in Florence. And last month Alva Henderson’s “The Last of the Mohicans” had its first performance, in Wilmington, Delaware.

“The Spy” (1821) and “The Bravo” (1831) are novels about men of principle caught in environments of, respectively, moral disorder (Westchester County in 1780, the “neutral ground” between the British and American forces) and immoral order (Venice ruled by the Secret Council, the Venice of “La Gioconda”). Both books provide good matter for opera, but neither can compare with “The Last of the Mohicans” (1826) in grandeur and richness of content. It is easy to see why a composer might be drawn to “The Mohicans.” In its physical descriptions of upstate New York there is something of “Paradise Lost;” the landscape of forest, lake, and river plays a more than picturesque yet not obtrusively symbolic role. In the final threnody for Uncas and Cora there is something of the great elegiac sequence that closes Handel’s “Saul.” It is a tragic love story—of love between Uncas, the beautiful and chivalrous young Indian, and Cora, the beautiful and brave Scottish girl who has black blood. (“The tresses of this lady were shining and black, like the plumage of the raven. Her complexion was not brown, but it rather appeared charged with the color of the rich blood, that seemed ready to burst its bounds. And yet there was neither coarseness nor want of shadowing in a countenance that was exquisitely regular and dignified, and surpassingly beautiful. She smiled . . . discovering by the act a row of teeth that would have shamed the purest ivory.” That “yet” and the flash of white teeth in a dark face tell us something about Cooper; but, remember, he was writing in 1826.) Uncas and Cora are both killed; the story ends happily only for Heyward, the rich young Southern officer, and the fair Alice, Cora’s half sister. We can presume that they go on to have plenty of fair-haired children—and in that there is a reflection of Cooper’s recurrent theme: that the forests, the rivers, the Indians, the animals, the old ways, the old order are doomed to destruction by the conquering white men. It is too late now, and it was already too late then, to expect all the white and all the black people in America to pack up and return to the countries whence their ancestors came or were brought, and to cease exploiting this



“We’re trying Maine this summer because Cape Cod just didn’t renew Jesse last year.”



Introducing Omni International Hotel in Atlanta. It's more than a place to stay. It's an event.

Casual elegance, splendid service. And it's all inside a 5½ acre megastructure containing shops, restaurants, cinemas, an ice rink. We assure you it will be an unforgettable experience.

For reservations at our Atlanta or Norfolk hotels, call toll-free: (800) 241-5500. In Georgia call collect: (404) 659-0000.

OMNI
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

Soggy Crackers are for the birds!

ELECTRIC BRISKER®

The only appliance of its kind that uses dehumidification to protect the flavor and crisp, crunchy freshness of such foods as crackers, potato chips, cereals, popcorn and pretzels...even keeps salt shakers free-flowing. Brisker is a "must" for every home or boat. U.L. approved; 115 volt AC for home; 6, 12 and 32 volt DC for boats. Size: 18¾" x 11" x 11". Polished chrome or satin copper finish. At fine gift shops and hardware stores, or order now by mail. Brisker soon pays for itself by the food it saves and keeps fresh...no soggy foods to throw out to the birds...even Audubon would approve! Write:

BRISKER® PRODUCTS $34.95

Add shipping charge $2. E. of Rockies. $3.50 W. of Rockies. Send check, Master Charge or Bank Americard number & expiration date with order.
2337 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Oh. 45206

Slazenger
IS TENNIS
Since 1881
2522 State Road, Cornwells Heights, Pa. 19020

continent. (It is too late to think of expelling the Angles, the Saxons, the Norsemen, and the Normans from England. Or the Dorians from Greece.) But Cooper's book and Henderson's opera do at least set one reflecting on large matters: on the morality of conquests, and on the reasons that America and Australia have, perhaps irretrievably, been taken over by European invaders, while Asia and most of Africa are retained or regained by races that were there before the white men came. The opera opens long perspectives. It is easy to point out, as Mark Twain did, the infelicities of Cooper's prose and plot; easy to point out, as the *Times* critic did, that Henderson's music is not memorable. All the same, it is work on a different level from stuff like Thomas Pasatieri's "Ines de Castro" or Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Hero," Baltimore's and Philadelphia's new Bicentennial operas—more imaginative, more romantic, nobler in intention.

Cooper's story is filled with sounds, both of the woods and water and of men's music. In the cave at Glens Falls:

> The air [an evening hymn, sung by the company after their first escape] was solemn and slow. At times it rose to the fullest compass of the rich voices of the females . . . and again it sank so low that the rushing of the waters ran through their melody, like a hollow accompaniment. The natural taste and true ear of David governed and modified the sounds to suit the confined cavern, every crevice and cranny of which was filled with the thrilling notes of their flexible voices. . . . The singers were dwelling on one of those low, dying chords, which the ear devours with such greedy rapture, as if conscious that it is about to lose them, when a cry that seemed neither human nor earthy rose in the outward air, penetrating not only the recesses of the cavern, but to the inmost hearts of all who heard it. It was followed by a stillness apparently as deep as if the waters had been checked in their furious progress.

That is white men's music mingled with nature's. The Indian Uncas's battle hymn is a "wild and irregular chant. . . . The notes were in the extremes of human sounds; being sometimes melancholy and exquisitely plaintive, even rivalling the melody of birds—and then, by sudden and startling transitions, causing the auditors to tremble by their depth and energy." Cooper goes on to describe the musical form of the four strophes. Speaking voices are also listened to attentively. When Uncas and his father, Chingachgook, talk, it may be "impossible to describe the music of their language, while thus engaged in laughter and endearments," but the author tries: "The compass of their voices, particularly that of the youth, was wonderful—extending from the deepest bass to tones that were even feminine in softness." The finale of the book is the funeral rite, recounted at length. "A low murmur of voices commenced a sort of chant in honor of the dead. The sounds were those of females, and were thrillingly soft and wailing. The words were connected by no regular continuation, but as one ceased another took up the eulogy or lamentation." There is a long sequence of solos, punctuated with choral outbursts of grief. After the women, the men sing or speak. "Then a low, deep sound was heard, like the suppressed accompaniment of distant music. . . . It was the monody of the father." The last words of all, both in the book and in Henderson's opera, come from the aged chief, Tamenund: "The palefaces are masters of the earth, and the time of the Red Men has not yet come again. My day has been too long. In the morning I saw the sons of Unamis happy and strong; and yet, before the night has come, have I lived to see the last warrior of the wise race of the Mohicans."

Allen's opera, which has a libretto by Carlo Zangarini (a collaborator in Puccini's "La Fanciulla del West"), is focussed on the double romance, amid adventures, of Cora and Uncas (soprano and tenor) and Alice and Heyward (mezzo and baritone), ending with a duet-in-death for the former pair. A good deal of the book's incident is retained. The music—to judge from the vocal score, which was published by Ricordi—is colorful, patchily effective, and a bit rambly. The piece is possibly worth a radio revival—and, for all I know, Radio Italiana may already have mounted a studio production of it in this Bicentenary year. Henderson's opera, whose "dramatic concept" is by Robert Darling and whose libretto is by Janet Lewis, treats "The Last of the Mohicans" more largely, and in a less conventional way. It *begins* with the funeral rites for Uncas and Cora, who were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death not divided; the incidents of the adventure story are then placed within the framework of the threnody. The love theme is not dominant, though it is expressed in a recurrent visual image, of the young man offering drink to the maiden. It is but one strand in a larger tragedy: the destruction of the Mohicans, and of their country, by the white invaders.

Even Magua, the villain of the piece, is a fallen prince whose fall was brought about by the white men and their firewater. The effect is almost as of a choral drama with solos, kin to those music-dramas of Handel that he called oratorios, though the twentieth century has put them onto the stage with powerful effect. Henderson's handling is unhurried; the three-act opera contains nearly three hours of music. He sets expansively Chingachgook's long lament for the vanished Mohicans, "Where are the blossoms of those summers!" (Much of the libretto is taken directly from the book.) He sets almost in full Hawkeye's long speech in which the wild flurrying of the Hudson at Glens Falls, a temporary turbulence in the long, smooth flow of the river, is a symbol for the transitoriness of men's particular troubles. (It was in the Glens Falls cave that Edward Stanley, later Lord Derby, and translator of Homer, remarked to Cooper, "Here is the very scene for a romance," and planted the seed for "The Last of the Mohicans.") Offstage choruses echo, amplify, provide a background to thoughts that are voiced and moods that are felt onstage. Henderson's aim seems to have been to find and sustain those "musics" that are never long absent from Cooper's pages, and suggest them in his own neo-romantic idiom, without essaying any ethnic or exotic authenticity. It is an opera more reflective than active, concerned more with thought than with individual characters. The massacre outside Fort William Henry is eventfully treated. But the dramatic "trial" before Tamenund is slowed down by extended speeches and ensembles; contrariwise, the deaths of Cora, Uncas, and Magua are whisked through in three successive measures, and then at once we reëmbark on the threnody. This is not a failing, except to the ears of someone who wants "The Last of the Mohicans" to be quite a different kind of opera. But Henderson's music does fail, I think, to be as communicative as it sets out to be. It has many virtues: lyricism, vocal lines that are flexible and good to sing, liveliness and color in the orchestral writing. But many of the tunes are just not quite good enough. For example, the theme (based on successive triads a tone apart) that rings out, twice, at Chingachgook's "My boy is the last of the Mohicans" is banal for its purpose.

Robert Darling's staging, in his own designs, was very successful. The Wilmington Grand Opera House has no fly tower. With revolving rocks, gauzy curtains on tracks, and clever lighting (by Thomas Watson), the sequence of ever-shifting and cross-fading scenes was smoothly achieved. An accomplished cast of young singers was led by Linda Roark and Peter Van Derick, as Cora and Uncas; Kristine Comendant and William Austin, as Alice and Heyward; Lawrence Cooper, as Magua; Alan Wagner, as Hawkeye; and Cary Smith, as Chingachgook. Ideally, one would demand singers of more glowingly romantic appearance and personality; Cooper stresses the physical beauty of all the young people in his tale. But Wilmington might find it hard to engage, say, Kiri Te Kanawa and José Carreras to lead its cast. The words were sometimes less audible than they should have been; I know not whether to blame the singers, the scoring, or the acoustics of an unfamiliar theatre. Christofer Macatsoris conducted. Marvin Keenze had prepared his chorus securely.

The work was commissioned by the Wilmington Opera Society as a Bicentennial event and for the gala reopening of the Grand Opera House. The subject had a double local connection: Chingachgook and Uncas are Delaware Indians, and N. C. Wyeth, who illustrated Cooper's novel, is a local hero. Henderson, a Californian, was chosen as composer on the strength of his "Medea," produced in San Diego in 1972. The Opera House itself was built in 1871; Wilmington then was a city of only fifty-five thousand, but the Grand's stage was reported as second only to the New York Hippodrome's in size. Edwin Booth, Adelina Patti—all the gang played there. In 1897, an Edison Vidascope was installed, and before very long the place was given over to movies. Warner Brothers relinquished it in 1967. In 1971, it was threatened with destruction. Instead, it is being lovingly restored. The essentials needed for a performance—a stage, stage equipment, and seats—were there for "The Mohicans," though the foyers were still bare planks and bare plaster. Already, it is a very attractive place; when completed, it will be a jewel. It seats some eleven hundred—a human size for an opera house. A restaurant and a bookshop are planned. One leaves it not into traffic but into a tree-lined pedestrian street, with fountains and sidewalk cafés. I look forward to hearing opera in Wilmington again.

—Andrew Porter

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the El Paso Times*]

HUD STUDY SAYS U.S. PROSPERITY
SIGNIFICANTLY ALTERED
BY RECESSION

Talented Little Towel

Absorbent terry cloth towel is shaped into the Eddie Bauer Toweling Hat to outsmart summer heat two ways! When your brow is perspiring, just wipe it with your hat. Or douse your hat in water, wring it out and wear it to keep you cool at tennis, golf, boating, fishing, camping. **Sizes:** S(6¾-6⅞), M(7-7⅛), L(7¼-7⅜), XL(7½-7⅝), XXL(7¾-7⅞). **Colors:** Sailing Blue, Powder Blue, White, Yellow. **2002** Toweling Hat, **$4.95** ppd.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for
$______. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please rush my 2002 Toweling Hat.
Size______ Color______
Name______
Address______
City______
State______ Zip______
☐ **Send me FREE your color catalog of over 1200 exciting outdoor products.**

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. JNY, Third & Virginia, Seattle, WA 98124

Visit our
gallery and
find the
artist of
your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading
portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

**If you can't be
a house guest
in Bucks County,
be ours.**

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

May we send you our brochure and driving directions?

1740
HOUSE

The Impeccable Inn
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

THE FLAG ON THE BRIDGE

ON the Fourth of July and other patriotic holidays, unless it rains or the breeze is too stiff or too whippy, a big American flag flies in the western arch of the George Washington Bridge. It is a stirring sight. The bridge is as noble a work of man as the river it spans is of nature, and the flag, silently billowing, adds a splash of dignified sensuality to the austerity of the bridge. The sight of the flag on the bridge has delighted me since I was a child. I grew up on the west bank of the Hudson River, and although I crossed the bridge perhaps a thousand times, there always seemed something ceremonial about the crossing. The symmetry of tall cliffs on one side and tall buildings on the other seemed so dramatic, the loftiness of the arches so triumphal, especially when the flag was flying, that I invariably felt a surge of energy as soon as the car turned onto the bridge. I remember being driven over the bridge one Fourth of July, some twenty years ago, in my parents' new Volkswagen convertible. The top was down, and because of the car's high sides it felt as if we were being borne along in a teacup. As we passed under the New Jersey arch, my father cried, "Look up!" From below, the perspective of the arch seemed dizzyingly exaggerated. The flag, as we passed under it, was like an immense cloth door swinging slowly past, the stripes tapering up toward the starry field and the gridwork overhead. Thinking of that moment now, I remember something else—a daydream of boyhood, as sharp in the memory as the smell of fresh laundry. I've built something tall and symmetrical with my Erector Set, and I'm moving my toy cars and toy trucks around and through it. I narrow my eyes, blurring my vision, and imagine it all growing larger and larger, until I can climb into the cars and trucks and drive them, and the Erector Set looms high over my head—as high, indeed, as the George Washington Bridge.

Such innocent exhilarations grow rarer as one grows older, but they are not altogether impossible to come by. On two mornings during the past twelve months—last July 4th, and Memorial Day of this year—I've watched as the big flag was put on display. Last summer, and for twenty-eight years before that, it took twelve strong men (every one of them earning time and a half for working on a holiday), not counting such auxiliaries as supervisors and policemen, to raise the flag. Traffic was stopped; motorists were inconvenienced. This spring, the flag was not raised but lowered into position, and it took only two men to do it; for that matter, one could have handled the job. Sometime in between, the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which owns and operates the George Washington Bridge, decided that the flag should be flown every weekend—not just on holidays—in honor of the Bicentennial. And so, about five weeks ago, to save labor costs and to avoid interfering with traffic, the Port Authority automated the flag. The new equipment was put into action for the first time over the Memorial Day weekend. Clearly, there are lessons to be drawn concerning push-button patriotism, and the like. So many heavy ironies are loosed that one has to step lively to avoid being crushed by them, as by falling safes. But so what? The new gadget works beautifully.

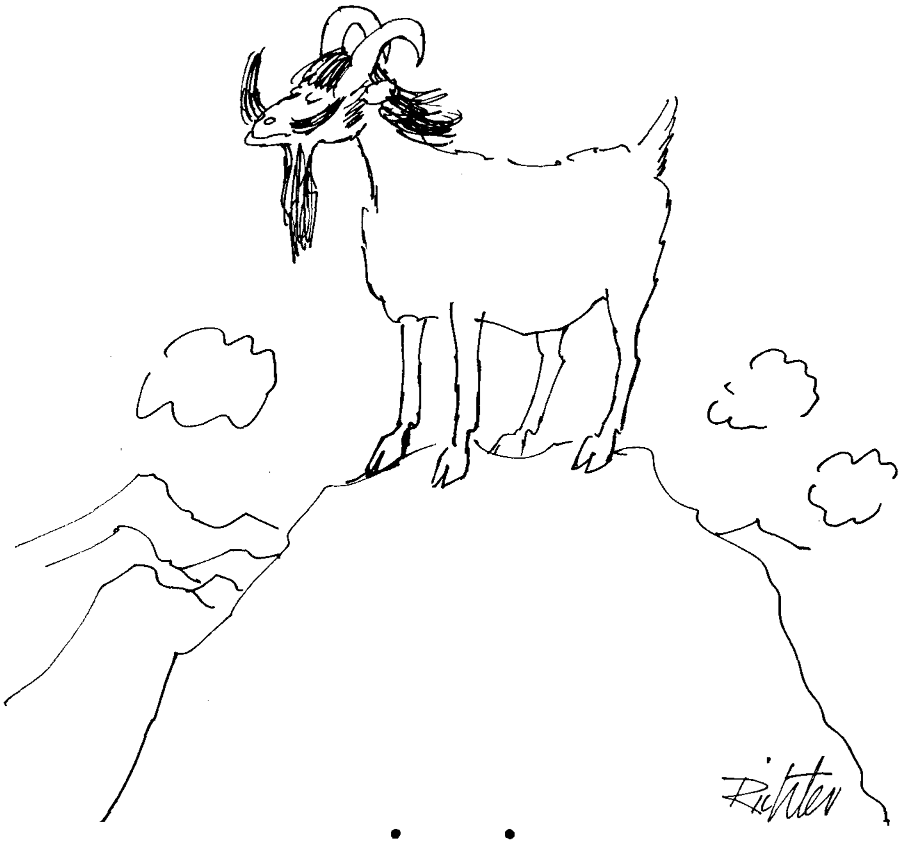
Bill Welsh, the man in charge of the big flag, works out of the George Washington Bridge Administration Building, in Fort Lee, the town at the western end of the bridge. From the outside, the building looks like an utterly routine office cube, but inside are unexpected delights. An upstairs conference room contains models of the bridge approaches, on the same scale as the electric-train layouts at F.A.O. Schwarz but immeasurably more detailed and extensive. The models were built in 1958, when construction of the second level of the real bridge began, and are the kind of toy children dream about but only government agencies and big corporations actually get. In the basement is a machine shop, where, last July 4th, a pair of old tollbooths stood upright on the floor, awaiting refurbishment. Battered, away from their usual surroundings, they looked like sedan chairs for a hobo king and queen. The lobby of the building is half taken up with a police command post, manned by members of the Port Authority's own force, that looms over the rest of the room like the prow of an ocean liner. Part of the police desk, facing a gleaming schematic diagram of the bridge and its approach roads, with tiny lights giving various information about the bridge, consists of an immense, raked, three-panelled console. The console controls the lighting and ventilation of the bridge and its approach tunnels, and it is covered with lights and switches. If there is a Phantom of the George Washington Bridge, no doubt he sits at that console, long past midnight, playing the great bridge like an organ. The roof of the building is a helicopter landing pad, rarely used, with a wind sock and a painted target. From the landing pad, the bridge itself dominates the scene.

IN front of the police desk, at about 8:30 A.M. that Fourth of July, I met Welsh, who is a big man with a broad, mischievous face. His title is general maintenance supervisor of the bridge, and he was prepared for generalship that morning. He wore a dashing white nylon windbreaker with orange stripes on the sleeves—high-visibility stripes, he called them. We took the elevator down to the garage of the building, where a dozen men in green work shirts—the crew that would be putting up the flag—had already assembled. Against one wall of the garage was a shed of unpainted wood, the size and shape of a seaside bathhouse. At a little before nine, the shed was unlocked and opened. Half a dozen men slid a sofa-sized canvas bag off a shelf, carried the bag across the floor with short, quick steps, and heaved it into the back of a pickup truck. The canvas bag contained the flag. It took six men to carry it because it weighed more than five hundred pounds.

A second bag, containing the backup flag, was left in the shed. The backup flag had formerly been the main flag, but one day a high wind got it snarled up with a sign and opened a four-foot rip in it. The bridge-maintenance crew brought the torn flag back to the garage and then borrowed a worker from the Holland Tunnel, who happened to be an ex-sailmaker, to repair it.

"He sat right on that bench over there, with part of the flag on his lap, using a needle the size of your finger," Welsh said. "He looked just like Betsy Ross."

Welsh jumped into a yellow Port Authority station wagon, and a few moments later the flag convoy moved out. A police car led the way, followed by Welsh's station wagon, the pickup truck with the flag, a police wrecker, another station wagon, and another police car. The convoy paused at the entrance to the main roadway of the



bridge and the police cars went on ahead, peeling off like fighter planes convoying a fleet of bombers. While the men waiting in the trucks and the station wagons joked and clowned, the police blocked off, under the arch, a space two lanes wide near the center of the roadway on the city-bound side, where the traffic is always lighter on a holiday morning. Soon the rest of the convoy moved up, and the men piled out of the station wagons and trucks into the cool air and started working briskly. They rolled out a long tarpaulin of blue-and-white canvas along a lane of the roadway. They pulled the flag off the pickup truck and out of the bag and spread it, piled up lengthwise but extended to its full width, on the tarpaulin, which protected it from the contaminating touch of the concrete.

As soon as the flag was laid out, the policemen stopped all traffic in both directions, thus conscripting a drive-in audience for the raising itself. Overhead, near the top of the arch, an aluminum pipe, suspended horizontally by steel ropes, began to descend, almost to fall. The pipe was sixty feet long—as long as the flag was wide. In ten seconds, it was at roadway level, spanning nearly six of the eight lanes. Six men caught it in their hands, steadied it, and walked it around in a quarter circle, until it was directly over the flag. A few seconds more and forty snap hooks along a canvas strip at the top of the flag had been fastened. Inside the framework of each of the two tower legs of the arch was a platform, a few feet above road level, that had two winches bolted to it. On each platform, four men began to turn the cranks. Another man stood spread-eagled behind them, a gloved hand guiding each of the cables. Slowly, with hardly a sound but the cranking of the winches, the flag began to rise. On the roadway, men held the flag, gently paying it out as it rose. The flag seemed to grow out of the pavement, as if it were rooted there; and, as the stars (each as big as a nearly grown child with arms and legs extended) began to lift clear of the roadway row by row, the flag twisted gracefully toward the plane of the arch. When the flag was halfway up and its whole starry field was visible, with the stripes upright to one side, its great size became fully apparent. Finally, with the sudden ease of a dirigible taking off, it left the roadway entirely.

Deployments of men and machines on this scale cost money—in the course of a year of frequent flag-raising, more money than the cost of the new flag-displaying equipment (estimated by the Port Authority at ninety-five thousand dollars). According to L. Vincent Knobel, the principal engineer of what is officially known as the Mechanized Flag Hoisting and Storage System, the Port Authority toyed with several different systems. One notion was to draw the flag across the roadway like a curtain; another, to roll it down like a window shade. Both these ideas would have had the drawback of cluttering the arch with unsightly support structures. The solution that was ultimately devised was elegant in the extreme.

The flag is now stored directly above the spot where it flies, in a long tube that has been installed vertically in the keystone position of the arch itself. Hidden away amid the girders, the tube is inconspicuous nearly to the point of invisibility. The flag hangs from a boom that is joined in the middle, forming two arms that fold downward, so that flag and boom can fit inside the tube. The apparatus hangs from a sturdy wire rope that is affixed from above to the central joint of the boom. Two other ropes, one attached to the end of each arm, lead downward, out the bottom of the tube, and toward either side, where they meet the columns of the arches slightly above the level at which the open boom will hang when the flag is flying. A fourth, smaller wire rope, attached to the flag about halfway down one side, will prevent the flag from being blown into a horizontal position. The ropes wend their ways around pulleys and end up wrapped around winches on the same platforms where the stalwarts of the flag crew used to stand. Now, though, the winches are turned not by human muscle but by five-horsepower electric motors. The operation of the gadget is simplicity itself. First, the center rope lowers the flag until it is wholly clear of the tube. Then the side ropes pull the arms out straight, and the flag unfurls. So much for the principle of the thing. There are also counterweights and safety ropes to prevent the flag from falling unexpectedly, but—a mystery that the Port Authority has not yet cleared up—this insurance system did fail once, shortly after the new system had been installed, sending flag and accompanying mechanisms tumbling down on top of a truck in the roadway. "I was riding along and then everything turned blue," the driver, whose vehicle was damaged slightly, told a reporter for the Union City *Dispatch*. At any rate, the Port Authority says that no motorist need fear now that his car will without warning be covered and immobilized by a rogue flag.

ON Memorial Day, I met Welsh once more at the police desk, this time at a quarter to six in the morning. Now that the overtime costs of raising the flag have been mechanized away, it is unfurled before, instead of after, the big spurt of morning traffic. "High-visibility stripes are out," said Welsh,

Like Hauptmann in Swiss Army

You would have to be at least Hauptmann in Swiss Army before you were issued this **Swiss Army Style Knife**. Eleven stainless blades and tools—from knife and corkscrew, manicurer, scissors, saw . . . to fish scaler and hook disgorger. Really, whatever you cannot fix with this versatile gadget may well be beyond repair. This is real old classic—3½ inches long, red baked-on enamel. *Most amazing perhaps is* price. We bring you this marvelous tool at just $9.95, which must be considered one of great bargains of decade.

779 Bush St., Box 7584,
San Francisco, CA 94120 **henniker's**

Henniker's, 779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120
Yes, I want to make boyhood dream come true.
Please send me:
_____ Swiss Army Style Knives @ $9.95 each.
○ Special savings: Three (3) Knives for $27.95
_____ Belt-looped carry cases @ $2.95 each
☐ My check for this amount, plus $1 for postage and insurance for entire shipment (plus sales tax for Calif. delivery) is enclosed.
☐ Pls. charge my BA/MC acct.
#_______________ exp. _______
For fastest service call TOLL FREE (800) 327-8912
(IN FLORIDA (1-800) 432-5024) IN SF BAY AREA CALL: 433-7540
YN0705
My name is ______________
I live at ______________
In ______________ State _____ Zip ______
M239-1

Lynn Mullinax at The Dove™

For more than seven years, friends and lovers have listened to piano renditions by Lynn Mullinax. Why not join them tonight, at The Dove™, from five o'clock until closing.

Appearing Sundays and Mondays, Alan Logan.

Corner of Sixty-Fifth and Third Avenue, New York.

On St. Croix A WORLD ALL YOUR OWN for golf, tennis, swimming, snorkeling, fishing and relaxing. Call Ralph Locke (212-586-3070).

The Buccaneer

Box 218-Y St. Croix, U.S.V.I. 00820

who was wearing a brown corduroy jacket. "Since we don't stop the traffic anymore when we do this, the idea is to make the operation as slow and inconspicuous as something like this can be. We don't want anybody driving off the bridge because he starts seeing flags drop out of the sky."

This time, the entire party—Welsh, a foreman named Harry Fischer, a uniformed Port Authority cop, and I—fitted into one car. On the front seat between Welsh and Fischer was an aluminum case about the size of a case for a large portable typewriter. Welsh parked the car at the end of an entrance lane at the foot of the bridge, and the four of us walked out on the south walkway, about half the distance to the tower. A small steel folding shelf was built into the fence separating us from the roadway. Welsh snapped it up into place, set the aluminum case on it, and opened the case's latches. Inside was a set of controls for the flag machinery: buttons marked "Slacken" and "Tighten" and "Raise" and "Lower," along with lights of amber, red, and white to signal when motors were running or ropes were in place, and a large, many-pronged plug. Next to the shelf, and also attached to the fence, was a black metal box. Welsh unlocked it, fished out a thick black wire with a socket on the end, and connected the controls. "Here we go, I hope," he said.

From where we stood, we could see the bottom of the tube, flush with the arch, with the tip of the flag just visible inside. Welsh and Fischer pushed the buttons, the winches hummed and clanged, and the flag began a stately descent. For several minutes, an ever-widening billow of red and white could be seen, and then, with a flutter, the blue field and white stars appeared. As the still furled flag approached its final position, with the lower edge of it some sixty feet above the roadway, the ropes attached to the ends of the boom began to pull the arms apart. "Shouldn't we be singing something?" asked Welsh—and so, with the flag opening and cars rushing by, we approximated a verse of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

THE flag on the George Washington Bridge is not the biggest flag in the world. It isn't even any longer the biggest American flag on a suspension bridge in the New York metropolitan area. Both those distinctions now belong, or soon will belong, to a flag hoisted in the rigging of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge on the eve of this Fourth of July. This new flag—which was conceived and promoted by Len Silverfine, a lecturer in marketing and advertising at the University of Vermont and at McGill University in Montreal, and by Pierre Leduc, the president of an advertising agency in Montreal; was financed by Church and Dwight, parent company of Arm and Hammer; and was donated to the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, arch-rival of the Port Authority, on the condition that it be turned over to the Smithsonian Institution when it wears out—is three hundred and sixty-six and a half feet long and a hundred and ninety-three feet wide. It is thus not only the largest flag ever made, it is also larger than the basic American unit of area measurement, the football field. (Few Americans are certain how big an acre is, but all know the gridiron, which happens to be an acre and one-tenth.) There are those who regard the Verrazano flag as a mere Bicentennial novelty, a freakish, one-shot enterprise motivated partly by patriotism but at least equally by the desire—increasingly widespread and increasingly wearisome—for commemoration in the "Guinness Book of World Records."

In this view, the George Washington Bridge flag represents more enduring values. The Port Authority's standard boast, repeated in choruses of brochures and press releases, is that it is "the world's largest free-flying flag." The implication is that while there may be bigger flags in the world (the world being understood to mean the United States, as in "the World Series"), these bigger—these *grosser*—flags, not being free-flying, are perhaps a trifle unworthy. The free and the flying are necessarily better, and more American, than the unfree and the stationary. The Port Authority's boast, qualified though it is, has provoked suspicion at the *News*, a paper that seldom admits of inaccuracy where the American flag is concerned. A couple of years ago, when the *News* ran a centerfold photograph of the Fourth of July raising, the caption pointedly called the pictured drapeau "the world's largest free-*hanging* flag." (Italics mine.) By the *News*, if it's not flying horizontally from a flagpole it's not flying at all, it's hanging. Still, the Oxford English Dictionary, on its fourth page of definitions of "fly," notes that to fly, when it is said "of something attached by one edge or end, *esp.* of a flag," means "to float loosely; to flutter, wave." By this admittedly Redcoat definition, the banner in question is definitely a flier.

The George Washington Bridge

flag is sixty feet wide and ninety feet long, which makes it about the same size as a basketball court. Each of its stripes is just over fifty-five inches wide. The first flag that flew from the bridge, in 1947, was made of wool bunting, cost about three thousand dollars, and was manufactured, like all its successors except the present one, by Annin and Company, formerly of Fifth Avenue and now of Verona, New Jersey. The flag currently in the tube is three-quarters nylon and one-quarter wool, cost (with its backup flag) ninety-nine hundred dollars, and was made, this year, by Abacrome, Inc., of East Sixteenth Street.

Annin makes state flags, territorial flags, flags for organizations and corporations, flags for every country of the United Nations, and a lot of American flags—a million of them a year, perhaps fifty million since 1847, when the company was founded. It makes little four-by-six-inch flags for the desks of schoolteachers, and it made the flag that Peary raised at the North Pole. Abacrome was started in 1940 by a commercial artist named Julius Greenspan (he is still its president), who initially specialized in the banners that are hung under the marquees of movie palaces and Broadway theatres. During the Second World War, Abacrome landed a contract to outfit the Russian Navy with signal flags, and one to make the "E" pennants that the War Department gave suppliers deemed to have done excellent work. Abacrome makes American and foreign flags, of course, but it has also made elephant covers for the circus and, on special order, banners emblazoned with the works of artists like Roy Lichtenstein and Claes Oldenburg. The flag on the George Washington Bridge is thus the most imposing member of a large and variegated family; its forebears and cousins are both noble and democratic; it is a flag among flags.

ONCE the flag was flying, Welsh took me up the Jersey tower to view the scene from above. The way up is by a small elevator built into the south side of the structure. The elevator has a couple of smudged little windows, and as it ascends the water drops away and girders flit by at all angles, as if you were on a railway trestle to the sky. The elevator goes about four-fifths of the way to the top, and you step out onto a platform that is some thirty feet square, is made of grating, and is surrounded on all sides by light pouring through a thick filigree of silver-gray metal. The original design

The Regency Hotel

The most civilized hotel in New York. Maybe the world.

The Regency Hotel
Park Avenue at 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. (212) 759-4100

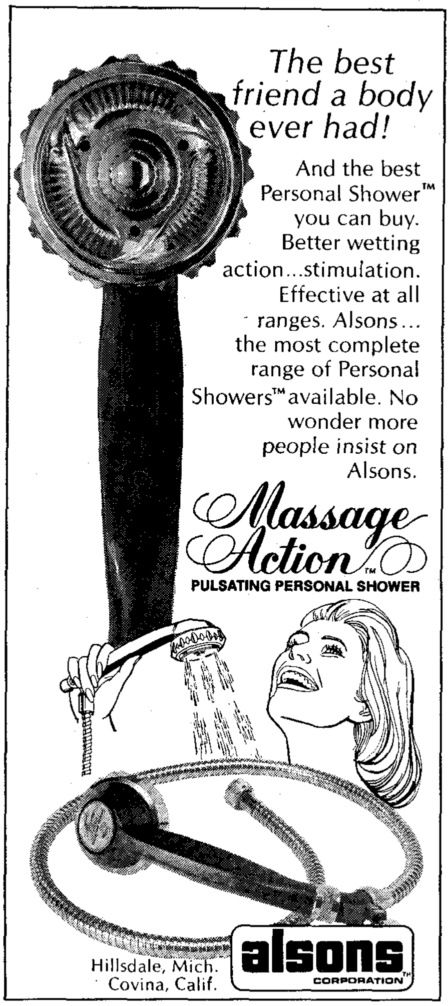
Maybe what your serve needs is a little more sock.

To play your best, you need more than just okay socks. You need Super Sox.™ From SAI.®

Super Sox are especially made for tough composite surfaces. You get a soft, full cushion of Hi Bulk Orlon.® Nice, snug Lycra Spandex to keep the top from drooping (a long time—not just at first like conventional elastic). Sanitized® bacteriostatic chemicals to resist foot odor. A nylon shield that wears like gangbusters. And a one year guarantee against excessive wear under normal use or replaced free by SAI.®

Now that your feet feel better, maybe your serve will too.

SAI®
Silver Spring, Md. 20910 Available in leading sports, pro, and department stores.
SAI Super Sox, in mid-calf length and super short.



The best friend a body ever had!

And the best Personal Shower™ you can buy. Better wetting action...stimulation. Effective at all ranges. Alsons... the most complete range of Personal Showers™ available. No wonder more people insist on Alsons.

Massage Action™
PULSATING PERSONAL SHOWER

Hillsdale, Mich.
Covina, Calif.
alsons CORPORATION™

Active.

THE Arlington HOTEL
Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas 71901
1-800-643-5404

Coral Reef Club
Sandpiper Inn
Settlers Beach Hotel

Three small charmers on the best beach with everything that's fun to do in
BARBADOS
2 bedroom villas with kitchens, deluxe guest rooms, cottages and suites.
See your travel agent or Ralph Locke
315 E.72 St., N.Y.C.10021
(212) 535-2445

NUMBER SIXTEEN
An unique, luxury "pension". Central, private and informal. It's for those who prefer not to pay "Grand Hotel" prices.
16 SUMNER PLACE LONDON SW7 3EG ENGLAND
Telephone 01-589-5232

of the bridge called for the uprights to be sheathed in masonry, but when the chief engineer, Othmar Ammann, saw how beautiful the skeleton was, he decided to leave it uncovered. The bridge has looked nearly the same since it opened, in 1931.

Welsh peered southward through the girders. "Hmm," he said, narrowing his eyes conspiratorially. "This might be a good spot to shoot at those Verrazano guys from." The rest of the climb was on foot, up seven flights of narrow metal steps that are like ships' ladders on a destroyer. It feels high up there—very high. The top of the bridge is six hundred and four feet from the surface of the river (at mean high water), and there are dozens of office buildings in Manhattan taller than that. But the bridge delivers more *psychic* height than any of them. The office buildings stand cheek by jowl with others of roughly equal height; the bridge stands alone over the water. An office building is an extension of the ground, a kind of man-made mountain. The bridge is of an altogether different order, as if it had condensed out of the air around it. High up on the bridge, you are exposed to the wind and the weather. There are no walls and no windows. You don't have to look out to look down—you look at your shoes and you see the rocks and water hundreds of feet below. If standing on the observation platform of the World Trade Center—thirteen hundred and seventy-seven feet above the streets of Manhattan—is like going a hundred miles an hour in an air-conditioned limousine, standing among the girders at the top of the George Washington Bridge is like doing ninety on a motorcycle. Welsh seemed perfectly at home as he led the way up the steps, but I could feel the height as a physical sensation in the back of my legs.

On the very top of the bridge are two platforms of rolled steel plate, covering the areas of the two uprights. A rigid network of girders connects the two platforms, which are one hundred and six feet apart. The girders are of a type called needle beams. They are six inches wide. Welsh was standing near the inner edge of the south platform. He stretched out a leg and touched one of the needle beams with the toe of his shoe. One of the tests for people who want to be bridge painters is to walk out on one of the needle beams as far as the first crossbar—about twelve feet—and back again. It looks hard, Welsh said, but it really isn't. People develop a wonderful sureness of step at three hundred and fifty feet above the roadway. You simply don't slip; and even if you do— But you don't. Those who go through with the test pass it. The others contemplate the needle beams for a while and decide that there are probably more opportunities for advancement in the field of tunnel maintenance.

The steel floor that we were standing on was also a roof, and now we descended into the housing under it. In the gloom, two of the four great cables holding up the bridge—there is a cable at each side of each pedestrian walk—curved over a massive steel saddle and sloped back down toward the roadway. (An identical housing for the other two cables was across the tower.) Inside the walls of the housing, the protective steel coat of the cables ended, exposing the outer layer of the wires they are made of. Each cable consists of 26,474 wires; each of the wires is about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter—slightly smaller than a cigarette—and they are packed into a cylinder with a girth of about ten feet. The unsheathed cable inside the housing looks as lithe and flexible as a thigh muscle looks in an anatomical drawing, but every foot of it weighs more than a ton.

Welsh remarked that graffiti have been found at the top of the bridge. There was more admiration than indignation in his voice. The elevator is always locked, and the structure of the towers is next to impossible to climb, because the girder branchings are farther apart than a man can reach. The only way for a graffiti artist to get to the top is to walk up one of the cables. The bridge painters walk on the cables, too. But they always walk down, and they always wear a belt equipped with straps that hook onto two wires that follow the cable and serve as a pair of bannisters for it. At worst, if a painter slips he may slide down the cable, suspended from the waist, until the hooks on his belt straps catch on the rods that connect the bannister wires with the cable, at intervals of about sixty feet. The graffiti artist has no special belt, only his hands. He walks down the cable only after he has walked up and done his work—work that only a few Port Authority employees will ever see. Walking up the cable is the tricky part, because with every ascending step on the slippery cylinder of the cable the path gets steeper as well as higher.

"You'll get a better idea of what I mean if you step out there," Welsh said. He waved toward an opening in the west wall that was between and slightly above the entering cables, like a rectangular head on a pair of heroic shoulders. I stepped up into the opening and half crouched in it, a hand on each side, looking down and out. There was a little grating a couple of feet below the bottom of the opening. The grating was about three feet long and four feet wide. It jutted out from the structure of the tower; below it, above it, and to the sides of it, there was nothing but air. Paralleling its forward edge, at waist level, was a single horizontal steel rod, as big around as a roll of candy, and held in place by a vertical rod at either end. I took a deep breath and lowered myself to the grating.

"How do you like it out there?" Welsh asked.

I liked it fine. I sat down on the grating and dangled my legs over the edge. I looped both hands over the horizontal rod and pressed my nape against it. A light breeze blew, and it was quiet. The great cables at either side of my feet swooped down and away like the tracks of a gargantuan roller coaster. The river, the cliffs, and the landscape were spread out below. Northern New Jersey appeared as a vast expanse of forest, because the suburbs have been built mostly below the level of the treetops. I remembered crossing the bridge in the back seat of the convertible as a child and looking up yearningly at the spot where I now sat. I felt I could sit there quite happily all morning. I understood the serenity of flagpole sitters.

I leaned over and looked straight down. Below, the bridge cast its gigantic shadow on the roadway, and in the still shadow of the arch was the moving shadow of the flag. In that unchanging frame, the flag's shadow passed gracefully from shape to shape, like a dancer slowly exercising on a bare stage. The flag was not quite opaque, and the light that passed through it gave the shadow a texture that flowed and churned like a liquid. There was a sudden gust of wind. The flag's shadow shrank to a rounded triangle and the flag itself appeared out of the riveted grillwork of the arch—first only a corner, and then the whole sharp, billowing, flying expanse of red, white, and blue. —HENDRIK HERTZBERG

•

FRENCH HOUSEKEEPER

Bright, young French girl seeks summer work with family (au pere). Household duties, sitting; may stay through December.—*Adv. in the Harvard Crimson.*

If she and Dad really hit it off.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

I want to subscribe to The New Yorker for ☐ one year (52 issues, $18) ☐ two years (104 issues, $30). Additional postage—Canada and Mexico, $2 per year. Other foreign, $6 per year.

Name ______

Address ______

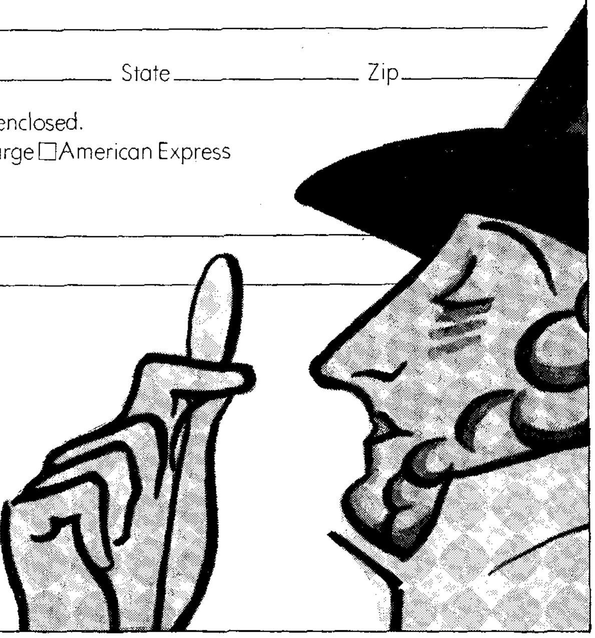
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

☐ My check for $______ is enclosed.
Please bill my ☐Master Charge ☐American Express
☐BankAmericard.

Account # ______

Signature ______
4276

The New Yorker
25 West 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036



SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

I want to subscribe to The New Yorker for ☐ one year (52 issues, $18) ☐ two years (104 issues, $30). Additional postage—Canada and Mexico, $2 per year. Other foreign, $6 per year.

Name ______

Address ______

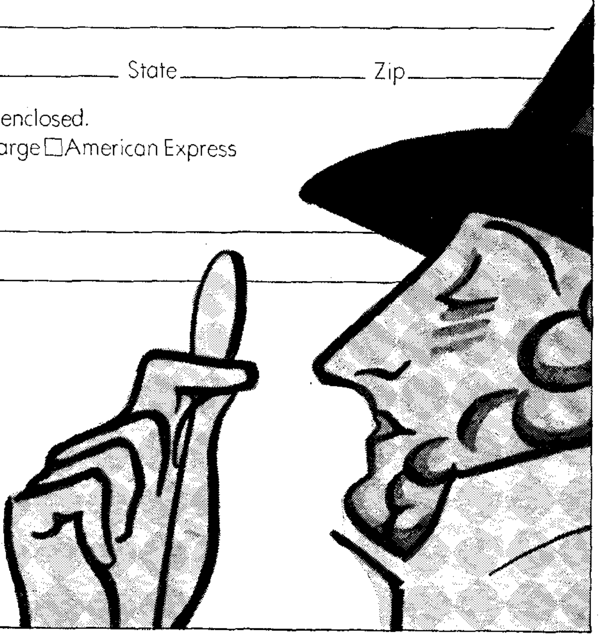
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

☐ My check for $______ is enclosed.
Please bill my ☐Master Charge ☐American Express
☐BankAmericard.

Account # ______

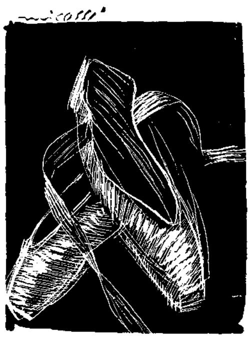
Signature ______
4276

The New Yorker
25 West 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036



DANCING

"Beauty" in Distress



SEEING "The Sleeping Beauty" done by American Ballet Theatre, with Oliver Messel re-creating the settings and costumes he designed for the 1946 Covent Garden production, is a little like visiting the Queen Mary in drydock. It's better than no Queen Mary at all, but it isn't the same as taking an ocean voyage. The new "Sleeping Beauty" hasn't gone anywhere yet, although at the end of its first week of performances at the Met engines were starting to turn in the orchestra pit. I have never heard the score played slower or more rudely than it was on opening night; the conductor, Akira Endo, made matters worse by following the whimsical lead of the ballerina, Natalia Makarova. The two other performances I saw were led by Michel Sasson (with Martine van Hamel as Aurora) and Endo again (with Gelsey Kirkland). In both, the music had picked up speed and transparency; it sounded like Tchaikovsky. The conductor is more important to the success of this ballet than the ballerina. Spectacles the size of "The Sleeping Beauty" aren't ballerina vehicles, and they aren't launched in one week. That's why I'm inclined for the moment to discount Makarova's muddled performance, along with van Hamel's far more proficient one and Kirkland's promising but underachieved début. In spite of the legendary aura created around the central role by Margot Fonteyn, one goes to "The Sleeping Beauty" not for one star but for a display of dancing and pantomime by a company schooled in the full range of classical effects the ballet calls for. Everybody, from Aurora down to the smallest page, has to show the brilliance of this classical school, and show it, moreover, with the consistent force of a common heritage. Ballet Theatre's weakness is that it isn't able to make this kind of ensemble declaration. At best, it is a polyglot company, with a roster of stars trained to differing aesthetics of classicism. At worst (and best and worst are mixed up together in "The Sleeping Beauty"), it can't muster the technical strength to fill the ballet's many subsidiary roles. As performed at Ballet Theatre, the variations for principals and soloists with which "The Sleeping Beauty" is studded look like a series of guest shots or shots in the dark. The Carabosse (Dennis Nahat or Marcos Paredes) was performed in Trockadero hoodoo style. King and Queen, Catalabutte, courtiers, servitors, suitors were left pretty much to their own devices. Stylistic deficiencies cramp the production at every turn, and these extend from dance manners to court protocol. Just as a sequence of six supported pirouettes into attitude (performed seriatim by six fairies) should agree as to the amount of light and shade in épaulement and as to the level and angle of the leg, backs should not be turned on the royal presence, suitors should doff hats on being introduced to a princess, and a princess, fatally punctured, ought not to be left lying unattended on a bare floor.

The production was delivered unfinished. Oliver Messel, who never got to mount a Panorama at Covent Garden, now does so at the start of Act III, with the Lilac Fairy's boat crossing the stage against a distant shoreline. The front scrim that would have made the scene work was missing. So were the effects of rising foliage at the front of the stage which, in the old production, used to shut the castle from view at the end of Act I. As I remember that production, the Lilac Fairy did not exit, as she does now, but remained onstage, drifting on her points from side to side, bending, weaving, urging the scenery upward until the curtain fell. Maybe this moment will be restored. And there were other moments—outstanding and treasurable ones in which Messel's settings also played a part—that should be restored, too. One of them was Aurora's entrance; another was the onstage scenic transformation that elided Acts II and III. Even companies to which the ballet is better suited than it is to Ballet Theatre have difficulty holding us throughout the course of a long narrative that ends before the last act. Diaghilev, in producing "The Sleeping Princess" for London in 1921, avoided the anticlimax by joining the Awakening (normally the end of Act II) to Act III, the Wedding. The designer, Léon Bakst, provided an onstage transition. In Cyril Beaumont's description: "He bends over and kisses her lips. There is a crash of thunder, the Princess opens her eyes and slowly sits upright. The Prince takes her hand and lifts her to the ground. A burst of triumphant music, and in a moment the palace is ablaze with lights. The tomb disappears below the floor, and the web and the spiders crumble to powder. Now, the scene presented is one of unparalleled magnificence. The apartment is bounded by towering groups of gilded columns. The background is occupied by a flight of broad curved steps which leads to a massive colonnade. . . . The Prince and Princess walk toward the dais, where they are greeted by [Catalabutte], who wears a rich gown of gold brocade. The lofty roof echoes to triumphant fanfares and an imposing procession files down the left-hand staircase." And so on. We are into the Wedding. Messel, who undoubtedly learned from Bakst, prepared a stage set part of which could remain in place while the rest, cobwebs and all, lifted away to disclose *his* scene of unparalleled magnificence. At Ballet Theatre, the two acts are still merged, the basic architecture is still in place, but, following the crash of thunder (a gong stroke), there is no burst of triumphant music. Instead, there's a blackout. The orchestra slices the top off Tchaikovsky's crescendo and after a moment of silence proceeds with the overture to Act III as a frontcloth descends. Visually, the transition is dull; musically, it is barbarous. The allegro agitato that capped the crescendo has been transferred to the moment earlier in the ballet when the Prince boards the Lilac Fairy's boat. Since the allegro agitato is an elaboration of the music it replaces—in other words, originally an intentional repeat—why not play it again in its rightful place?

Aurora's entrance, recalled by all who saw it in the old version, was very simple in its design but electric in its effect. She came through the colonnade and struck a pose in arabesque under the arch, but then, instead of entering the stage, ran off. Her "real" entrance was a bound out of the wings into the pas de chat/pirouette sequence. Why has Ballet Theatre acquired the Messel décor if not to stage the great moments that went with it? And why hasn't it also acquired some better dances? Mary Skeaping has staged the choreography on the plan of Nicholas Sergeyev—presumably the one used for the 1939 revival by the Sadler's Wells Ballet. It includes none of the revisions by Frederick Ashton which were part of the 1946 version but does include certain revisions and additions made by Nijinska for Diaghilev's 1921 production and its spinoff "Le Mariage d'Aurore" (1922). Miss Skeaping was ballet mistress at Covent Garden from 1948 to 1951, and has mounted many ballets for many companies. The name of Sergeyev, the régisseur of the Maryinsky ballet from 1904 to 1917, has become synonymous in the West with the Petipa classics. But Petipa never set a Garland Waltz as threadbare as the one we have here, and surely it is no blight on his name to characterize Catalabutte and the aristocrats in the Hunt scene a little more distinctly. The ballet needs the hand of a choreographer as well as that of a régisseur. It needs a standardized Rose Adagio instead of the optional versions we are now offered, it needs a coda to the pas de deux of Aurora and the Prince which is danced by them rather than by the Three Ivans, and it could use a seventh fairy in the Prologue. Miss Skeaping's staging avoids the irrelevant interpolations that have become commonplace nowadays, but it does not always distinguish between accretions in the Petipa tradition and mere waste product. The fairies' adagio and some of their variations in the Prologue are a little on the bald side. The Hunt scene is given with a full set of court dances, one of which becomes a charming solo for the Prince, full of small changements. This solo is a post-Petipa Russian tradition, and it happens that we have never seen it before. Could it be that Miss Skeaping is eliminating post-Petipa *British* tradition? Ashton's Garland Waltz, at least, is a necessity.

A classic revival invariably commemorates the era in which the classic is revived. Bakst's designs for "The Sleeping Princess," probably the grandest ever conceived for this ballet, have about them the look of the twenties. I believe that Messel's designs used to be admired for their emulation of Spanish and French court painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Now, though amplified and elaborated for the large stage of the Met, they look ineluctably forties and ineluctably British—Slade School of Art British. The costumes do not "pull together" in the current fashion. They have an eccentric, teasing glamour, each trying to outwit the other, as if they'd been designed to pass in review at a soirée and make the gossip columns by morning. Even under Nananne Porcher's bad lighting, the Messel contribution is the best part of this show. It reminds us how far the British had already come

In Aruba, Sheraton gives you a sugar white beach when you want to relax. And a casino to put a little spice in your nightlife.

The Aruba-Sheraton Hotel & Casino gives you a perfect place to spend your vacation—right on a charming island off the coast of Venezuela. There's a pool, tennis, and a supper club with dining and dancing. $13-$21*

For reservations at any Sheraton anywhere in the world—call free anytime:

800-325-3535

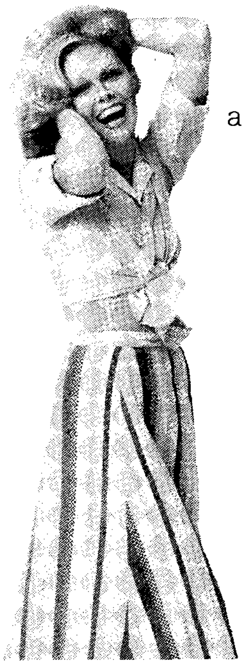
Or have your travel agent call.

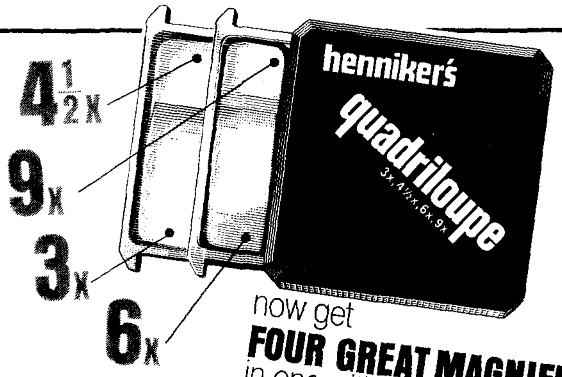
*U.S. $ per person, per day, dbl. occ., E.P., plus tax, thru 15 Dec. '76, plus 10% serv. chg.

That's what Sheraton's doing for you now at

Aruba-Sheraton Hotel & Casino

SHERATON HOTELS & INNS, WORLDWIDE
PALM BEACH, ORANJESTAD, ARUBA, N.A. TELEPHONE: 3900





now get **FOUR GREAT MAGNIFIERS** in one with... incomparable **Quadriloupe...$4.44**

No question about it—everybody should have a good magnifier in pocket or purse because there are so many times that you want to look at things more closely. Trouble has always been size, weight, clumsiness and only single magnification, thus limiting usefulness. But now—real breakthrough in optical technology—comes **Quadriloupe** which measures just 2×2 inches, weighs scant ounce and offers four different magnifications in one amazing instrument. How is this marvel achieved? Simple (if you know how)—by combining two double lenses that slide against each other, giving you choice of 3×, 4½×, 6× and (hard-to-believe) 9× magnification, all in brilliantly clear and undistorted field. And after you've had that good look, slide **Quadriloupe** right back into its protective case where it will stay snug until you next call for it. This little marvel comes to us from Germany, where they still know how to make superb optical instruments. And best surprise may well be price—imagine just $4.44. Shouldn't you have your very own **Quadriloupe** today?

779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120 **henniker's**

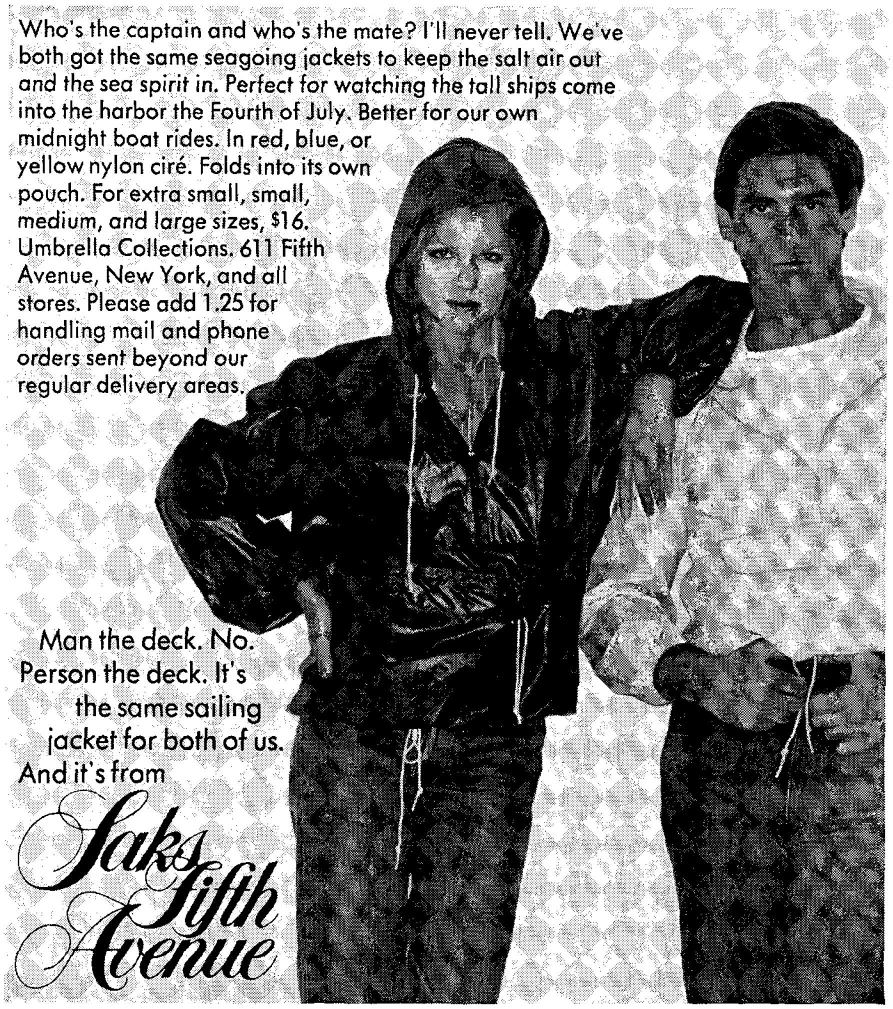
Yes, I want to take four close looks in one. Please send me:
____ **Quadriloupes** @ $4.44 each
○ Save: Six (6) **Quadriloupes** for just $24.44.
○ Save more: One dozen (12) **Quadriloupes** for just $46.44.
☐ My check for this amount plus postage (plus sales tax for California delivery) is enclosed. Postage is $0.50 for fewer than six units and $1.00 for six or more units.
☐ For minimum of six (6) **Quadriloupes**, charge BA/MC Acct.:
# __________ exp. ______
or call **TOLL FREE (800) 327-8912**
[IN FLORIDA (1-800) 432-5024] IN SF BAY AREA CALL: 433-7540

M243 -2

Henniker's, 779 Bush St., Box 7584,
San Francisco, CA 94120

YN0705

My name is __________
I live at __________
In __________
State _____ Zip _____


Who's the captain and who's the mate? I'll never tell. We've both got the same seagoing jackets to keep the salt air out and the sea spirit in. Perfect for watching the tall ships come into the harbor the Fourth of July. Better for our own midnight boat rides. In red, blue, or yellow nylon ciré. Folds into its own pouch. For extra small, small, medium, and large sizes, $16. Umbrella Collections, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Man the deck. No. Person the deck. It's the same sailing jacket for both of us. And it's from

Saks Fifth Avenue

Plantation Inn
OCHO RIOS JAMAICA, W.I.

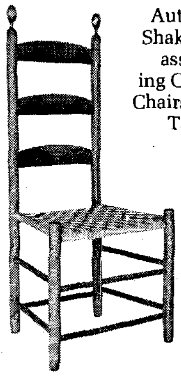
A luxurious way to escape. True colonial atmosphere. Impeccable Jamaican service: 120 dedicated staff for 130 guests. Cuisine to exacting standards. Two beaches, tennis, golf and all water sports.

INCOMPARABLE!
Both resorts retain their individual, very relaxed atmosphere. Both are owned and operated by the Young Family.
INCOMPARABLE!

Lantana
COLONY CLUB
AT SOMERSET BRIDGE · BERMUDA

The charm and elegance of an unique Bermudian cottage colony. Golf and tennis at their very best. Exquisite cuisine and memorable service to round out the finest Bermuda has to offer.

See your travel agent or
David B. Mitchell, 217 E. 49 St. N.Y. 10017
(212) 371-1323


SHAKER DESIGN,
SHAKER UTILITY.

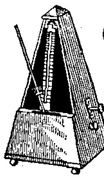
Authentic reproductions of Shaker originals in kits and, assembled/finished. Rocking Chairs, Arm Chairs, Side Chairs, Drop Leaf and Trestle Tables, Tall Case (Grandfather) Clocks, Cupboards, Candle Tables, Sconces, Hanging Mirrors and many other Shaker items.

Shaker design and a lifetime of usefulness.

Come see our showroom and workshops or write for Catalog, 50 cents.

SHAKER WORKSHOPS, INC.
Box N
Concord, MA 01742

Help Fight
MS
National Multiple Sclerosis Society


Carnegie A-440 Pizza Hall
2212 Carmel Valley Rd.
Del Mar, Ca.
Only 15 minutes north of San Diego
(714) 755-6778

KINEO ISLAND CLUB
ON MOOSEHEAD LAKE
An unusual destination for romantics, rusticators, and sportsmen. Folder and reservations:
TIFFANY B. TUCKER
Rockwood, Maine 04478 Ph: 207-534-7721

by the mid-forties in their commitment to the grand style in ballet—so far that they could afford to confuse it with very high-camp social entertainment and still remain innocent in the quality of their devotion. For the London dance public, trained in the isolation of the war to respect its young dancers and their native classicism, "The Sleeping Beauty" at Covent Garden marked a generational divide; it was the moment when ballet, which had been Russian, became British. For Americans, that production stood for *the* "Sleeping Beauty"—the masterpiece that Tchaikovsky and Petipa created. What it preserved of the old ballet was, owing to the restricted budgets of the postwar years, a partial picture. We came to know this over the years as the picture gradually disintegrated, having periodically to be overhauled, and not always for the better. Ballet Theatre's reproduction is, in other ways and for other reasons, also partial, and so the picture is shrinking just when it should be expanding. It neither repeats the past nor evokes the present. It says nothing of what American classicism in the seventies may make of "The Sleeping Beauty." But we can hope that the company will one day find its identity in the shelter of a monument.
—ARLENE CROCE

•

WHY THERE ARE CHILDREN

The woman inside every woman
lights the candles.
This is the woman sons look for

when they leave their wives.
Daughters become wives
thinking they travel backwards

to the dresser covered with lace,
the hairpins still scattered there
and the cameo earrings.

The same gnarled tree
darkens the bedroom window.
The hair coiled in a locket

conceals the hands of men and children.
When a woman shivers on the porch
perhaps at dusk, it is the other

wanting a shawl. When a woman
in her middle years rises
and dresses for work, the other

reaches for the cameos
remembering a great love
and herself on the brink of it.
—LESLIE ULLMAN

BOOKS

Raman and Daisy and Olivia and the Nawab

TWO deft, brief novels about India arrive, to help placate our curiosity about the subcontinent. Once the epitome of gallant Asian democracy, India in recent years has been thrown into the shade by China's emergence into laundry-clean lovableness, and has had its image further darkened by the actions of its own government. Not only did it fight a war but it crushingly won, which is no way for a nation of pacifists to behave; and now political cartoonists have had to adjust their caricature of Indira Gandhi from saried angel to totalitarian harpy. Nevertheless, life—far too much of it—goes on, and with an eye toward our own overpopulated future we read how.

R. K. Narayan tells us, in "The Painter of Signs" (Viking), that life isn't so bad in Malgudi, the fictional city where his novels generally take place. There is still space enough, at least, for a love affair to develop delicately; the fabled Indian gentleness still permeates the atmosphere evoked by this venerable cherisher of human behavior. He retains the rare gift of making us trust his characters and believe in their idealism and good will. His hero, Raman, is a painter of signboards for Malgudi's multiplicity of small businesses. Unmarried and young-hearted though over thirty, Raman considers himself an "artist in lettering," and a signboard "a token of respectable and even noble intentions." "A signboard painter might look ordinary," he tells himself, "but he concentrated in his hands the entire business and aspirations of a whole community." The novel's heroine, who bears the mysterious (for India) name of Daisy, is even more convinced of the need for *her* vocation, the management of a family-planning center. A runaway from her own large family, educated with the help of Christian missionary organizations, she is "devoted to the service of people, and that is all her religion." When Raman mildly mocks her "unmitigated antagonism to conception," she responds with "missionary zeal":

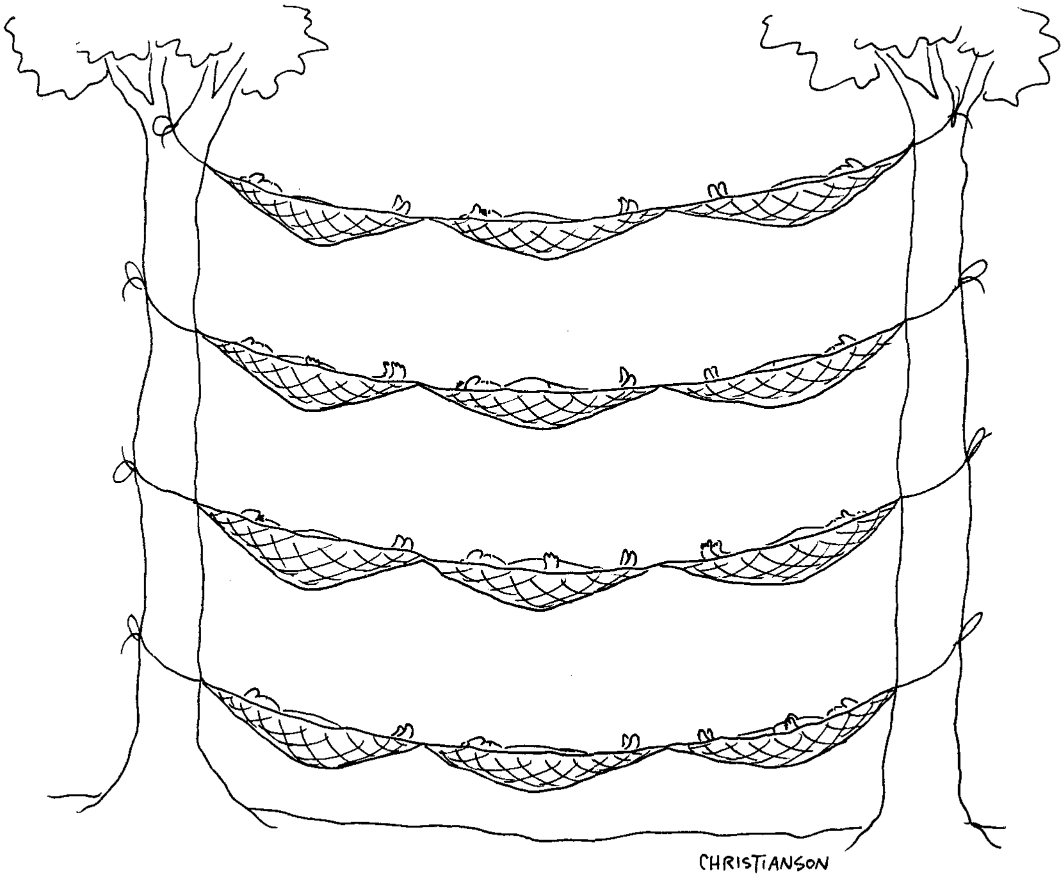
> Don't you see how horrible it is with everything crowded, and an endless chain of queues for food, shelter, bus, medicine, and everything, with thousands of children coming with nothing to eat, no clothes to wear, no roof, no civilized existence being possible on such a mass scale—each one of us has to do our bit in the corner of the country allotted to us.

Her position seems incontestable. Raman himself is "determined to establish the Age of Reason in the world," and has been doing his own bit of population control by living as a bachelor with his old aunt and steeling his mind against thoughts of sex: "He wished to establish that the man-woman relationship was not inevitable and that there were other more important things to do in life than marrying. . . . He had steeled himself against this blunder committed by human beings since Adam." How two such ideologues nevertheless come together is the inevitable, though suspenseful, tale Mr. Narayan has to tell.

Wound around and through this story of mating is a debate on the question of "copulation and population." The novel does not lack sensual details corroborating Daisy's alarmed view of India. Crowds jostle the characters whenever they step from their exiguous homes, and "the town hall veranda and the pavements around the market, the no-man's lands of Malgudi, swarmed with children of all sizes, from toddlers to four-footers, dust-covered, ragged—a visible development in five years." Yet of these same children it is observed that "their liquid eyes sparkled with life," and the fecundating forces of love and life are viewed by the hero and, it would seem, the author with a wayward tenderness. Within the deplorable mass of humanity, individuals move dignified by purpose and egoism. Grateful spaces open in the physical landscape; the prose breathes relief, describing these remissions:

> They sat on the last step with their feet in water. It was cold and refreshing. The stars shone, the darkness was welcome, cool breeze, cold water lapping the feet, the voices and sounds of the living town far away muffled and soft; habitual loungers on the riverbank passing across the sands homeward softly like flitting shadows. The air had become charged with rich possibilities.

Above India's crowded plains loom the empty, sacred mountains. Daisy and Raman spend their first night together in a mountainous wilderness, abandoned by a cart driver who mistakes them for newlyweds. During this night, she changes from reminding him of "Rani Jhansi, the warrior queen of Indian history" to suggesting "Mohini,



Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Classic White Sailcloth
Straight Leg Travel Slacks $19*
White Sailcloth Walk Short $16**

Cool, crisp, white sailcloth slacks are fully cut for maximum comfort and proportioned fit. Comfortable, no-iron blend of Dacron & cotton. Ideal for travel, leisure, coordinated with blazers, sport shirts, sweaters. Our classic belt loop model with precuffed, conservative straight bottoms. See size chart below. *Sizes 44 & 46, $21. **Classic white sailcloth Dac/cotton walk shorts.** Sizes 30-42, $16. **Sizes 44 & 46, $18.

Waist	Inseams Available
30	28-29-30-31
31	28-29-30-31-32
32-33	28-29-30-31-32-33
34-36-38-40-42	28-29-30-31-32-33-34
44-46 *	29-30-31-32

Mail Orders: Cable Car Clothiers/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150 Post St., S.F. Cal. 94108 (415) 397-7733
Slacks (88311): Size ____ Qty. ____
Shorts (88208): Size ____ Qty. ____
☐ Check Charge: ☐ M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg.
Bank Card # ____ Expire ____
Add $1.85 Ship. & Hdlg; Calif. Res. add Sales Tax.
☐ **Please send catalogue** 010705
Name ____
Address ____
____ **Zip** ____

PLAY WHERE
ROD LAVER PLAYS.
17 courts; villas
$270-$550 per week;
tel. (803) 785-1161;
P.O. Box 5606-N,
Hilton Head, S.C. 29928.
Palmetto Dunes Resort
Get the best of Hilton Head Island.

FLEMING
COLLEGE
FLORENCE
An American, two-year coed liberal arts college in Florence, Italy. Areas of study include Fine and Studio Arts, Archaeology, Humanities, and Languages. Pre-College year and two-week Italian Home Stay available. Small classes, outstanding faculty, and course-related travel.
Contact: N.Y. Rgtr. 326 East 69th Street,
New York, New York 10021. Tel: (212) 988-5462.

KNIFE
& FORK
INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

who tempted men and fooled them." The gods of the Hindu religion stand ready to descend from the mountains and give these characters a mythic largeness. When their affair is scarcely a flirtation, Raman buys himself sunglasses to dull the impression of her beauty. "She seemed to grin, and looked like a demoness! Soorpanaka's approach should have had the same effect on Rama, he reflected, recollecting an episode from the Ramayana. Her teeth seemed to jut out and were uneven." But Daisy, with the boldness of a deity, simply pulls the glasses from his face. And after their affair has been consummated he looks down upon her sleeping body: "Her angularities and self-assertiveness were gone. He was struck by the elegance of her form and features, suddenly saw her as an abstraction—perhaps a goddess to be worshipped." In the context, the thought is not trite. A background of Hindu metaphysics deepens the romantic commonplaces of illusion and sublimity.

The thematic debate between vitality and control, between social and personal necessities, takes a strange turn at the end, when the author appears to vote with his hero against the planning center (with its paradoxical association of sexual allure) and for bachelor society—"that solid, real world of sublime souls who minded their own business." But surely, in a world so packed, there is little business anymore that is purely our own. Mr. Narayan's impish conservatism sports itself in vivid portrayal of two elderly upholders of the supernatural: Raman's aunt, who after a lifetime of domestic service embarks upon a pilgrimage, and an ancient holy man who has built with his *own hands a little temple* where women come to have their barrenness relieved, perhaps miraculously. Though these two practitioners of the Hindu faith possess a certainty of vision denied Raman and Daisy, the materialist lovers—exponents of the modern arts of publicity and contraception—have their own importance and a real power to move us. Behind the shifting veil, they are gods. In the bustling, puzzling Malgudi of 1972, amid traffic jams and black markets selling "American milk powder meant for the orphans of India," the city's chronicler keeps his anachronistic capacity for reverence.

A FERTILITY shrine plays a pivotal part in the twinned plots of "Heat and Dust," by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala (Harper & Row). In the grove around Baba Firdaus' shrine, both her heroines—Olivia, the wife of a British official stationed in India in 1923, and the unnamed, unmarried narrator, who travels from England to India in search of Olivia's ghost a half century later—seduce, or are seduced by, Indian men, and both become pregnant. "Heat and Dust," which in England won the 1975 Booker Fiction Prize, is not an easy novel to summarize. The narrator is the granddaughter, by a second marriage, of the husband, Douglas, whom Olivia deserts when—as the first sentence of the novel tells us—she runs away with "the Nawab," the prince of Khatm. Olivia, though the members of the narrator's family "shied away from her memory as from something dark and terrible," left a record of herself in letters to her sister, and in possession of these our contemporary heroine goes first to Bombay, then to the district center of Satipur, where Olivia and Douglas lived in the company of a few other agents of the Empire, and finally to the mountain house that the Nawab bestowed upon his English mistress. The narrator's aim seems to be to reconstruct, or re-feel, Olivia's escapade. What she does, in the end, is relive it, with the variations the fifty intervening years impose—vagrant counterculture seekers after Oriental wisdom instead of stolid British colonial officers, a native landlord and bureaucrat instead of a prince in a palace, a casual, self-sufficient life style instead of Olivia's overfurnished, servant-pampered existence. But the weather is the same, and details of place recur. The English cemetery is still there, deteriorated, and both women cherish the same headstones. Their romances prove to have an eerie congruence: the Indian lovers, after achieving their conquests, make the same joke, and both have crazy wives and dominating mothers. The young narrator ends by gazing out of Olivia's window, but it is the season of rain and mists in the Himalayas, "so I couldn't see what she looked out on as she sat in the window at her embroidery frame."

If all this sounds a bit fussy, it is. The "dazzling"—to quote the jacket copy—alternation between parallel plots drains both of momentum, or of the substance that lends momentum; the two stories are shadows each of the other, conveying an ambience of reincarnation but also of inconsequence.

Above the two planes of the plot, we feel a third, that of a supervisory manipulator, be it author or god. Olivia's most fateful action is to submit to an abortion; the narrator undoes that act by keeping *her* pregnancy. Similarly, a disappointed lover in Mr. Narayan's novel consoles himself, "Maybe we will live together in our next *janma*." A cyclical cosmology makes all stories essentially endless.

Perhaps Mrs. Jhabvala grew so tired of being reviewed in terms of "A Passage to India" that she deliberately set a tale in the era of Forster's classic novel. Olivia's world, as reconstructed by the narrator in today's "Indianized" India, has a formal grandeur that supports her stylized romance and preordains it from the first page to its pattern of fascination and fall and flight and unutterable disgrace. Its vanished time seems enchanted—the men in evening dress, the servants silently barefoot, the monuments in the English cemetery freshly carved, the Nawab's pearl-gray palace still inhabited, its fountains flowing and its rooms full of mischief. Just so, Raman the sign painter found delight in the memoirs of an old tea planter, "visions and dreams of those misty ranges, the dripping plantations in monsoon, the tigers and elephants warded off with gunfire . . . a remote world consisting of a colony of estate workers dominated by an English planter with his nearest neighbor, another planter, fifty miles away." The cosmos may be cyclical, but the local demographic trend is all one way. The historical past in India seems not so much discarded as crowded out of being.

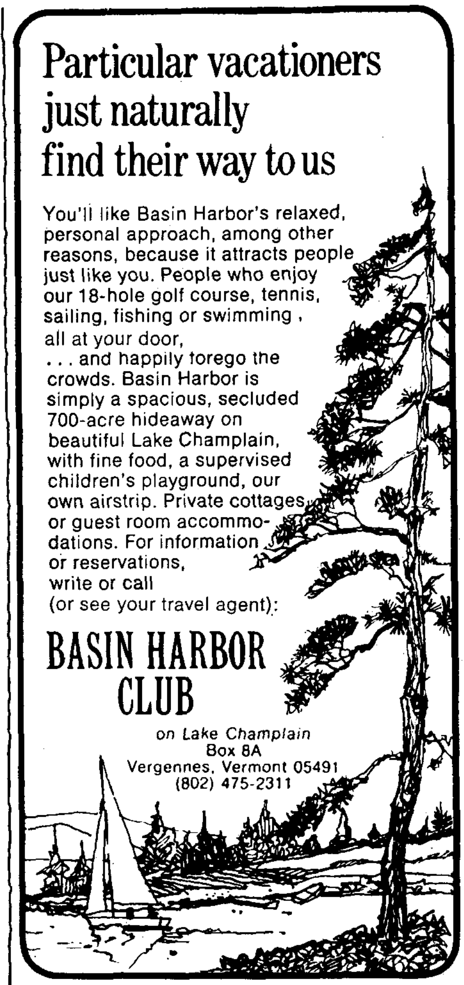
India to Mr. Narayan is the place where he lives; Mrs. Jhabvala, who moved to Delhi in 1951, sees it with the eye of an initiated outsider. There is more local color in a few pages of "Heat and Dust" than in all of "The Painter of Signs." Some of it is appalled:

> I went up to the refuse dump, I stood over the beggar woman: her eyes were open, she was groaning, she was alive. There was a terrible smell and a cluster of flies. I looked down and saw a thin stream of excrement trickling out of her.

Much of it is very loving. The heroine in the terrible summer heat is driven to sleep outdoors, with her neighbors:

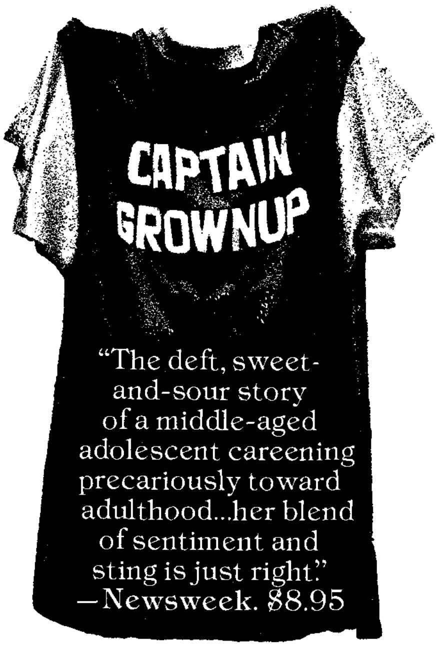
> So we're quite a crowd. I no longer change into a nightie but sleep, like an Indian woman, in a sari.
>
> It's amazing how *still* everything is. When Indians sleep, they really do sleep. Neither adults nor children have a regular bedtime—when they're tired they just drop, fully clothed, on to their beds, or the ground if they have no beds, and don't stir again till the next day begins. All one hears is occasionally someone crying out in their sleep, or a dog—maybe a jackal—baying at the moon. I lie awake for hours: with happiness, actually. I have never known such a sense of communion.

The theme of a transcendent happiness recurs in Mrs. Jhabvala's short stories ("The Old Lady," "My First Marriage") and apparently declares a crucial aspect of her Indian experience. This happiness seems to be especially accessible to women. In "Heat and Dust" even India-loving males like Major Minnies—capable of chanting Urdu poetry, and so acclimated they stay on after Independence—keep a certain stiff wariness of this seductive, unmanageable place, and a fervent religious seeker like Chid, with his shaved head and Midlands accent, is finally repulsed by the climate, the food, the smell, the cheating priests, the diseases. Chid nearly dies, and begs to go home. The doctor who attends him, himself an Indian, ventures, "I think perhaps God never meant that human beings should live in such a place." Our heroine disagrees, and, like Olivia before her, stays on, ascending into the mountains in triumphant assimilation. The female characters, in 1923 as now, draw strength from this teeming land: the Nawab's powerful mother and the abortionist who attends Olivia are reincarnated in Maji, the leader of a gang of widows who are "strong and healthy and full of feminine vigour. . . . They roam around town quite freely and don't care at all if their saris slip down from their heads or even from their breasts." The men, contrariwise, age badly; they soften. Olivia sees that her handsome husband's face "had become heavier, even somewhat puffy, making him look more like other Englishmen in India." And as for her lover the Nawab, in our last glimpse of him he has grown "old and so fat that there was something womanly about him;" he has to be carried up the mountain to his mistress in a sedan chair. So the god behind Mrs. Jhabvala's artful shuffle of Indian scenes and moments is female. "Heat and Dust's" happy pack of vigorous widows corresponds to "The Painter of Signs' " bachelor society of "sublime souls who minded their own


Particular vacationers just naturally find their way to us

You'll like Basin Harbor's relaxed, personal approach, among other reasons, because it attracts people just like you. People who enjoy our 18-hole golf course, tennis, sailing, fishing or swimming, all at your door, . . . and happily forego the crowds. Basin Harbor is simply a spacious, secluded 700-acre hideaway on beautiful Lake Champlain, with fine food, a supervised children's playground, our own airstrip. Private cottages or guest room accommodations. For information or reservations, write or call (or see your travel agent):

BASIN HARBOR CLUB
on Lake Champlain
Box 8A
Vergennes, Vermont 05491
(802) 475-2311



"The deft, sweet-and-sour story of a middle-aged adolescent careening precariously toward adulthood...her blend of sentiment and sting is just right." —Newsweek. $8.95

A novel by Kit Reed
dutton

If You Love Words,
you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $4.00 (U.S.) or $4.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. (Allow 6 weeks.)
VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 157 ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA

AROUND THE WORLD
By
PRIVATE JET

Flying takes on a new dimension. With all late morning departures, daylight flights, and only 84 all first class seats, you can be sure this is no ordinary tour.

You'll board the specially chartered Pan Am 707 and circle the globe in 34 fabulous days. Wending our way westward, stops will include such places as Tahiti, New Guinea with its colorful "Sing Sings," Kathmandu and the Himalayas by helicopter, the Taj Mahal, Afghanistan, the ancient city of Persepolis and to top it all off the renowned Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow. These are just a few of the many highlights.

November 16 is the departure date for this extraordinary adventure. Send today for our beautiful color catalog that gives all the details, and tells how you'll travel in grand style.

hemphill harris TRAVEL CORPORATION
10100 Santa Monica Bl.
Los Angeles, CA 90067
(213) 277-2672

☐ Private Jet ☐ Orient ☐ Amazon
☐ S. Pacific ☐ S. America ☐ Africa

R.K.Narayan
The Painter of Signs

"Another Malgudi town tale by the accomplished Indian novelist ...amusingly ironic...a nosegay romance complete with wasp."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

$8.95
The Viking Press

FOR THE FINEST NORTHERN ITALIAN FOOD
Across the street from The New York Hilton
Mercurio
53 West 53rd Street, N.Y.C.
JUDSON 6-4370 AM. EXP.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 PM daily
Sunday 12 noon to 9 PM
1601 Simpson St.
Phone GR 5-8686
or BR 3-3344
Evanston, Ill.

business"—both groups are alive but, bless them, not breeding.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE 400 EELS OF SIGMUND FREUD, by A. G. Mojtabai (Simon & Schuster). A. G. Mojtabai's second novel opens with all signs pointing in the direction of the gothic: a group of specially selected high-school students arrives for a summer-study program at an unnamed New England town. Their residence is an old seaside mansion perched on a wall of sheer, forbidding rocks; their headmistress is a crabbed, neurasthenic woman who keeps them scrubbing and scouring like drudges every minute they're not working on their experiments; and the sidelines are dense with disgruntled, lonely people who mumble and mutter to themselves. But although there is a bit of violence toward the end of the book, that's not where it ends up at all—to the extent that it ends up anywhere. As in the author's first novel, "Mundome," it is once again human nature facing a dead end that seems to fascinate her. The headmistress can do nothing to interest her philandering husband; the husband, hobbled by his own passivity, is helpless in the face of the headmistress's bullying; and the most precocious child in the group cannot help being a pariah, simply because he doesn't know how to respond to anyone in a conventional way. The book simmers along like a savory stew, with various interesting people—a young girl on the verge of being sexually awakened, a bored local who cooks for the school, a shy, religious boy who keeps a diary that reads like Nabokov—surfacing briefly and then disappearing. But nothing comes together very much, and whereas "Mundome" had a mysterious, disturbing quality about it, this one seems merely unthought-out and disconnected.

GENERAL

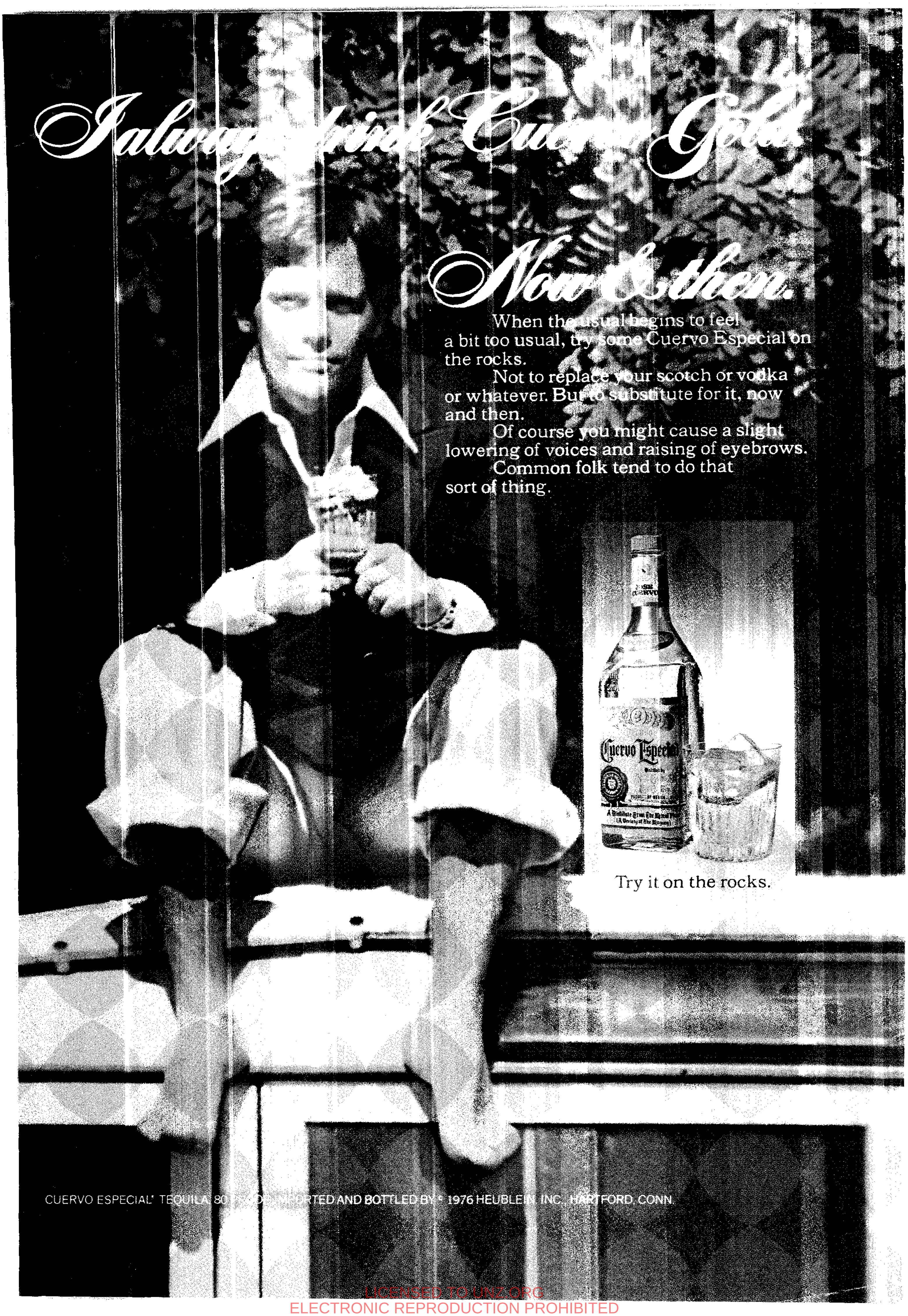
THE LOYAL BLACKS, by Ellen Gibson Wilson (Putnam). A number of blacks fought on the American side in the Revolutionary War, but tens of thousands cast their lot with the British, for a victory for the Crown meant an end to slavery for them. As it turned out, the British in defeat kept their promise and opened up a haven for the loyal blacks in the Canadian Maritime Provinces. And in 1792, twelve hundred former slaves (including one of George Washington's) sailed from Canada to Africa, to join some hundreds of blacks from London who had started the colony of Sierra Leone. This colony, which was governed and financed by an English trading company, is the subject of this book. The story is a fascinating one, and very well told here. Although they were frustrated by the greed and callousness of the white financiers and administrators, and although their little colony was taken over by the Crown, becoming just another link in the British chain of empire, the settlers were able to build a far better and freer life than they could ever have dreamed of in the United States. Illustrations.

FRESHWATER, by Virginia Woolf, edited and with a preface by Lucio P. Ruotolo (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A farce in three short acts, performed in Vanessa Bell's London studio in 1935 before something like eighty guests, who appear to have found it hilarious. Quentin Bell says in his biography of Mrs. Woolf that the laughter of his father and his uncle was so loud and long that the dialogue was practically inaudible. The action takes place mainly in the house of Julia Margaret Cameron, the great Victorian photographer, at Freshwater Bay on the Isle of Wight. The characters are Mrs. Cameron and her husband, Tennyson, George Frederick Watts, Ellen Terry, a maid, an imaginary young naval lieutenant, a porpoise, a marmoset, and Queen Victoria. It is Mrs. Woolf's only play. A much shorter 1923 version is printed as an appendix. "Freshwater" is one of a number of Bloomsbury private theatricals, and Mrs. Woolf dismisses it in her diary as tosh, but it may have led her to write the introduction to "Victorian Photographs of Famous Men & Fair Women," by Julia Margaret Cameron, which is a great deal funnier than the play and one of her finest literary portraits. Mysteriously, it was not included in "The Second Common Reader" or in the four volumes of her collected essays.

•

A parade of bicentennial fashions will be under the direction of Mrs. Gilbert Hansman who has done the research for authentic gowns since the country's beginning.—*St. Louis County News.*

She's old, but she's game.


I always drink Cuervo Gold.
Now & then.
Cuervo Especial
Try it on the rocks.

When the usual begins to feel a bit too usual, try some Cuervo Especial on the rocks.

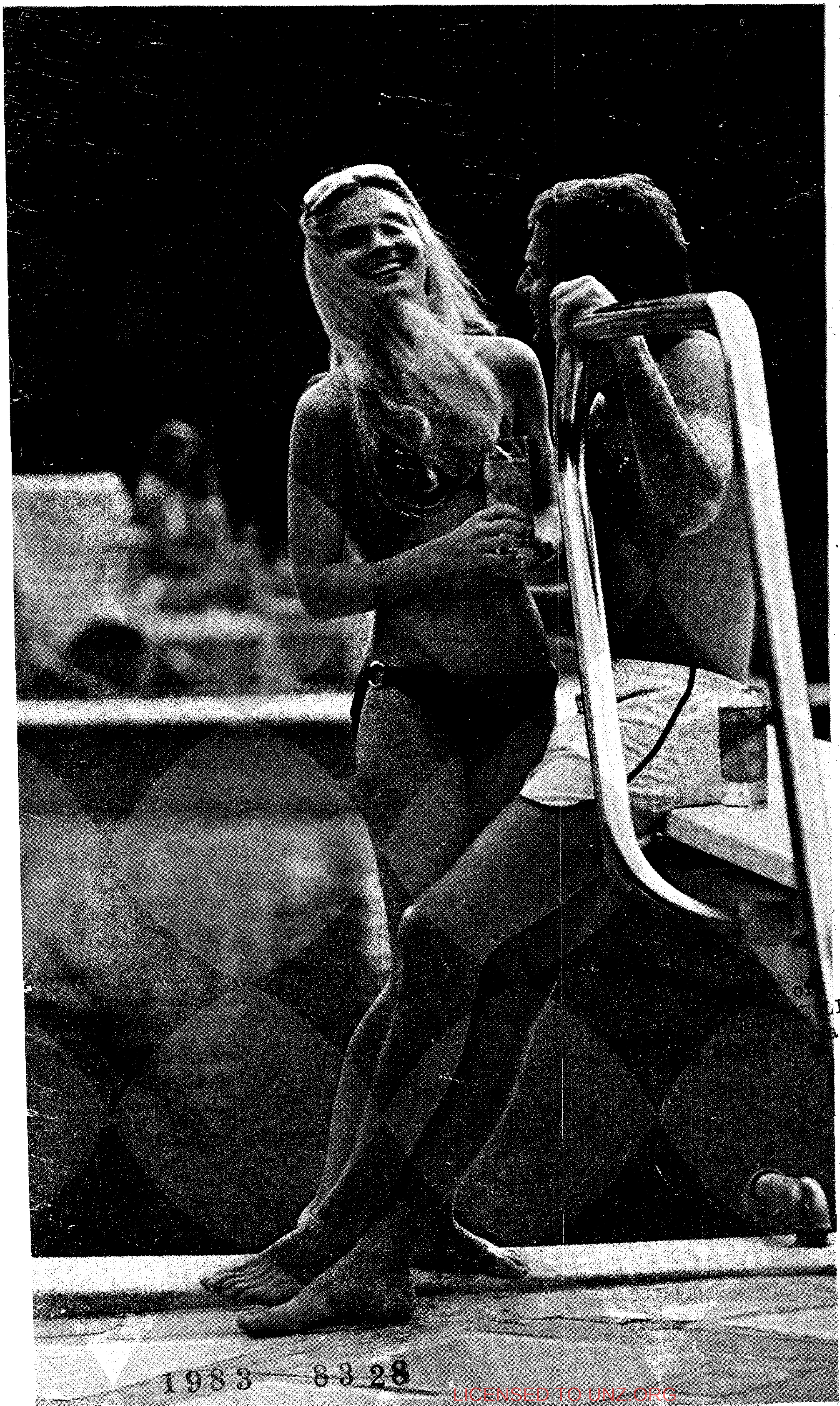
Not to replace your scotch or vodka or whatever. But to substitute for it, now and then.

Of course you might cause a slight lowering of voices and raising of eyebrows.

Common folk tend to do that sort of thing.

CUERVO ESPECIAL® TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1976 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

CAMPARI INSTEAD.



You're having a long hard day around the pool and you're ready to have your usual favorite summer drink.

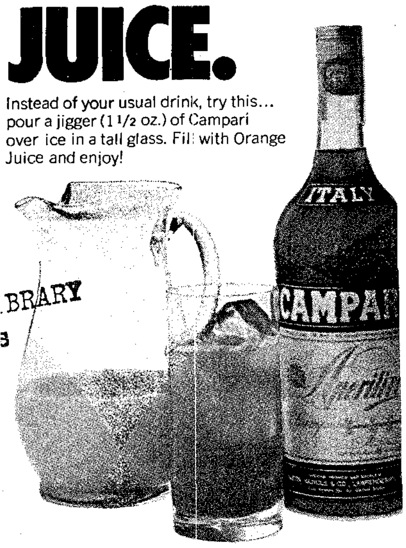
But today you feel like making waves. So you do something different. You have Campari & Orange Juice instead.

A long, cool drink of Campari & Orange Juice makes a satisfying light drin around the pool or patio. It's perfect before lunch or dinner.

That unique, tongue-tingling flavor of Campari is a nice change of pace from the drink you ask for out of habit. Soon you may even find yourself getting into a happy new habit: having Campari instead.

CAMPARI & ORANGE JUICE.

Instead of your usual drink, try this... pour a jigger (1 1/2 oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Fill with Orange Juice and enjoy!



IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY.
48 PROOF BITTER LIQUEUR.

LIBRARY
1983 03 28
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED